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A MONTHLY REVIEW.

VOL. XXVIII.

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Pages.

I.—Moral Training in Japan—
By Rai Sharat Chandra Das Bahadur M.A., C.I.E. 1—4

II.—Legend of Corpus—
By Randolph Pigott ... ... 5—20

III.—Sherwood Forest and the Birklands—
By A. W. Worthington ... ... 21—30

IV.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (IX)—
By Kali Kumar Ghose, B.L. ... ... 31—42

V.—Life and Experiences of a Bengali Multi-Millionaire—
By Baidya Nath Bonnerjee ... ... 43—47

VI.—The Kiss—
By J. D. Westbrook ... ... 48—49

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THE

National Magazine

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on 'William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal: Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India". This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number of before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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THE

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MORAL TRAINING IN JAPAN.

Etiquette in Japan.

Etiquette of all kinds is not left in Japan to chance, to be learned by observation and imitation of any model that may present itself, but is taught regularly by teachers who make a specialty of it. Everything in the daily life has its rules and the etiquette-teacher has them all at his or her fingers' ends. There have been several famous teachers of etiquette, and they have formed systems which differ in minor points, while agreeing in the principal rules. The etiquette of bowing, the position of the body, the arms, and the head while saluting, the methods of shutting and opening the door, rising and sitting down on the floor, the manner of serving a meal, or tea, are all, with the minutest details, taught to the young girl or boy.

A Japanese child seems to be the product of a more perfect civilization than what is claimed by Europeans and Americans. How much of the politeness of the Japanese is the result of training, and how much is inherited from generations of civilized ancestors, it is not easy to tell; but my impression is, that babies are born into the world with a good start in the matter of manners, and that the uniformly gentle and courteous treatment that they receive from those around them, together with the continual verbal teaching of the principle of self-restraint and thoughtfulness of others, produce with very little difficulty the universally attractive manners of the people. One curious thing in a Japanese household is to see the formalities that pass between brothers and sisters, and the respect paid to age by every member of the family. The grand-father and grand-mother come first of all in everything,—no one at table must be helped before them in any case; after them come the father and mother; and lastly the children according to their ages. A younger sister must wait for the elder and pay her due respect, even in the matter of walking into the room before her. The wishes and convenience of the elder, rather than of the younger, are to be consulted in everything, and this lesson must be learned early by children. The difference in years may be slight, but the elder-born has the first right in all cases.

Japanese little girl's place in the family is a pleasant one: she is the pet and plaything of her father and elder brothers, and she is never saluted by any one in the family; except her parents, without the title of respect due to her position. If she is the eldest daughter, to the servants she is *O Jo Sama*, literally, young lady; to her own brothers and sisters, *Ne San*, elder sister. Should she be one of the younger ones, her given name preceded by the honorific *O* and followed by *San*, meaning Miss, will be the name by which she will be called by younger brothers and sisters, and by the servants. As she passes from baby-hood to girlhood, and from girlhood to womanhood, she is the object of much love, care and solicitude; but she does not grow up irresponsible or untrained to meet the duties which womanhood will surely bring to her. She must take a certain responsibility in the household; must see that she is made for the guests who may be received by her parents, must serve the meal herself. Indeed, it is quite the custom in families of the higher classes, should a guest whom it is desired to receive with especial honour, dine at the house, to serve the meal, not with the family, but separately for the father and his visitor; and it is the duty of the wife or daughter, oftener the latter, to wait on them. This is in honour of the guest, not on account of the lack of servants, for there may be any number of them within call, or even in the back part of the room, ready to receive from the hands of the young girl what she had removed. She must, therefore, know the proper etiquette of the table, how to serve carefully and neatly, and above all, know the skill to ply the *Sake* * bottle, so that the house may keep up its reputation for hospitality. Should guests arrive in the absence of her parents, she must receive and entertain them until the master or mistress of the house returns. She also feels a certain care about the behaviour of the younger members of the family, especially in the absence of the parents.

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* Country wine.

The Japanese mother takes great delight and comfort in her children , and her constant thought and care is the right direction of their habits and manners. She seems to govern them entirely by gentle admonition, and the severest chiding that is given them is always in a pleasant voice, and accompanied by a smiling face.

The children never leave the house, nor return to it, without going to their mother's room, and there making the little bows and repeating the customary phrases used upon such occasions. In the same way, when the mother goes out, all the servants and the children escort her to the door ; and when her attendant shouts "*O Kaeri*," which, is the signal of her return, children and servants hasten to the gate to greet her, and do what they can to help her from her conveyance and make her home-coming pleasant and restful.

ETIQUETTE REGARDING SERVANTS.

The servant, by his own master, is addressed by name, with no title of respect. He is treated as an inferior, and spoken to in the language used towards inferiors ; but to all others he is a person to be treated with respect,—to be bowed to profoundly, addressed by the title *San*, (Mr.) and spoken to in the politest language. You make a call upon a Japanese household, and the servant who admits you will expect to exchange the formal salutations with you. When you are ushered into the reception-room, should the lady of the house be absent, the head servants will not only serve you with tea and refreshments and offer you hospitalities in their mistress's name, but may, if no one else be there, sit with you in the parlour, entertaining you with conversation until the return of the host or hostess. The servants of the household are by no means ignored socially, but are always recognized and saluted by visitors as they pass into and out of the room, and are free to join in the conversation of their betters, should they see any place where it is possible that they may shed light on the subject discussed. But though given this liberty of speech, treated with much consideration, and having sometimes much responsibility, servants do not forget their places in the household, and do not seem to be bold or out of place.

When the master of the house starts out each morning, besides the wife and children who see him off, all the servants who are not especially occupied—a goodly number, sometimes—come to the front door and bow down to bid him goodbye. On his return, also when the noise of the *Kuruma** is heard, and the shout of the men, who call out "*O Kaeri!*" when near the house, the servants go out to greet him, and bowing low speak the customary word of salutation. To a greater or less degree, the same is done to every member of the family, the younger members, however, receiving a smaller share of the attention than their elder.

ETIQUETTE IN SCHOOLS.

As the pupils enter their classes they bow to their fellows irrespective of age-consideration. Then when the roll is called each boy responds to the call bowing low to the Master. Should a boy happen to have been absent on a previous day the teacher enquire of it and then graciously enquires of his present health. This again terminates with a bow of thanks from the pupil the teacher himself bowing in response. When the class is over the pupils one by one take leave of the teacher with a low bow and quietly walk out of the room. A teacher can recognize a boy when he happens to see him privately. So the school boys always look to the teacher as an elder member of their family and express cheerfulness at his sight. This observation applies equally to both boys and girls.

SHARAT CHANDRA DAS, M.A., C.I.E.

---

* Jinrikisha pullers.

A LEGEND OF CORPUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"And have you ordered your gyp to come to my rooms when the 'bus calls ?" I said to my friend Wilkins, who had come to wish me good-bye ; "you have not much time."

"Yes, it will be here in a minute, and upon my word I shall be uncommonly glad to get out of Cambridge : the courts look like damp cellars, and I have not seen a soul pass through them all the afternoon, except the doctor, to see you, poor old fellow,—and what did he say ?"

"Well, you know, he made me undo my waistcoat, laid one finger on my rib, which he tapped with another finger. 'Sounds very dead ; and now take a long breath,' says he, holding down his head to listen. 'Ah !' he added, when that horrid sort of stitch caught my breath half way, 'you have a touch of pleurisy, and must be very careful.'—'Can't I wrap up, and get up to London ?' I said ; 'there's not a soul going to stop this Christmas. I shall die of ennui.'—'Well,' said the doctor, 'I know it will be slow enough, but travelling in a fog like this, with your lungs in their highly inflammatory state, would be certain death ; you had better turn into bed at once. Any fire in your bed-room ?'—'No, not, even a fireplace ; I shall have my bed brought in here'.—'Very good idea,' he said ; 'where is your bed-maker ?'—'In Jones's gyp-room I expect. Didn't you hear something break just now underneath ? You can generally tell where Mother Car is by those sort of noises, you know ; men call her Juggernaut's Car, because she crushes everything that comes in her way ; besides, you know, she ain't unlike an Indian idol in the face, colour on the nose put on so thick.' Just as I had finished, and the doctor was giggling, trying to be as convivial as I could, though upon my word, Wilkins, I could have sobbed, if I didn't think it would hurt my side, in comes Mrs. Car.

"'So this is the old lady,' said the doctor.

"'Which it is,' said she, 'and begging your pardon, if so be as you are the doctor, I should like to know what you thinks of him, sir; for, as I said just now to Betsy (that's my help, as does number two staircase), Betsy, says I, if my second floor ain't a-sickening just as did Mr. Avis the senior wrangler, who kept in his room, and never would wear flannel shirts, and died honoured by all, being the promise of his college, and leaving me his bath and china, my name ain't Car, nor yours Betsy.'

"After the old hag was winded, she shut up, and we told her to have Betsy up, and bring in the bed, as you see it here.

"'Ah!' said she, 'if you don't look the very moral of poor Mr. Avis, with the same pale face, and red spot on your cheek, lying in the same bed, in the same place, who left me that keepsake of a bath, which being lent to number three, ground floor, Old Court, was inadvertently shot by a saloon pistol, and leaked ever since, number three being no gentleman.'

"Now have not I a pleasant prospect for Christmas-day? Every one down and this old wretch telling me most horrid stories. Still it is more cheery here than in my bed-room. Just poke the fire."

Wilkins got up, and poked the fire.

"Oh! old fellow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry for you; keep you pecker up; I shall be back the day after Christmas, and then I shall come and read Paley in your room. But here is Edwards to say the 'bus is here. Good-bye, good-bye."

As my friend left me, I felt more desolate than I had ever before felt in my life. I was far too distant from home to think of returning for the few days I could spare from reading for my degree, so had accepted an invitation to London, where I was to have escorted two pretty cousins to all sorts of concerts and balls. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and it was a bitter disappointment. My relations lived in Cornwall, so it was was quite out of the question that they could come down to me. The weather was such as is only to be seen in Cambridge; the thick fog choked up the courts, which seemed to contain the thick damp air like boxes; all the rooms were empty, and there were no lights burning to give a look of life to the ivy-covered court. The grass plot was covered with dusty patches of thawing snow, and the university bells, which were ringing for Christmas, came like a muffled peal ringing for a funeral through the thick atmosphere. The kitchens were shut up after one o'clock, and the head cook was to be seen, for the only time in the year, clad in ordinary apparel.

The streets were full of men, looking like a degenerate class of university men. The same short, shooting and long Noah's Ark coats, the same boating hats and ribbons; as Wilkins said, it was like a terrible dream: you crossed the street over and over again, believing that you saw a friend, but immediately recoiled back again when you found it was but his gyp in his old things. The time of the university was passed, gyps and shop-boys were the ruling power, and the unfortunate university man who remained up during Christmas, was withered by the contemptuous glance of the servants and shop boys, who looked upon him as an intruder, or anyhow as a man without a friend, and therefore to be despised.

The streets, lit by the lamps, which had to be lit before three o'clock, looked sad enough, but some of the colleges were terrible. King's College Chapel, with its four corner towers, looking like some hideous mastodon or other antediluvian animal, lying on its back, with its four legs lifted up into the misty air, and the screen running along the streets like ghastly skeletons of mysterious beasts that the huge animal now lying supine on his back had devoured, and was vainly endeavouring to digest.

The big Court of Trinity was sad beyond description, vast, damp, and mysterious. The fountain in the middle trickled with a terrible monotony, only broken by an occasional drip of snow water from its roof, and a large icicle hung and dripped from the nose of the king above the gate. But the hideous climax of desolation was on the Bridge of Sighs which joins the new court to the old buildings of St. John's. Large masses of ice floated slowly along the river, and the cold evening air sighed in the iron framework, and made the passer-by gather his coat tighter round him, and quicken his pace, shuddering at the terrible gloom of the grim black buildings, dripping corbels, dark mysterious river, and the abomination of desolation around him.

Perhaps the most cheerful college room in the university that Christmas-eve was mine, sad and desolate though it appeared to me. The fire burnt brightly, and the mustard-plaster which Mrs. Car had put on my chest helped to keep me warm. The doctor had said that I must not be left alone. Mrs. Car had a party at her house, to which several bed-makers and my washerwoman had been asked. I hear it went off very cheerfully, as my illness caused a pleasing topic of conversation.

"A delicate man was Mr. Maitland always, and to think of him a rowing yesterday, which to me is madness, seeing instead of putting on great coats on that p'isonous river, they strips as eels without their skins. An inflammation at this time in those rooms, always damp, is most dangerous, and he too in face the moral of poor Mr. Avis." This led to all the college funerals that any of the party remembered being talked of. Mrs. Car began with poor Avis. "Raving to the last," she said, "poor senior wrangler, that $X = g - g$, and such like un-Christian remarks, to which I said, 'And oh, sir, to think as you be a dying; to which he said, and I still shudders as I thinks of it,—'Therefore $MX = BI$, quod erad digestrandum,' * them is the very words; and he died seeming content like, that being so proved."

Of course I did not hear any of this, but Betsy the help, who came into my room directly after the tea was over, full of the exciting topics that had been discussed, repeated them all for my edification.

Betsy was to sit up with me, and as I could not sleep, I encouraged her gossip, which amused me.

"And who else died here, Betsy?" I said.

"Oh, many a one, sir. Mr. Baker, number two, took p'ison, so at least Mr. Cannon the coal porter avers, but lor, sir! none of 'em had such a tale as I had, but I did not tell it, seeing bed-makers take precedence over helps, and it was not my turn when I had to come to you, sir."

"What was it, Betsy?" I said, feeling almost inclined to laugh at the little demure woman sitting bolt upright opposite to me, her face drawn up with a look of importance and mystery I had never noticed before.

"Well, sir," she said, and though I shall give the story nearly word for word as she gave it me, I shall simplify some of the sentences which were somewhat involved, and not inflict Betsy's H's and omissions on my reader.

"Well, sir, I must tell you, though only a help myself, my family for three generations have been connected with this college my mother being college washerwoman, and my grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplices there never was, at least so

---

* Betsy must have meant "demonstrandum."

my poor mother used to say. It is many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home, she was then nearly ninety, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory, as ever, and many was the tale she used to tell me about the gents she did for. Of course you know, sir, college isn't now as it was then. The room we are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fireplace is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms: through that panneling across the staircase was a door, leading to a long passage, which the Master in old times used when he wanted to go to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master, —a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentleman did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest faults gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentlemen in general, was a Mr. Bond, as handsome a man, my grandmother declared, as ever came up,—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh that did one good to hear.

"The college-servants would have done anything for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave suppers, and never asked about perquisites, and had a cheery word for everyone; and that is, after all, what they like better than anything.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than anyone else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of my story.

"Well, Sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the noise used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favourite with the Fellows and Master. If he was loved by servants and young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having gated several gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and everyone believed it to be Mr. Bond.

" Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen ; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her blue eyes, bright golden hair, and tall slight figure ; Miss Dorothy was her name.

" Her mother had died when she was a child, and the poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much time to his daughter, and too proud (for he was well born) to let her associate much with the other young ladies in the town ; and so the poor girl lived a dreamy solitary life, always looking out of the window into the courtyard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

" There was no college chapel in those days, the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there for his family, which was generally only occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grandmother would say) fluttering in by herself like a pretty bird, and hide her blushing face behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more. she knew it.

" Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman, but not one single chapel did he ever miss, and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. The bed-makers used to say that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though sure it is they used to meet each other. I daresay, sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know as much as she did ; but you see, sir, there was a great deal of talk at the time, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill, my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation time, and so won the sweet young lady's confidence, that she used to tell her everything, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

" I told you, sir, that across the landing there was a private passage to the library ; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to use it but he.

" The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was screwed up. The master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove anything against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Dorothy had often noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, sir, to have taken such a fancy to him, that every hunting morning, which was

Wednesday and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and get on his splendid black horse, Eagle. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call it Eagle too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a bird, and very shy, when she met Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the stair-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still this meeting soon led to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, feeing her groom handsomely each time not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides went on well enough, till one day who should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and pretended not to recognise the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom, and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

" 'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him. 'It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

" 'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

" 'And what for?' asked Mr, Bond, doing his best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

" 'What for, sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

" 'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; 'and the second, I fancy, would harldly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.' There was truth in this and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed——'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet. I care not for the honour you would bestow ou me; leave me, sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by heaven, sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-bye for the present, sir!'

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear good father,—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do anything else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool.' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer, she sallied out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up-stairs, and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my gaoler. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good-bye. Here's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign, 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Mr. Bond's taken me on to look after his hunters and miss,' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing), 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library: as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there, it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing, Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study, the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window, she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened, the place was as still as death. In a few seconds time she heard the door open and a heavy footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine, Miss Dorothy stole down-stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court, took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in, miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. Oh, dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to have come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am.'

"Quiet, miss, for heaven's sake. Get into the fly; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognised Mr. Hanly the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognising her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door, and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'uts up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young lady, sobbing. 'Oh, Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"'Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, "let the fly be ready." Says I, "Yes, sir; but shall I see you before night?" "Yes," says he, "I'm just a going to say a few words to your dear young missus, and then I shall see you.' But he never came, so I follers former orders, and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?"

"'Oh, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees that the Master should know anything about it. He thinks you safe a-bed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'O Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"'Oh, no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"Oh, no, Williams; I should die if I met anyone in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up, and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now? Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders, and ran down-stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down-stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the buttery-men at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened, there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bed-room door, and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at the late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bed maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time, she had noticed his port-manteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew anything about his wherehbouts There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss D. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the discreetness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, sir, by this very same fire here, sir; but there was no more sound. so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterwards proved it to be no fancy. Well, sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the meantime strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-panelled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening, Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bed-room by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry,—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'Oh! did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the book-shelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation.

"The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the bookcase, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

"And this, sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there, and indeed, sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.

RANDOLPH PIGOTT.

SHERWOOD FOREST AND THE BIRKLANDS.

The ancient glory of Sherwood has departed. You may ride through it from end to end—from Nottingham Castle to Mansfield market-place—along the "ramper," as the country folk call the high road ; but no sound of the yeoman's horn gladdens you with the prospect of adventure, or, if your purse be heavy, makes your heart so too. Neither Robin Hood nor Little John will bid you stop and give account of your possession ; Tuck,

"the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade,"

has preached his last sermon upon earth ; Maid Marian,

"with clothes tuck'd to the knee and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed —"

no longer wanders

"here and there
Amongst the forest wild."

Her only counterpart, if one exist, does not range through the woods, but works in the dairy, or perchance spreads the cloth for your luncheon as you stop to bait on your journey at The Hut,* while you pay a visit to Newstead Abbey.

You pass, it is true, through Thieves' Wood, but the only indication of thieves is to be found in a wayside monument. Welcomed at first as a a milestone, this is found, instead, to record the murder of a woman, grim and horrible ; more appropriate in its character to the modern days of wife-beating than to the olden time of Robin Hood. For of him Drayton tells us that

From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay ;
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved.

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*The present proprietor of Newstead has recently closed this inn, and converted it into a parsonage for his chaplain. But you may sit and rest on the greensward beneath the Pilgrim Oak, at the park-gate, as the pilgrims to the abbey did in time gone by.

The wild and sweeping woods of oak and birch, with their luxuriant and bright under-growth of golden gorse, and purple heather, and tall branching fern called bracken, have here been supplanted by trimly enclosed copses, and smiling fields girt round with well-kept hedgerows. Where the deer were wont to range free for miles, they are now herded within the park boundary. Partridge and pheasant and woodcock hare and rabbit, are guarded with a jealousy that grumbles constantly at its inability to keep the poachers of Sutton-in-Ashfield (a fine old forest name !) from sharing in the sport.

Arrived at Mansfield, and domiciled at the ancient Swan hotel, memory brings to mind the quaint ballad of the king and its miller, and we ask for traces of the legend. An antiquary of fifty years ago tells us that "the mill and house now inhabited by Widow Massey, situated on the left hand of the road, as you pass from Mansfield to Sutton, were built on the site of the mill and house where the king was entertained." Here Dodsley lived before he went up to London, made his fortune as a publisher, and tried his hand at authorship. But alas ! the true "King's Mill" no longer stands. A large reservoir covers its ruins, which, it is said, may still be seen when the water is clear. Mine host of the Swan, after telling you of these things, can also show a quaint picture of this drowned King's Mill, whose name is still retained by a more modern building on the margin of the reservoir.

Nor can you now see, as you might have done in the earlier part of the 19th century, frequent ranges of open forest land. An enclosure Act has divided amongst farmers the land which, till recently, gave some idea of the old forest ; and here and there a scanty patch of a few acres alone remains to call to the memory of older inhabitants its former condition. But if you would know what the forest may have been, you may still find a beautifully undulating range of land, rich in furze and heather, stretching away from the first milestone on the Southwell road towards Rufford Abbey. Captain Saville, who has succeeded Lord Scarborough at that fine old house, keeps this portion of the forest open as a preserve for game. On that ground the partridge has been hunted with the hawk within the memory of man. Even now, as you roam across it, you may chance to see the hounds find a fox, and the whole chase sweep up and down the hills in its pursuit. Yet it is still true, as Keats sings, that—

> On the fairest time of June
> You may go, with sun or moon,
> Or the seven stars to light you,
> Or the polar ray to right you;
> But you never may behold
> Little John, or Robin bold;
> Never one of all the clan,
> Thrumming on an empty can
> Some old hunting ditty.

I said that the *ancient* glory of Sherwood had departed. But it has a modern glory too. Its rich and beautiful country, which the monks possessed of old, passed at the Reformation into noble hands. The abbots of Welbeck, Rufford, and Newstead have been succeeded by well-known names—the Dukes of New castle and Portland, Earl Manvers, and Lord Byron.*

One of the most celebrated and interesting portions of their parks is that which bears the name of Birklands; it is noted as a delightful spot for pic-nics; and intesting by its forest scenery and historic memorials.

From Mansfield a good pedestrian can, in a long summer's day, make acquaintance with its principal features. Let us spend a brief hour together reader, in tracking out its beauties. We leave the town by Leeming Lane, so called, our friend the antiquary tells us (with but doubtful authority, I fear), from the British words *lhe*, a way, and *mean*, a stone. Turning to the right, we pass along Bath Lane, with the picturesque Rock Valley on our right. There high up at the top of a perpendicular rock, cut away by greedy quarrymen, you see the stone walls of an adjoining field laid bare to their lowest foundations, seeming ready to fall before the first blast of wind that tries their strength. Beneath them nestles a humble mill, busied in the production of staves for besoms, which when furnished with the strong supple heather still to be got from the forest, form admirable instruments for sweeping every eyesore from the well-mown lawn, without disturbing a single root of grass. The water power is also useful to mills for cotton and mustard. The lane takes its name from a bath, no longer standing; but a draught of that clear, cold water from its spring will refresh us for our journey. Here casting a glance at the stream, which we shall presently meet again, we strike into the fields, and before long are in the Flood Meadows. These were formed by the late Duke of Portland, who, with a scientific farmer's keenness anticipated by a quarter of a century the solution of the great question of applying town sewage to agricultural purposes, and converted waste land worth but a few pounds an acre into luxuriant meadows, whose annual produce is nearly as great as their original value.

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* The name of Byron is no longer to be found in this neighbourhood. Newstead passed from the poet to his friend Colonel Wildman, at whose death it was purchased by Mr. W. F. Webb.

Just opposite the vicarage in Mansfield may be seen—almost a solitary remaining instance in our country—a hoese whose foundations are arched over the river Maun, from which the town derives its name, and fitted up with antique carved oak by the registrar, who occupies it. Charged with the refuse of the town, the stream is led for miles, by an artificial channel, along the head of a valley, which leads to the village of Clipstone, rendered famous by its palace, whither King John delighted to resort. The water, thus charged with its rich freight is allowed to flow gradually down the sides of the valley, filling first one little horizontal channel, till it overflows its barriers, and so oozing gradually over the soil till it gathers in the next, and thus, successively, till it reaches the river purified of its refuse matter, which is left upon the fields to increase their crops. Though in its upper channel it was too foul to maintain any animal life, except here and there a tadpole, or a jack sharp, it is pure enough when it reaches the lower stream to give sustenance to trout. These, startled by your shadow or your tread as you walk along the banks, dart from their covert of weeds up the stream, now singly, now trooping one after another. If, reader, you are fond of indulging in the *dolce far niente,* rest yourself on the parapet of this bridge; for the sun is burning hot, the walk has earned you the right to rest, and here beneath the shade of overhanging trees, and with the gliding water beneath your feet, you may dream away half an hour in silent bliss. It is useless to bring a rod. Report says that the present Duke allows but one angler (of whom anon) to cast his bait into the stream, and that too not here. But throw a small pebble into that mass of tangled, floating, flowering weed, or under that overhanging moss-grown stone. See what a fine fellow shoots up the stream for a few yards; he must weigh a pound and a-half. But cunning as he is, he might know that angling is forbidden in his waters, and he pauses, in your very sight, lazily moving his fins from time to time to balance himself against the current, till some sudden whim comes over him again, and he darts off beneath the bridge, followed by half-a-dozen smaller fry, and is lost to sight

There to the left, lie the large and numerous farm buildings,—but the coldness of the grey stone with which they are built, and the silent bareness of the farm-yard, do not invite our steps. Let us rather turn to the right through Cavendish Wood—where we meet the angler, regretting that from the stream where his permission extends the trout have been netted and carried to the lake, spoiling his day's sport—and so gain our first idea of the forest. Beneath the shade of overhanging trees, with the fern and heather round us, half a mile's pleasant walk brings us to another of the Duke's farms, well stocked with corn and hay stacks among which pheasants may sometimes be seen. Close by, a large rectangular reservoir is girdled by a gravelled walk and luxuriant flower border. Here we stop and gaze at the bright colours and their reflections, and are told by which lady of the ducal family the place was planned.

On again, past three or four blocks of pretty cottages with trellis-work and climbing roses, till we see the ruins of King John's Palace, as the Ordnance map designates them in old English type. But, alas! they are ruins indeed; no Gothic archway, no mullioned window, no wreathing ivy greets the eye, but only some few bare stone walls, round which you walk, in hopeless expectation of finding anything of interest on the other side, and encounter only an old cow, rubbing against the walls of the court-yard. There is nothing to detain us; so let us turn into the cool room of the village inn and get a snack of bread and cheese, and a glass of beer to refresh ourselves after the journey.

On again, along the dusty road that leads through the village, till, turning across the brook into a pretty lane, we come suddenly upon a curious but handsome stone building, which bears the name of the Duke's Folly. It looks like a massive gateway, with rooms at each side and over the arch, and forms a large but compact stone building, upon which the late Duke of Portland is said to have spent many thousand pounds. It stands at the end of a long straight board drive, carpeted with greensward, half way along which you see a solitary oak in the centre, from which this building forms an excellent termination to the view. Built for no useful purpose, Lady Mary took possession of it for a school; and, accordingly, to this quaint but picturesque schoolroom, in the midst of woodland and meadow, with scarcely another building in sight, the youth of the neighbouring villages of Clipstone and Edwinstowe come to learn their alphabet, and be indoctrinated in other mysteries of school-lore. And of those mysteries, I ween, the tale of Robin Hood forms not the least, for in recesses on the two fronts of the building, amid sculptured hares, are fine full length figures of Robin Hood with his bow and arrows, of Richard Cœur de Lion in full panoply, of Allan-a-Dale with his harp, of Friar Tuck and Maid Marian. Half laughing at his own folly in the work, its builder has inscribed on it the following motto,—

> Tu secanda marmora
> Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulcri
> Immemor struis domos.
> Horace, Odes, II. xviii. 17—19.

We must not follow that inviting vista among the trees, carpeted though it be with velvet-green, but turn aside along this open drive, to the left, and so crossing the high-road, strike into what are called *par excellence* the Birklands.

"Here," says our artist, "about and beyond the broad drive is one of the only bits of Old Forest left. A few acres of land have not yet been planted, and one can see what the Old Forest was like. The few trees left are of great size and age, and very picturesque. Pass into the plantations and you find oaks of giant size, grand in form; yet smothered, so to speak, by the young chesnut, which is one of the trees principally planted in the Duke of Portland's Birklands. This part of the forest would be attractive to a landscape gardener. The drives are broad and imposing, covered with smooth turf, with gravelled channels for carriage wheels. Some drivers are planted with evergreen shrubs; but the Forest is gone: it is more like a park. The majority of the oaks, it is said, were cut down in the Great War."

The duke, anxious to keep up the forest, re placed the wastes which had been bereaved of their ancestral trees, by planting and sowing oak and Spanish chesnuts. These are not yet fully grown, but are interspersed with ancient oaks and full-grown birches, from which last tree this distict takes its name. They are called the lords and ladies of the forest, and deserve the name; for the oaks stand upright in stalwart strength, while the birches gracefully bend and wave like courtseying maidens. Everywhere on the estate you see wooden or iron plates in each thicket, marked S (own), or P (lanted), with the date of each event annexed. Here we meet with two naturalists from Nottingham spending a day in search of butterflies, for this district is wealthy in its butterflies, as also in the floral beauties. They have not yet been very successful; a small light-blue butrerfly is the principle one they have netted, and that is very plentiful. In among the silver-barked waving birches, through the bracken across to the broad drive; then on to the right for some little distance. and before long the most noted oak in the forest catches your eye at your left hand. Measure the bole at four feet from the ground, and it is more than twenty feet in circumference, while in the hollow trunk a dozen persons (not, indeed, ladies with crinolines), might squeeze together to escape a shower. This is Robin Hood's Larder; here he hid his venison from the keeper's search; beneath the shade of that old oak, doubtless, he with the Little John and "Shcarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the Miller's son," and many another clad in Lincln green, have spread their repast upon the ground. with "Tuck, the merry friar," to say grace for them.

In later times a butcher, named Hooton, noted as a sheep-stealer, used to hang up his stolen carcases in the hollow of this tree, and his meat-hooks have been seen by "the oldest living inhabitant." The tree is on the edge of the drive, and is closely surrounded on the three other sides by the young plantations. Push your way through the underwood, and you will get the best view of the Larder Oak, or Slaughter House Tree, as it is sometimes called. From this side our artist has taken his view, omitting, of course, the younger trees that obstruct the sight. But for the great care taken in sustaining the branches by chains, this fine old tree would long since have been a wreck.

On again, along this broad drive, till the open view rewards your perseverance, and then plunge deep into the heart of the forest, among the tall fern and the prickly gorse, and the swelling pillowy moss, forming a natural bed which invites you to lie down and rest; skirting a long line of magnificent beeches, which fringe the border of Thoresby Park, till, if you have not missed the way, you reach the Major Oak. The other was interesting for its traditional character; this for its grandeur. You might gather a troop of horse beneath its spreading branches; and the forest, till now so close about you, sweeps back around it, as though enamoured of its beauty, and bowing down before it. Firm and sound it is to sight; but march round it, and you shall find a hollow place within it, where you might lie hid the livelong day.

The bole is said to have a circumference of ninety feet; you could scarcely compass it in twenty-five long steps. Six feet from the ground the girth is thirty feet; one of the arms alone is twelve feet in circumference. Into its hollow trunk twelve persons have often clambered.

It's head is green, though it's heart is dead.

Its principal arm is now chained up, as hardly able to bear the wintry storms which often mutilate these trees.

This tree is in Earl Manvers' Birklands, which have not been planted with young trees, like those belonging to the Duke of Portland. Their character is much more wild and natural than those trim drives we passed through at the beginning of our ramble.

Here, if you arrive about mid-day in the summer, you are almost sure to find some pic-nic party enjoying themselves beneath its shade: or, while you sit on one of its widespreading roots, you may see the Speaker, who lives not far from here, drive past the tree; or may hear the tinkling bells, with which some ladies, who frequently drive through the forest, adorn their horses' necks, making faint melody as they pass among the winding avenues of the wood.

At some little distance from the Major Oak, proceeding along what is called Church Walk, you reach the Budby portion of the forest. Part of this, which used to be a broad heath, has been cultivated, and the corn waves close to this outskirt of the forest.

And now, for time is on the wing, and we are far from our starting-point, we must turn our steps homewards. Yet first swerve a little to the right, and you will come upon another fine old oak, beneath which an old man, Simon Forster, buried in Edwinstowe churchyard, used to herd his flocks. It forms a fine subject for the painter. Under the name of Simon the Forester, it appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy not long ago. Last summer, you might have found the artist MacCallum painting another large picture near this spot. Six weeks long he toiled upon it in his tent, which was quite a centre of attraction to those who resided in the neighbourhood.

One feature of Sherwood Forest sure to strike a stranger is the number of trees with branches killed and whitened by the stroke of lightning, towering leafless to the sky. These are called stag-headed by those who frequent the forest. The artist, Mr. Harper, who has illustrated this account of Sherwood, and has helped us with some valuable information, has written the following spirited accout of a storm in which he saw an old oak struck by lightning. " I was going," he says, " about ten o'clock one day in September, 1864, to a sketch near Simon Foster, when sudden darkness came on, and immediately heavy rain. Simon Eoster stands somewhat in a glade, with two other oaks. I paused under one for an instant, and then quitted it for 'Simon.' 1 had no sooner done so when, looking up, I saw the sky open, and a ball of fire issued. Then the whole glade became a *sea of fire*; at the same instant a dull crunch, a sharp crack, and peal upon peal of awful thunder. I ran out of the forest—lightning flashing at every step—the ridings ankle deep in water—the rain pouring down. On reaching the common the storm cleared off: a blue sky and calmness seemed all around.

" Half an hour after I was alarmed by hearing that a mounted messenger had roused the village by the news that the forest was on fire. I asked where, and rushed up. The tree under which I had at first stood was on fire, and burning branches were falling around. Means were taken to prevent it from spreading; but not till six in the evening was the fire put out, and then by the fire engine from Thorseby Park. No trace of the lightning can be discovered on the trunk near the ground; the rest of the tree is a ruin. It was the general remark that, had it not been for the heavy rain, part of Sherwood Forest must have been burnt: for it was a dry season, and there had been no rain for nearly six weeks. The only wonder is that the bolt did not strike Simon, as that is the largest tree. Speaking for myself, it was a day to be remembered."

Half-a-mile farther on, we emerge from the forest, and come to the quiet but picturesque village of Edwinstowe, whose grey church lifts its quaint but handsome turrets silently towards the sky. Here dwells a wood carver, whose works are growing in celebrity. If you ask to see his workshop he will show you some fine carvings—of a dead pheasant perhaps, hanging from a nail, or a bracket quaintly supported by a partridge or a crane.

On the way back to Mansfield, we pass a noted relic, where King John, a regular visitor to Clipstone Palace, or King Edward is reputed to have held a parliament. Hunting here one day—so the story runs—news was brought him that the Welsh had risen in revolt. Calling his nobles in council under this tree, they decided to ride off to Nottingham, some fifteen miles or so, hang up the Welsh hostages immured in its castle, and return to Clipstone to enjoy their dinner as they might after such a feat. One leafy spray shows this "Parliament Oak"—otherwise shored up to save it from falling altogether to pieces—to be still a living memorial of the past.

Still on; there away to the right lies Warsop, the property of the Fitzherberts. When the late Mr. Gally Knight died, Sir Henry Fitzherbert attended his funeral; and, at the close, the lawyer, on the plea that he might be interested in the will, induced, him to attend its reading. He found that—for his great affection to his dear old friend—the dead man had bequeathed to him that fair manor of Warsop. Reader, may you be as stanch to your friends, and find them as able and as willing to remember your services!

Leaving Woodhouse, with its quaint church tower, on our right; weary and with an appetite as great as, but more innocent than King John's, after his ride to Nottingham, we arrive again at Mansfield and take up our quarters at the Swan. A hearty supper, and a comfortable bed, are the well-earned reward of a long day's ramble.

A. W. WORTHINGTON.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(IX.)

CHAPTER XIII.

The Disappointment.

Dawn was breaking but the moon yet threw her setting beam upon the hill-side where against the rocky background stood out the chief's castle in grey contrast to the sombre shadow of the peaks. A line of light was still shining in under its undraped windows, cheers were still thundering under its echoing arches and tambourines were clashing out their music to the faint stars.

But deep was the hush which filled an upper apartment in the interior where the lustre of a hanging lamp poured in a flood of gold upon two female forms wrapped in sleep on a pile of cushions. Both lay in a posture which gave the effect of grace and loveliness, one with ancles crossed, knees slightly drawn up and hands laid loosely on the sides, the other with arms and legs outstretched. Their tresses aglow with the sheen of raven blackness flowed towards the feet in puffs and fluffs, emphasising the milk rose gleam of the complexion. The breasts were bare and silk Sarees clung sweetly about the slim waists. Their features in calm repose seemed carven like those of a statue or graven as those of a fairy out in a gem. Strong clean-cut mouths, arched eye-brows, nose whose aquiline cast was not belied by chiselled nostrils, cheeks as fresh as aurora and chins shapely carved perfected the contour of the soft oval faces. Pale though the faces were with shadows of sadness yet the pallor could not rob them of a halo of virgin glory with which was mingled an air of distinction which the proud poise of the head in no way seemed to impeach. Their full bosoms slowly heaved by gentle breathing in spite of the press of pearl strings which vainly sought to hide their naked splendour. Thus they lay in all their flower-like beauty, the divine stamp of woman's loveliness was dignified by the cast of sleep.

The door clicked. Footsteps sounded. A figure stepped in. It was the prince. A bright flush had spread over his face, a thrill of pleasure, in the contemplation of meeting his consort. It was ecstasy to imagine the moment, to rehearse the words of greeting, to be drunk with the dream of bliss. A brilliant sparkle lit up his eyes, his lips were wreathed in smile.

Now the reminiscenses of the past rushed like a torrent to his memory, his capture, his escapade, the manoevre and lastly the carnage on the river. Sounds rose to his ear, the rattle of missiles, the yell of panic, the wild whoop, the shrieks of the dying. Following close upon them came the vision of a crewless boat; away, away was it drifting with the tide. Men swam in pursuit, plash, plash, they cut the liquid road. He fancied he descried lovely hands, dimly visible, stretched for aid, in his ear rang a wail of womanish fear. All these soon merged, into the consciousness of a complete deliverence of the caged birds and their ensconcement under the friendly roof.

He woke from the dream of the past to find himself gazing down, in the hush of stillness, upon the sleeping forms. All other thoughts fell into the background, all perception now seemed merged in one picture. He fancied he beheld his consort and her companion serene in their repose, their whole posture seemed eloquent of a sense of relief; the rich golden light playing upon them showed the pretty figures much stricken down. A flush rose to his cheek. Involuntarily his arms swung to clasp his beloved. It was a supreme moment. All his woes were forgotton in the happiness provided by the situation. Softly he approached the bedside to surprise her with a little kiss. But oh God? What sight met his eyes. He shrank back with a puzzled look. A gloom cast a shadow over his countenance. The curl was gone out of his lips. Was it a dream, a deception of the eye? Was he the subject of hallucination? No, no; it was a reality, it was a genuine sight which confronted him. He advanced again to look more searchingly into the face of each but instead of the forms his imagination was dwelling upon, two unknown figures struck his vision.

" Bless me, who are these?" he muttered to himself confusedly. Once he thought he had blundered his way to a wrong quarter and intruded upon the sanctum of some inmates of the household, but no, there was no mistaking the apartment, the chief had in person put him in. Once more to dispel the dark cloud of doubt he advanced with thumping heart and clogged feet, once more he bent upon the sleeping forms a face now turned corpse-like in the intensity of its whiteness, once again he strained his eyes, whose glow was now qualified by a haunted look, but do what he could it was impossible to identify either the one or the other with the images before his mind's eye. A pang stabbed him like a knife. It seemed to snap his heartstrings, its spasm distorted his features. The cruel conviction dawned upon him that it was not his consort and her companion that had been rescued but two unknown persons. The night's work had gone for nothing. But where were they? Had they been whirled away by some unknown route ? These questions shuttle-cocked themselves on the battledore of his brain. The imagination began to depict their doom in the darkest colours. From ecstasy to disappointment the revulsion of feeling was so sudden that for a few moments he was unable to think, plan or conjecture, but stood dazed with a chaos of thoughts rushing and whirling within. In vain he strove to regain self-control, his nerves were quivering and it was at last by a superhuman effort that he could collect himself. In the effort a cry escaped his lips, a wail of anguish.

The sleepers woke up with a start. As their eyes met his a sudden fit of shyness mingled with alarm sent them huddle confusedly back. The sweep of their clothes produced a sharp rustle as the skirts were swiftly gathered up and flung around their person to cover every inch of it.

The prince felt the situation grow awkward. He assayed to withdraw but his legs refused to move until he had solved the mystery overhanging them.

" I must offer you my most sincere apology for the intrusion " began he in a choked voice " and were it not for something I am anxious to know I would not encroach upon your natural reserve to one of the other sex. I have the highest regard for this heritage of womankind and should not rue if you hold on to your exclusiveness, but I am puzzled, I am at a loss, and this is my only excuse for intruding upon your privacy. I would under pardon ask who you are."

The maidens kept mute. A reply might have tingled on their lips but coyness gluing them there was no outward expression. They looked up through the veil that half hid the face but the silken lashes fell before his steady gaze and he could only catch a glimpse of large blue eyes and rosy lips.

" If my speaking should offend you I would beg to be excused for the impertinence. I shall with your permission attempt a little query—are you of the household ?" He poured out the words with an effussion that was little in keeping with his ordinary accents.

They shook their head.

"Then may I have the pleasure to know who you are ?" repeated he, the ghastly stare in his eyes declared in unspoken voice the tumult in his brain.

They drew their veil yet lower. There was a trace of maiden coyhood in their manner.

"I should break all the usages and proprieties of decorum were I to protest that you only torture me by your silence. Believe me, I am not myself, I am at a loss and must beg you to pity my suspense" continned he in a voice in which swelled up the storm-wave within.

The ice broke. With a ring of relief in her rich thrilling voice one of the maidens spoke.

"I am a daughter of a well-known merchant of the town, the other is my cousin."

"Indeed ?" exclaimed he with a start. "But who brought you here ?"

"We were in one of the boats –" she faltered out.

"The boats we stormed ? That's just the point that is puzzling me." In his voice there was a kind of tone which suggested that he could not understand why this should be the case.

She nodded her head in token of affirmation.

"It passes my understanding how came you to be in it" wondered he. A puzzled air stole over his face.

"We were seized by a gang of barbarians, taken before their chief and put into one of the boats. Then all the boats paddled out in a body" replied she in a voice ringing with a deep under-thrill of agony.

"Where were they carrying you ?"

"God alone knows." Her voice shook audibly. A tremor seemed to run through her frame.

"Where were you secured ?" His air became that of excited interest.

"On our way back to the town."

"From where ?"

"Our family had early fled from the town to some remote part of the country. When the barbarions were gone we set out to return.

On the way we fell in with one of their bands. They slew our escort and bore us away. We do not know what became of our parents and the others." Her voice sank, pearly tears coursed down the apple cheeks, sobs covulsed her frame. For a while there was silence in the room broken only by stifled moan.

The prince looked a picture of rage. The colour flamed up under his clear skin. Involuntarily his hand clutched the hilt of his blade.

"Pardon me, I had not finished. There is something more I must ask." He resumed in his most affable tone.

"What is it," mumbled she, the words were drowned in the burst of pent up emotion which broke like a flood.

"Was there any more female in the boat?" His voice faltered over the words.

"Two such unfortunates as we" was the reply between sobs.

"Have you no notion who they were?" asked he with a catch in his breath that was almost hysterical. A dark shadow fell over his face.

"Oh God? two royal ladies."

He felt his brain reel. His form suddenly underwent a spasmodic tremor.

"Who said they were royal ladies," questioned he feverishly.

"The women that kept guard."

"Did the ladies speak to you?"

"No, they kept mute. We had our own sorrow, did not trouble ourselves with theirs. But how miserable were they. What a fatal destiny."

Infinitely touching was the tone in which she said this and infinitely pitiful was the look it elicited from him. A vision seemed to rise from the mist. Slowly it steadied itself athwart his brain. In vain he tried to cast it out as an unpleasant memory. Again and again it would obtrude itself. There surged also the mystic echoes of the tragic. For a few moments he had a passionate struggle with himself. For a trice he turned his face away to hide the quiver the words had caused.

"I hope you will forgive me for presuming too much upon your goodness" he broke out with an effort.

"No, forgiveness is necessary, none whatever," replied she in soft accents.

" Then I beg you to tell me if you noticed any male person with them," added he, choking more than once over the words.

" I have a confused remembrance of seeing an augly blackman. He shuffled in, squatted near a blind and craned his neck out. Twice or thrice he spoke to them.

" Snuffing dog " he hissed between the teeth, scarlet with rage and not liking his emotions to be noticed struggled fiercely to retain self-possession.

Then he entered into the most minute enquiries relative to the dress and appearance of the two ladies she spoke about. The description she gave left no room for doubt as to their identity.

" The blackman carried them away " concluded she, imagining the trend of his questioning.

" What, what," he gasped out.

" He carried them away."

" Carried them away ?" he echoed setting upon her his lack-lustre eyes. The floor and the ceiling seemed to rock together.

She nodded her head affirmatively.

How—when—where—" the words tumbled upon one another as a spasm of whirl rushed and rolled like a wave against his brain.

" When the boat's crew perished it was driven by the tide to the other bank. He seized the chance jumped out, helped them out of it and up the slope into a bush-clump."

" Then, then," he chattered.

" They were seen no more."

Had the heavens fallen he would have been less surprised. The words shocked him beyond every thing. Like a blinding flash the truth broke that all was lost. It was clear enough, hideously clear that the blackie had turned the tables and was whirling his puppets away to some haunt of the Turks. The thought maddened him. The wildest imaginings seemed to take shape and form within his rioting brain. In the chaos he felt himself vainly seeking some hold. For a few minutes he was dumbfounded, only conscious of two things —a blank amazement and the wringing memory of his beloved. It was by a mighty effort that he could control himself.

"Heaven and earth ? there seems some Fate against me" cried he, beating his breast. The news had chilled the spine and drowned his hope. For one suffocating instant his heart seemed to stop. His face worked. Despair started out of his eyes.

In horrified amazement the maidens flashed a look at him and then dropped it, unable to bear the sight.

" The black fiend has made a dashed fool of me, beaten me in all the points of his game." he wailed, writhing and smarting under the pang. His nerves seemed cruelly shaken, his every feature was drawn and set as though beneath some fierce struggle.

Now and again the maidens lifted their eyes. They could read the distortion in his face, could guess vaguely at his suffering. In their looks there seemed a reflection of his frozen-distressed features, their spirits were infected.

"Is there anything the matter," timidly asked the one that was speaking.

"Oh, oh, a great deal. I am lost, I am done for." groaned he with the abandonment of one who fancies himself in the grip of some powerful Fate. There was something pitiful in his impotence. As visions rushed through his imagination of the sad plight of his beloved—the black fiend hurrying her to her doom—she a puppet of his will, under his spell, he felt his nerves unstrung, his heart and pulse seemed to be at a standstill. Then followed a reaction. A wild glare came into his eyes. The smouldering fire of rage flamed up, holding him dumb for a while. Anon self-control slipped from him and he worked himself up to such a fury of nervous tension that under the stress his choler found vent in a torrent of oaths and threats. "Never, never, would I rest until I had pounded the life out of the infernal cur" cried he frantically. "It is a sin every moment he still breathes. If he were to go unscathed I shall have but poor thanks from the world. No, no, retribution sure and terrible shall seek him out. Let no one mistake for madness the explosions of an anguish that is consuming me. I will come down upon him like a thunder-clap. If others show little mercy in their punishment of the felon I have less. I will pound him into bits. His heart shall be dug out, his brains smashed, his limbs torn one by one. The crows can then see what they will do with his infernal hide.''

The fiery eloquence went echoing and reechoing through the vault above, vibrated along the floor. Before the maidens had time to realise the situation he had swung out of the apartment and was giddily rocking on his heels. Straight he headed for the hall where he expected to meet the chief. The sound of revelry had just ceased, the revellers were making their exit and the chief was rising. The house was quiet again. The first faint dawn was creeping about it and by the straggling light the chief could make out his form as he approached the doorway. Upon his profile clearly silhonetted against the door's dim light he noticed a shade of gloom.

"Hoity-toity, what's amiss? Sure you look a bit shaky. Is anything troubling you." inquired he darting at him a look of misgiving.

"Pity me, in mercy pity me, a beaten man, the molester atop" wailed he, sinking into a chair. There was despair in his blood-shot eyes and distortion in his colourless face. The embarrassment had dashed his spirit not a little.

"Bless my soul, what's up." wondered the former looking bewilderedly at his face. The adjutant too was taken aback by the sight.

"The black scamp has overreached us, fooled us all". cried he with a quiver of pain and repressed rage in his voice.

"Goodness me, answer properly and not in jerks?" urged the chief, still gazing upon him in blank bewilderment.

He related in detail all he had heard from the maiden. What had appeared jumbled sentences now came out in startling characters.

"The scoundrel seems to take a diabolical delight in devilry" blustered the adjutant. His face flamed scarlet. A savage glitter entered his eyes.

"We have made fools of ourselves. It was our confounded folly we did not fix the boat in right time" deplored the chief. A rift of pallor flitted across his face and then a compression of the lips denoted that he felt a bit dejected by the failure of the strategem.

"We had best hasten on a fresh tack. They can't be far away. It is yet a question of time had soon we overtake them" pressed the adjutant. In his quick brain a plan had already been formed.

"I consider it essential that we should be in possession of some clue to tumble upon their track," said the chief whose mind now strained to compass some means of picking up their trail.

"Indeed." approved the adjutant. "I suppose the maiden can drop a hint."

"She does not know any more than the dead". said the prince despairingly.

"A confounded mess. But things have to be faced and faced at once" said the chief.

Then followed a short deliberation. The pros and cons of the situation were summed up and a course was mapped out.

"We made a false stroke". ruminated the prince with a stifled groan.

"I hope the next stroke would be decisive. In the affairs of man there is a tide that ebbs, as well as flows". the adjutant consoled him.

"I declare on my honour that the graceless scamp shall be tackled sooner than he can imagine" assured the chief. "My men have the instincts of a blood hound. They will follow every turn and twist he has taken."

"Then I have the presumption to count upon your aid to the last" the prince felt a sudden return to hope. The frantic fit began to wear away permitting his brain to work with something of its usual clearness.

"You may be sure of it" replied he. "While my men scour every road and path and glen I will set out in person to beat the riverside."

"You lay me under an obligation which the longest life of gratitude and devoted service can never liquidate" said the prince in a melting voice. He became conscious of a thrill of satisfaction mingling with his anguish.

"Oh don't weary your brain over obligations. What we have now to do is to start quickly in pursuit". he wound up.

Detatchments were speedily sent out in different directions. Next he ordered his affairs and gave necessary instructious to his henchmen to be on the alert to foil any attempt on the part of the enemy to retaliate.

"Crush them, show them no mercy" he charged them.

Then with such hasty preparation as the exigency of the situation permitted he set out in disguise with his guests.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Retaliation.

General Kublai Khan slain, the captives freed and the fleet all but annihilated—the news fell upon the Sultan like a thunder-bolt. A tempest of fury shook him. He sprang from his seat and staggered like a drunken man, wringing his hands, stamping his feet and rattling his sword upon the floor, a distressed compound of rage and disappointment. Even the boldest hearts quailed before his fierce visage. In the delirium of passion his eyes glared horribly and foam rose to his mouth. The brunt of his rage fell first on the survivors of the carnage. Summoning them into his presence he poured out on them a torrent of fiery imprecations.

"Cowards, craven-hearted crows ?" he thundered forth, grinding his teeth. "Dogs defile your fathers' graves. You have disgraced my name, my flag, my arms. The disgrace redounds upon a whole ancestry of warriors. You ran for life, white-livered skunks ? I will riddle your skulking carcase. I will extirpate year accursed being from the earth."

His anger burnt as fiercely as the midday sun. To him defeat was shocking and more shocking when it came from a quarter unworthy of note, but the bitterest part of the calamity was the escape of the captives. It hit him hard.

"Whelps" continued he, "Do you fancy I should have given you charge of the women if I had known that you were begotten of pluckless dogs. Better a thousand times had they perished in the camp, better had they broken prison and best of all had I not chosen mean despicable dastards for their escort."

His blood was heated to the boiling point. Its reflection in his voice was shuddering. Rage, hatred and disappointment were spoken in every exclamation.

"Turn your black faces from me, puppies, and go where my hangman is to crush the abominable breath out of your carcase," he hissed between the teeth.

He was going to pronounce their death sentence when it occurred to him that the adoption of an extreme measure might ruffle the general temper of his troops. A milder punishment was substituted. He ordered each to be bastinadoed, then to be marched round on the back of an ass with a bag of barley suspended from his neck, and forced to eat out of it.

His fury did not abate with the punishment of the unfortunates but blazed with the lust of vengeance. Revenge, the most deadly revenge congressed his thought.

"By the tomb of the Prophet I swear that I will never rest until

I have avenged the wrong. I will repay it with the death of all the hill dogs". he broke forth into a storm of oaths.

He commanded his Caucasian legions to be ready at once. Drums rolled, bugles blared. The air soon resounded with hoarse shouts commingled with clangour of arms. From all quarters came the sound of hurrying feet and the clank of iron-hoofs. Five thousand Caucasian warriors brandishing the glaive of war filled the grounds with glittering steel. They were ranged into ranks and placed under the command of General Chengis Khan, an officer of great ability whose conduct under the most trying circumstances justified the choice made of him.

"Flower of my army, the pride of the Caucasian chivalry" the great Turk charged them "In the name of the Great Allah I adjure you to wipe out the disgrace that has overtaken our arms. Die in the attempt but never fly. Go, ravage the country on both sides of the Jhelum. Reduce every fort before you. Make a clean sweep of the hill-men. Shoot them like owls, stone them like bats, crush them like moles. Kill all, spare none. No mercy, no quarters. Depart at once."

With a hurrah which shattered the echoes of the hills the cavalcade dashed out.

Having ordered them off he set out with the rest of his army to suppress an insurrection of the wild hordes of the north.

The retributive troops under Chengis Khan committed the most dreadful excesses on the way. Homesteads were burnt down, fields were laid waste, and markets were despoiled of their contents. The villagers men, women and children fled in panic. Those who opposed were slashed with swords or speared. Hundreds lay on the ground with throat cut, head severed from the body or ribs ripped open. Eyes were gauged out, legs clopped off and arms torn. The most fiendish cruelty was perpetrated. Women were scourged naked. Youths were bound hand and foot and stoned to death. Children were flogged or flayed alive. Over the plains, through the woods and up-hill spread the atrocious ministers of vengeance, Harpy-like in their rapacity, leaving behind them paths marked by blood and flame. Hill-forts were besieged and skirmishes raged over the hill-sides. Masses of mountaineers skilled in this species of warfare covered all the heights from where they directed the most destructive assaults. By alternately attacking and retreating they exhausted the besiegers and drove them may a time into a tumultuary flight leaving hundreds in killed and wounded.

The most sanguinary conflict ranged round the stronghold of the chief. It was manned by the pick of his troops whose spirit made the most lofty displays. With the utmost fury which no pain could describe they rushed forward, bore down all opposition and after a series of engagements drove the besiegers from hill to hill till the range as far as they could see was rid of their presence. The Caucaseans rallied and were again in full movement. Again and again the arrows of the hill-fighters did considerable execution. With all their pluck and gallantry the Caucasean veterns could not long stand against the intrenched warriors of the hills but were finally repulsed with dreadful losses. Finding their ranks thinned, their lines wavering, the remnants now reduced to nearly one third the number beat a hasty retreat, content with having butchered the defenceless inhabitants of the plains,

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.L.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCES OF A BENGALI MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.

Being the biography of Ramdulal Deb.

(I)

Not far from Dumdum in Twenty-four Parganas, was situate a small village called Reckjoani. It was so unimportant a village that the people of Calcutta did not care to know its name even. Most of the people of that village used to maintain themselves by cultivation. In the middle of the eighteenth century, a village Guru Mahasaya named Baloram Sircar used to teach the boys of the peasants of that village.

Good caligraphy was his only passport. He used to earn nothing but corn by teaching. To get some money, he would load an ox, carrying straw on its back to Calcutta twice a week. The straw was sold at a cheap rate. He maintained himself by the aforesaid corn and the small sum of money with difficulty. On account of adverse circumstances, he was not able to eat his hard-earned bread with impunity. Great fear of Marhatta invasion (Burgi Hangama) added to his painful pangs of poverty. At that time this country was disturbed by the frequent inroads of the Marhattas. On account of this invasion, Baloram fled with the villagers for his life in 1159 B. S. He had no estate to look after but a pregnant wife. On going to a far distance out of the reach of the Marhattas, the pregnant wife was brought to bed of a male-child on a field, and this was Ram Dulal. Many men born in poverty, danger and in times of distress, ameliorate their condition in all respects. One acquainted with Indian History knows that Akbar Sha, the Emperor of Delhi, was a man of that stamp and those who read this biography will find Ram Dulal of a similar type. Baloram could not teach Ram Dulal Arithmetic, Bengali or his neat caligraphy, for he breathed his last a few years after the birth of his son. Ram Dulal had lost his mother some years before his father died. Not only did Ram Dulal find himself an orphan but the additional burden of maintaining a brother and a sister was thrown upon him.

He proceeded to the house of his grandfather Ram Sunder Biswas in Calcutta for help. Although the circumstances of Ram Sunder were so straitened that daily alms were his only means of livelihood, yet he welcomed these dependants gladly. His own children themselves were maintained with the greatest difficulty, and now the children of his daughter also came to be counted among the members of his family. What was Ram Sunder to do? He doubly plucked up courage and took to begging with greater energy for alms.

The grandmother of Ram Dulal was not an ease-loving and do-little sort of woman. She helped her husband by doing the services of a store-keeper. She had not only to spend the hard-earned rice for her own family but she used to give a portion to the poor every day, while going to bathe in the Ganges, and fortune, as if to reward her with good in return, smiled upon her in future as will be seen later on.

The grand-mother of Ram Dulal, accepted the situation of a cook in the house of Madan Mohan Dutta, a rich and respectable man in Calcutta, after she took charge of her grandsons and grand-daughter. Although this was a very mean job and produced but a small income yet she was respected as a governess in the household. For this reason she had no difficulty in introducing Ram Dulal therein as a dependant. Ram Dulal began to acquire learning while living in the family of his benefactor. By dint of assiduity and zeal he soon became an excellent writer and an amanuensis. The private tutor of the boys of Madan Mohan Dutta was asked to teach Ram Dulal. Now-a-days the slate is used by beginners, but formerly the palm, the banian and the plantain leaves answered the purpose; at that time there was no slate nor pencil, and the pen was neglected being used by low class people; Ram Dulal having finished the palm-leaf began to practice on the plaintain-leaf. His grand-mother had not the wherewith to buy for him a bundle of plantain-leaves every day. He was however able to hit upon a plan although so young. He resolved to collect and wash the palm-leaves which had been written upon and cast away to and fro by the boys of the Dutta family. That perseverance, which made him a great merchant and the possessor of immense wealth in Calcutta afterwards, was thus seen to blossom in his early youth. He used to wash those leaves in the Ganges at midday with an uncovered head and in knee-deep water and turned them to his use. Madan Mohan would have been very sorry and vexed if he had known that the boy took so much trouble for mere plantain leaves. But what Ram Dulal's intelligence could supply he would not let others be troubled with. Moreover, he remembered that Madan Mohan Dutta did so much for him that he should not be burdened with any more. However Ram Dulal learnt Bengali well, became an amanuensis and was able to speak in English with the captains and other officers of ships. At the age of sixteen, Ram Dulal, being equipped with the above arms of knowledge, was engaged in the painful and keen battle of life to relieve the sufferings of his begging, old, worn-out grandmother and for maintaining his minor brother. Madan Mohan took him and a friend of his, named Nanda Kumar Bose, in his own office. They were punctual in attendance. One day, on account of scorching heat and a dust-storm on their way to office they had to return home and being overpowered with fatigue they fell into a sound sleep. When Madan Mohan returned home and found the two boys lying in that state, he thought that perhaps they were unwell. He called up Ram Dulal by touching his body. Ram Dulal stood dumbfounded and began to tremble with fear. He had earned a reputation as being laborious and hardy and thereupon all his future promotions in life depended. But that reputation was now at stake. It might have been saved by telling a lie. Perhaps, to many the temptation of telling a lie is irresistible in such circumstances. But Ram Dulal had a natural hatred for lies. He made a clean breast of the cause of his returning home and sleeping. At this, Madan Mohan gave a vexatious smile and said, "Ram Dulal, if you fear heat and dust, you have no chance of entering a service." Hearing this he resolved to show his own metal.

However, he got the post of a bill-sircar which required a great deal of labour and hardship. He went on working hard and with anuncommon dexterity. Madan Mohan had business-dealings in all parts of Calcutta and its suburbs. Ram Dulal had to go on foot to many places in spite of storm, rain and heat, to realise the dues. He had frequently to go to and return from Titagarh, or Barrackpur. If any customer entertained any doubt as to any item in the bill of Ram Dulal, he would have to run to his master and again to the customer to explain matters. One day he had to collect a bill of a large amount against the master of a military office at Dumdum. The military officer being not able to realise the difficulties of the poor, delayed payment to Ram Dulal. In early life, Ram Dulal was as brave as a hero, he would start for Calcutta after dusk even with large sums of money. In those days there was great risk of being robbed in the suburbs of Calcutta. The soldiers dismissed for misconduct at the battle of Plassey used to plunder people in such places. The road from Calcutta to Dumdum is not even yet very safe. So Ram Dulal at first wished to take shelter, when at some distance. But he knew the degraded state of the society of the time. He thought, if he went to any one's house, and if the man came to know that he had money with him he would be killed readily. So he desisted. Having re-arranged his dress into the garb of a mendicant, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree with the purse under his head. He had not a wink of sleep till the day dawned with the cawing of crows. He stood up, and thanked God for having passed the night in safety.

On account of these acts Ram Dulal gained the confidence of Madan Mohan Dutt. Though Ram Dulal monthly earned only Rs. 5 ; he managed to lay by a hundred rupees by dint of extraordinary economy. One hundred rupees was not a trifling amount to a poor man. He invested the amount with a timber merchant of Bagbazar whom he used to see daily in spite of bis multifarious duties, and maintained his old decrepit grand-father and grand-mother from the profits of that sum of money. For when he was five years old, it was they who fed him and his two brother and sister with the alms they received, themselves going without a full meal. Madan Mohan Dutt was very much pleased at this conduct and admiring his intelliegnce and capacity for labour he engaged him as a ship-sircar on 10 Rs. a month. But as there was a prospect of reward in this service so there was a good chance also of assault by the captains of the ships. The brightness of his intelligence grew stronger on account of frequent exercise of his patience which being added to his courage, shrewdness and presence of mind soon made him a first-rate ship-sircar.

The ship-sircars had occasion to quarrel with the captains of the ships. Although Ram Dulal did not know how to write in English he could speak it well. He had to inspect the goods of the ships in all seasons of the year, and quarrels would arise from the shortage of the number of bags. These generally ended in fighting. As there was hardship on the one hand so there was prospect of gain on the other. But he never took to unfair ways for such gains. The journey by river was not safe. One day, he fell into the water and the boat sank but he saved his life by swimming fourteen miles to Kidderpore. Thus another day he and his friend Nunda Kumer Bose had to take shelter in the house of a fisherman. The fisherman gave them a coarse mat for bed. They felt so much pleased with lying thereon, that they always used a like kind under their beds even after they became rich. Be that as it may, he acquired the necessary qualifications by going to Diamond Harbour again and again and there witnessing the incidents of the ships by which his future success in life was assured. Those broken and submerged ships which were sold in the office of Mr. Tullah he could easily ascertain the price of. One day Ram Dulal saw such a ship at the mouth of the Ganges.

It did not take him long to the guess the depth of the water, the quantity of goods in the vessel, what part thereof could be recovered and its value. Immediately after this incident, Madan Mohan paid him a certain sum of money and sent him to Messrs. Tullah and Co. to bid at a certain auction sale.

BAIDYA NATH BONNERJEE.

THE KISS.

(RENDERED INTO VERSE BY J. D. WESTBROOK, ESQ., FROM ORIGINAL IN ARABIC).

(*Diwan of Inayat Khan*).

Sufism is the Religious Philosophy of Love, Harmony and Beauty.

The Sufism is constantly in revolt against the priesthood of an organised religion, denies that salvation or mukti or najat can be obtained through forms and ceremonies; for his is that religion of bhakti or love which in every country appears as the five flower expressing the soul of all creeds. He regards as asceticism as unnecessary, holding the loves of earth as symbols, and even as parts of the Divine Love. The great self of the universe is to be found within the human heart, and the task of the sufism is to perceive that his own soul is identical with the Universal soul. When the illusion of separateness, which is the course of all trouble and pain, disappears, the soul, awaking from the dream of life, will know itself one with God.

THE KISS.

(1)

Highest of all loves is the Love Divine,
What is this love then that uplifts mankind ?
For man is made after the form of God,—
What soul, what spirit, hidden lurks behind ?

(2)

Who boasts to know alone the Love of God,
And scoff at human loves as mean and low,
Is blinded by his pride and arrogance,
And lives despising what he may not know.

(3)

Upward through bird and beast doth love aspire
To reach its glory in the heart of man,
Through all the ages nature strives and mounts
Towards him, the culmination of her plan.

(4)
For God Himself is Love, and is expressed
In the full rupture of the lover's bliss,
And the whole universe is built of Love
Whose symbol is the meeting and the kiss.

(5)
The glowing kiss of fire to ashes burns,
The healing kiss of water purifies,
The kiss of air brings life, and growth, and strength,
The kiss of ether can etherealise.

(6)
The steel is drawn towards the magnet's kiss,
The rose unfolds beneath the kiss of dew,
The whole world kisses in its ecstasy,
And joy arises and is ever new.

(7)
Kissing the mother's breast the child is fed,
Hand kisses loving hand, in close embrace,
Form kisses form, and eyes in glareous kiss.
Cheek kisses cheek when face is held to face.

(8)
Kissing the face shows love's own tender heart,
Kissing the brow the inspiring breath of love,
Kissing the lips love's soul tend supreme,
Kissing the eyes the mind that soars above.

(9)
Kiss on the ear holdeth the lover fast,
Kiss on the neck bringeth the lover near,
Kiss on the hair makes it a net for love,
Kiss on the head driveth out lover's fear.

(10)
A kiss upon the shoulder courage gives,
To kiss the hand means adoration free,
A kiss upon the knee shows reverence.
To kiss the feet is deep humility.

(11)
The kiss of thought is understanding clear
And sympathy the heart's sincerest kiss,
Souls kiss in merging in the spirit's light,
Conscious of God they reach the upmost bliss.

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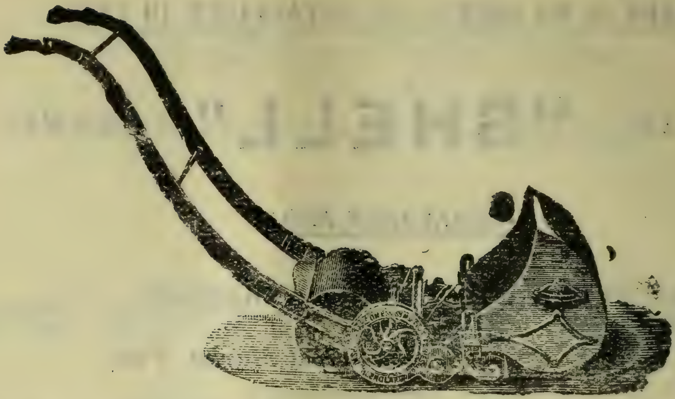

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Pages.

I.—How we are governed—
By J. C. Dutt ... ... 99—112

II.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (X)—
By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 113—128

III.—A Gray Eye or So—
By An Englishman ... ... 129—141

IV.—Kadamvari (1)—
By K. D. Sarkar ... ... 142—147

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on 'William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal: Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India". This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number of before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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THE

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 3—March 1916.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.

For a century, the British rule in India had been the sway of the merchant princes. In the middle of the nineteenth century, (1858), the sovereign assumed the direct rule. In the 29th (twenty-ninth) year of the transfer from the Company to the Crown, England and India were bound by a closer tie. Since then, the British sovereign has been the Kaisar-i-Hind as well.

The policy formulated by the British Parliament for rule in India is the Government of India Act, 1915. It is the parliamentary statute 5 and 6 Geo. 5, Ch. 61. It consolidates enactments relating to the government of India. It takes into account the parliamentary statutes from the year 1770 down to 1912—from 10 Geo. 3, C. 47 to 2 and 3 Geo. 5, C. 6. In other words, the consolidation or reform embraces a period of 145 years from 1770 to 1915. The Act is dated the 29th July, 1915, and is in operation from the first day of January, 1916. It was published in the *Gazette of India* of the 11th September, 1915.

To follow the law, it is essential to know what is 'India' and what is 'British India'. The Act does not define them, they being explained in the Interpretations Act, 1889 (52 & 53 Vict., C. 63). (30th August, 1889). There, 'British India' means all territories and places within Her Majesty's dominions which are for the time being governed by Her Majesty through the Governor-General of India or through any governor or other officer subordinate to the Governor-General of India. 'India' is made to mean British India together with any territories of any native prince or chief under the suzerainty of Her Majesty exercised through the Governor-General of India, or through any governor or other officer subordinate to the Governor-General of India.

The Act is divided into twelve parts, containing 135 (one hundred and thirty-five) sections and 5 (five) schedules.

In this convenient form, the law that governs India can be profitably studied by many. It must be a welcome guide to those immediately concerned with the government of India. It cuts a straight path through the labarynth of 47 Acts, of which 10 are partially, and 37 wholly, repealed. The division of parts is division of subjects.

The first three parts are devoted to Home Government or the Secretary of State for India. Part IV treats of the Governor-General in Council. The next Part is reserved for Local Governments. Part VI is about Indian Legislation Part VII is limited to salaries, leave of absence, vacation of office, appointments, etc. The Indian Civil Service occupies Part VIII. Then come the Indian High Courts and Ecclesiastical Establishment. Part XI takes up Offences, Procedure and Penalties. The last part is Supplemental. The first schedule gives the maximum number of nominated or elected members of Legislative Councils. The second prescribes the official salaries. The third enumerates the officers reserved to the Indian Civil Service. The fourth names the Acts repealed. The fifth mentions the provisions of the Act which may be repealed or altered by the Governor-General in Legislative Council.

The Secretary of State has replaced the East India Company, the Court of Directors, the Court of Proprietors and the Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

Next to the Crown, the Secretary of State is the supreme authority on India. He possesses the power to superintend, direct and control all acts, operations and concerns which relate to the government or revenues of India, and all grants of salaries, gratuities and allowances, and all other payments and charges, out of or on the revenues of India. He is given a Council, called the Council of India, of which he is the president and which has to meet every week, if not oftener. This Council, under the direction of the Secretary of State, conducts the business transacted in the United Kingdom regarding the government of India and the correspondence with India. But every communication or order sent to India must bear the signature of the Secretary of State.

The Secretary of State in Council is answerable to Parliament. He has to submit annually before both Houses an account of his stewardship with the further account of the moral and material progress and condition of India. He may sue and be sued by the name of the Secretary of State in Council as a body corporate. Every person has the same remedies against him as, in the days of the East India Company, against that Company.

The Act guards against oppression, wilful disobedience, breach of duty, trading and receiving presents by persons holding office under the Crown in India. The offence is misdemeanour. It is also misdemeanour for any European British subject to make, except under Government sanction, loans to Indian Princes and Chiefs. Another misdemeanour is for any person carrying on, mediately or immediately, any illicit correspondence with any prince, chief, landholder or other person having authority in India, or with the commander, governor or president of any foreign European settlement in India.

Subject to the guidance of the Secretary of State, the government of India, civil and military, is vested in the Governor General in Council. The Governor-General is a triune authority—as Governor General; as Governor-General in Executive Council or shortly Governor-General in Council; and Governor-General in Legislative Council.

The Governor-General of India is appointed by His Majesty by warrant under the Royal Sign Manual. Such is also the form as regards the appointments of the members of the Governor General's Executive Council; the appointments of the Governors of Fort William in Bengal or shortly Bengal, of Fort St. George or Madras, and of Bombay; of the Members of their Executive Councils. The Chief Justices and other Judges of the High Courts in India are appointed by His Majesty. It is also left to that authority, by warrant under the Royal Sign Manual, to appoint an Advocate-General for each of the presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay.

The Governor-General's Executive Council consists of ordinary members and of extraordinary members (if any) thereof. The number of the first kind is not to exceed six. Three of them must be persons who have been for at least ten years in the service of the Crown in India. One must be a barrister of England or Ireland, or a member of the faculty of Advocates of Scotland, of not less than five years' standing. No person in the military service can be an ordinary member. The Secretary of State, however, can appoint the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in India an extraordinary member, who, when so appointed, holds in the Council rank next to the Governor-General. The provision about any other extraordinary member is—when and so long as the Council assembles in any province having a Governor, he shall be such member. All orders and other proceedings of the Governor-General in Council shall be expressed to be made by the Governor-General in Council, and shall be signed by a Secretary. The Governor-General is free to make rules and orders for the more convenient transaction of business. Orders made or act done under them are the orders and act of the Governor-General in Council. There may be meetings of the Executive Council when the Governor-General or the President of that meeting and only one ordinary member are present. Any member may be appointed Vice-President by the Governor-General. In the absence of the Governor-General, the Vice-President presides. When he too is absent, the senior member takes the chair. The act then done must have the approval of the Governor-General. When touring without his Council, the Governor-General is enabled to exercise the powers of the Governor-General in Council, if such a course be declared expedient by the Governor-General in Council.

There is restriction on the power of the Governor-General in Council to make war or treaty.

To come to the Governor-General in Legislative Council. The Governor-General's Legislative Council, mentioned as the Indian Legislative Council, is formed by his Executive Council with the addition of a number of members, not exceeding sixty, nominated or elected under Rules made by the Governor-General in Council with the approval of the Secretary of State in Council for this and other purposes of the Act. Such, for instance, as the discussion of the annual financial statement of the Governor-General in Council and of any matter of general public interest and the asking of questions. These Rules are to be laid before both Houses of Parliament and cannot be repealed or altered by the Governor-General in Legislative Council. At least one-half of the additional members must be persons not in the civil or military service of the Crown in India. There may be another additional member over and above the nominated and the elected. The law directs—When and so long as the Indian Legislative Council assembles in a province having a Lieutenant-Governor or Chief-Commissioner, he shall be an additional member of the Council.

The legislative powers are detailed in section 65, which is quoted entire :—

"65.—(1) The Governor-General in Legislative Council has power to make laws—

(*a*) for all persons, for all courts, and for all places and things, within British India ; and

(*b*) for all subjects of His Majesty and servants of the Crown within other parts of India ; and

(*c*) for all native Indian subjects of His Majesty, without and beyond as well as within British India ; and

(*d*) for the government of officers, soldiers and followers in His Majesty's Indian forces, wherever they are serving, in so far as they are not subject to the Army Act ; and

(*e*) for all persons employed or serving in or belonging to the Royal Indian Marine Service ; and

(*f*) for repealing or altering any laws which for the time being are in force in any part of British India or apply to persons for whom the Governor-General in Legislative Council has power to make laws.

(2) Provided that the Governor-General in Legislative Council has not, unless expressly so authorized by Act of Parliament, power to make any law repealing or affecting—

(i) Any Act of Parliament passed after the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty and extending to British India (including the Army Act and any Act amending the same) ; or

(ii) any Act of Parliament enabling the Secretary of State in Council to raise money in the United Kingdom for the government of India ;

and has not power to make any law affecting the authority of Parliament, or any part of the unwritten laws or constitution of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland whereon may depend in any degree the allegiance of any person to the Crown of the United Kingdom, or affecting the sovereignty or dominion of the Crown over any part of British India.

(3) The Governor-General in Legislative Council has not power,

without the previous approval of the Secretary of State in Council, to make any law empowering any Court, other than a High Court, to sentence to the punishment of death any of His Majesty's subjects born in Europe, or the children of such subjects, or abolishing any High Court."

At the same time, it is provided that "a law made by any authority in British India shall not be deemed invalid solely on account of any one or more of the following reasons :—

(*a*) in the case of a law made by the Governor-General in Legislative Council, because it affects the prerogative of the Crown ; or

(*b*) in the case of any law, because the requisite proportion of members not holding office under the Crown in India was not complete at the date of its introduction into the Council or its enactment ; or

(*c*) in the case of a law made by a local legislature, because it confers on magistrates, being justices of the peace, the same jurisdiction over European British subjects as that legislature, by Acts duly made, could lawfully confer on magistrates in the exercise of authority over other British subjects in the like cases."

The Parliamentary Act of 1915 saves the rights of His Majesty and the powers of the Secretary of State in Council. It preserves the power of Parliament to control the proceedings of the Governor-General in Council, or to repeal or alter any law made by any authority in British India, or to legislate for British India and the inhabitants thereof. It, however, allows the Governor-General in Legislative Council to repeal or alter certain provisions of the Act specified in the fifth Schedule.

No Act of the Indian Legislative Council can be valid until the Governor-General has declared his assent thereto. It is open to His Majesty to disallow an Act assented to by the Governor-General.

Another form of legislation is the Regulation. It is no measure of the Governor-General in Legislative Council, but of the Governor-General in Executive Council.

It is left to the Secretary of State, by resolution in Council, to select what part of British India is to be subject to such legislation. A draft regulation is sent up by the Local Government to the Governor-General in Council, which, if approved by him and assented to by the Governor-General, becomes law when published in the official gazettes.

There is another or third form of law-making, which is the peculiar privilege of the Governor-General. He is empowered to "make and promulgate ordinances for the peace and good government of British India or any part thereof." The life of an Ordinance does not extend to more than six months. While it lives, it has the full force of an Act of the Indian Legislative Council. To give it longer life, like that of an Act passed by the Governor-General in Legislative Council, it may be controlled or superseded by any such Act.

Such is the Governor-General, the supreme authority in India.

Next to the Governor-Generalship come the three Governorships of Fort William in Bengal or shortly Bengal, Fort St. George or Madras, and Bombay. There is provision for a fourth Governorship by the revival of that of Agra, of the period November 1834 to May 1838. The Act says—The Secretary of State in Council may, if he thinks fit, direct that the province of Agra be constituted a presidency under a Governor in Council. Each of three Governors is assisted by an Executive Council, whose number not exceeding four is fixed by the Secretary of State in Council. Two of them must have been at least twelve years in the service of the Crown in India. Another and a temporary member is the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in India (not being likewise Governor-General) while resident at Calcutta, Madras or Bombay.

Governorship is the first class of local governments The second is the Lieutenant-Governorships and the third the Chief Commissionerships. Of the second kind are the provinces of Bihar and Orissa, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh the Punjab and Burma. It is open to the Governor-General in Council, with the sanction of His Majesty, to constitute a new Lieutenant-Governorship. A Lieutenant-Governor is appointed by the Governor-General with the approval of His Majesty. He must have seen service in India for at least ten years. A Lieutenant-Governor may be given an Executive Council by the Governor-General in Council the Secretary of State approving and Parliament not objecting. The appointment of the Executive members, not exceeding four, rests with the Governor-General, His Majesty approving.

Next to the Lieutenant-Governorships are the Chief-Commissionerships. These are parts of British India taken, with the approval of the Secretary of State, by the Governor-General in Council under his immediate authority and management, and placed each under a Chief-Commissioner. At the present time, they are 8 in number, namely, Assam, the Central Provinces, the North-West Frontier Provinces, British Baluchistan, Delhi, Ajmer-Merwara, Coorg and the Andaman and Nicobar Islands.

Bihar and Orissa, the last created province, is the only Lieutenant-Governorship with an Executive Council.

Every Governor has a Legislative Council. So has a Lieutenant-Governor who is given an Executive Council. Every other Lieutenant-Governor or a Chief-Commissioner may have also a Legislative Council. These are known as Local Legislative Councils, and Governors, Lieutenant Governors and Chief-Commissioners in Legislative Council are Local Legislatures.

As in the case of the Indian Legislative Council, the Local Legislative Councils of Bengal, Madras and Bombay, are formed of the members of the Executive Council and additional members, not exceeding fifty in number, nominated or elected in accordance with rules made by the Governor-General in Council with the approval of the Secretary of State in Council and laid before Parliament. One-half at least of these additional members are required to be non-official. It is imperative by section 73 (2), that in Madras and Bombay, and, if so wished by the Governor of Bengal, in Bengal, the Advocate General or "acting Advocate General" shall be a nominated additional member. The Act, section 114, provides for the appointment of an Advocate General for each of these three presidencies by His Majesty by warrant under His Royal Sign Manual. There is, however, no direct provision about any such acting appointment. In the old repealed law, the Indian Councils Act, 1861, section 29, the words are "each of the said Governors shall...... nominate to be additional members the Advocate General of the Presidency, or officer acting in that capacity, and......" Evidently, the words "officer acting in that capacity" (of Advocate General) of the Act of 1861 have been converted into "acting Advocate General" of the consolidating Act of 1915. They may mean the same, but the authority is wanting. Who makes the acting appointment or fills it? The highest authority in India is the Governor-General in Council. Is he competent to appoint a temporary Advocate

General, as he can select a temporary Judge or Chief Justice of the Calcutta High Court ? Or, do the many powers that he is required to exercise in the superintendence, direction and control of the government of India arm him with the indirect authority to supply the omission or the immediate want ? An acting Advocate General is, perhaps, better than no Advocate General, though lawyers may not always agree. Legally made or not, it is all the same, if the fact is not disputed or is accepted in the belief that it is all right according to law or precedent, though against law. There are times when a law is made to cover departure from a previous law, to confirm as legal what had not been so. An illegality may be perpetrated or continued for a long time without being detected or even remedied. Sometimes, it is inconvenient or too late to correct an act not according to law, or it may be prudent to tolerate an illegality, when there is no apprehension of any great or substantial injustice or until declared invalid by a competent or the highest Court of law. A Legislative Council may not follow in every case the rules laid down for the conduct of its business, and even may exceed its authority in the making of a law.

There are now nine Local Legislative Councils, namely, three for the three Governorships—Bengal, Madras and Bombay ; four for the four Lieutenant-Governorships—Bihar and Orissa, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, the Punjab, and Burma ; and two for two out of the eight Chief-Commissionerships —the said two being Assam and the Central Provinces. These nine with the remaining six Chief-Commissionerships, that is, the North-West Frontier Provinces, British Baluchistan, Delhi, Ajmer-Merwara, Coorg and the Andaman and Necobar Islands, form the 15 (fifteen) Local Governments.

With so many Legislative Councils, it may well be asked—Is it necessary to continue the form of legislation by Regulation by the Executive Council of the Governor-General ? This sanction dates from the 25th March, 1870.* The form given to it by the Government of India Act, 1870, (33 and 34 Vict., C. 3), repealed by the present Act, is :—

" 1. Every Governor of a Presidency in Council, Lieutenant-Governor or Chief Commissioner, whether the Governorship, or Lieutenant-Governorship, or Chief Commissionership be now in existence or may hereafter be established, shall have power to propose to the Governor-General in Council drafts of any regulations, together with the reasons for proposing the same, for the peace and government of any part or parts of the territories under his government or administration to which the Secretary of State for India shall from time to time by Resolution in Council declare the provisions of this section to be applicable from any date to be fixed in such resolution......

The Secretary of State for India in Council may from time to time withdraw such power from any Governor, Lieutenant-Governor or Chief Commissioner, on whom it has been conferred, and may from time to time restore the same as he shall think fit.

2. The Governor-General shall transmit to the Secretary of State for India in Council an authentic copy of every regulation which shall have been made under the provisions of this Act, and all laws or regulations hereafter made by the Governor General of India in Council, whether at a meeting for purpose of making laws and regulations, or under the said provisions, shall control and supersede any regulation in any wise repugnant thereto which shall have been made under the same provisions."

Whatever the reasons for this form of legislation, it is doubtful whether they all survive to this day. It is equally open to argument, that it enables a Governor, Lieutenant-Governor or Chief Commissioner to propose and have a law independent of his Legislative Council. A Regulation is like an Ordinance of a Local Government, subject to the approval of both the Governor-General and the Governor-General in Council. But it is not as short-lived. Once made, it continues its force. A distinction between local law and regulation is one between open or public and private or secret Acts, but both official. In one sense, a Regulation is perfect Legislation, as the work of three distinct responsible authorities. It may imply distrust or avoidance of the legislative Members who must wonder at their exclusion. A law passed at a local legislature to be good must have two assents, one of the head of the Local Government and the other of the Governor-General. A Regulation may be said to go up to the Governor-General in Council for the assent of the Governor-General with the assent of the Governor or Lieutenant Governor or Chief Commissioner. An Act made or a Regulation drafted by a subordinate Government may be disallowed by the Governor-General, as an Act or a Regulation assented to by the Governor-General may be disallowed by the Crown. A Regulation, when gazetted, is not a measure of a subordinate Government but of the Governor-General in Legislative Council. The matters which the Governor-General may take up in his Legislative Council are detailed in the Act of 1915. In making his Ordinances he is bound by the same restrictions. A Local Leligislature is also advised in the Act how far it shall go and where not in making laws. A Regulation is, however, left entirely to itself or the two authorities. It must be supposed that they follow in this respect the directions given for legislative Acts. If anything goes wrong in India, the Secretary of State for India must come to the rescue. As it is, without a guide, a Regulation is free to travel anywhere, in any direction, at its own will, in the interest of peace and good government. There seems to be no bar to its assuming the form of a special law for a special purpose for a particular province, relieving the Governor-General in Legislative Council of a revolutionary measure for all British India.

From law to law Courts. The High Courts are the High Courts of Judicature established by letters patent.

The Chief Justices and other Judges are appointed by the Crown and they hold their office during His Majesty's pleasure, but are free to resign. The remuneration for a Judge commences on his taking upon himself the execution of his office and is the whole profit or advantage which he enjoys from his office. The High Courts are Courts of record and have original, appellate and admiralty jurisdictions. They are, however, not to exercise any original jurisdiction in any matter concerning the revenue or its collection. Every High Court has superintendence over all Courts subordinate to its Appellate jurisdiction. But its jurisdiction does not extend to the Governor General, the Governors and the members of their Executive Councils. Any act done by any of them in his public capacity is not to be examined by any High Court. For him, there is no civil arrest or imprisonment, nor can he be tried criminally except for treason or felony. The exemption from arrest and imprisonment applies to the Chief Justice and other Judges of the High Courts.

The law to be administered by them is stated thus:—

" The High Courts of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, in the exercise of their original jurisdiction in suits against inhabitants of Calcutta, Madras or Bombay, as the case may be, shall, in matters of inheritance and succession to lands, rents and goods, and in matters of contract and dealing between party and party, when both parties are subject to the same personal law or custom having the force of law, decide according to that personal law or custom, and when the parties are subject to different personal laws or customs having the force of law, decide according to the law or custom to which the defendant is subject."

A distinction between these three High Courts and the other High Courts, namely, at Allahabad and Patna, is that the first three have each an Advocate General. There is a difference again between the Calcutta High Court and the Madras and Bombay High Courts. While the first is under the superintendence of the Governor-General in Council, the others are controlled by the Local Governments to the extent allowed in the law. The Governor-General in Council appoints the acting Chief Justice and acting Judges of the Calcutta High Court. In the other High Courts, the Local Government exercises that duty. There is no provision for either the Governor-General in Council or the Local Government appointing an acting Advocate General. The maximum number of Judges including the Chief Justice and additional Judges, is 20 (twenty). The additional Judges are appointed not by His Majesty, but by the Governor-General in Council for a period not exceeding two years. Judges are drawn from four distinct classes. A Judge must be

"(*a*) a barrister of England or Ireland, or a member of the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland, of not less than five years' standing; or

(*b*) a member of the Indian Civil Service of not less than ten years' standing, and having for at least three years served as, or exercised the powers of, a district Judge; or

(*c*) a person having held judicial office, not inferior to that of a Subordinate Judge or a Judge of a Small Cause Court, for a period of not less than five years; or

(*d*) a person having been a pleader of a High Court for a period of not less than ten years."

One-third at least of the Judges including the Chief Justice but excluding Additional Judges, must be Barristers. The same proportion is reserved for the Civil Service. The acting Chief Justice must be a Judge of the Court where there is vacancy, and the other acting Judges are to be selected with qualifications laid down for a Judge.

It is left to the Governor-General in Council to alter the territorial jurisdiction of a High Court or to add to it, or to extend it beyond British India in respect of Christian subjects of His Majesty resident there. This exercise of power is subject to disallowance by His Majesty.

It is significant the Government of India Act, 1915, in consolidation avoids certain words and phrases occurring in the old Acts. Such as, 'Gentu' as opposed to, or distinguished from, Mahomedan, (21 Geo. 3. C. 70, s. 17, The East India Company Act, 1780). The definition of the words 'Natives of India' is not repeated, though the class included in that phrase—"any person born and domiciled within the dominions of Her Majesty in India, of parents habitually resident in India, and not established there for temporary purposes only" (33 & 34 Vict., C. 3, s, 6, The Government of India Act, 1870) lose nothing by that omission. The word 'Native' has its place. The repetition is made of the phrase 'native Indian subjects' of section 1 of 32 and 33 Vict., C. 98, the Indian Councils Act, 1869. Is there any definition of 'Native Indian'? To confine itself to its first meaning, 'Indian' means a native of, or one born in, India. The Government of India, by circular order, have prohibited the use of the word 'Native' substituting for it the word 'Indian' Indian primarily is—native or inhabitant of India, being born there. 'Native Indian' may be taken to be in distinction to 'exotic Indian' It is analogous to the phrase, for a time prevalent in the Western hemisphere,—Native American. There is a difference between the Indians of the two hemispheres. Nuttall's Standard Dictionary (London and New York, 1887) limits the word to the Western. Section 65(1) (a) of the Act of 1915, while adopting the words 'all persons' of section 22 of the Indian Councils Act, 1861, omits, as perhaps unnecessary, the explanatory words—'whether British or native, foreigners or others' immediately following the words 'all persons' of the earlier law.

Keeping to the said section 65 (1), the three classes of persons for whom laws are to be made by the Governor-General of India, consist of (*a*) persons within British India; (*b*) subjects of His Majesty and servants of the Crown within other parts of India; and (*c*) native Indian subjects of His Majesty, without and beyond as well as within British India. All the three clauses apply to the inhabitants of India born and resident there. They form 'persons within British India,' 'subjects of His Majesty within other parts of India,' and 'native Indian subjects of His Majesty without and beyond as well as within British India.' The object seems to be to include Indians residing in British India, in India and beyond India. Can it be said that when one clause is specially and entirely devoted to them, they do not come under the other two ? If they do, they appear three times, in three different shapes, in the same section.

J. C. DUTT.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(X.)

CHAPTER XV.

The Crisis.

"We can walk no more."

A soft silver voice broke upon the night air. It was the princess voice.

"We are fagged out." Complained her companion.

They were following the Sindian through a dismal place. The scene around was a maze of forest, at intervals, perspectives of rock-walls, bleak in all their stony nakedness, broke the dull contiguity of shade. Here a gully, there a path, pierced the bushy clumps.

They followed the tracks, groped where the trees closed over their head, staggered on where the moonbeam sent unsteady shafts or worked themselves forward in the comparative light of an open space. Their movements were affected by the varied condition of the paths.

"We are foot sore." murmurred the princess. The paths seemed to stretch to eternity.

"We must bend to circumstances. Our safety lies in flight," said the Sindian.

"What a dismal place. how desolate." mumbled Chitrolekha, over-awed by the increasing horror of the scene. The princess held her arm with a closer grip. A creeping sense of isolation had seized both, a striking, clutching terror that they were treading a path untrodden by the feet of men.

"Trust me. I know the way out. Further off the forest opens. You will find a pretty plain path that will take us to a brook." Cheered he.

Upon the dead hush of nature strange uncanny noises broke from every nook and cranny. It was the voice of wood speaking in the night, voice eloquent of a grim, griping weirdness which the wind emphasized as it howled and whistled round the trees and swished through the grass. The horror of the situation was aggravated by sick fancy creating out of the shades of darkness spectral visions.

"We feel a fierce thrill." chattered the princess and her companion. Their flesh turned cold and clammy.

"Steady your nerves. Those are noises one hears at night." comforted he.

The track now skirted a ravine.

"Keep right on." he warned.

There were a catching of breath, a wild thumping of heart as their feet tottered past it, a reeling of the brain as if all the giddiness was deposited in it.

Now an overhanging branch caught the princess' flappy wrap and checked her. She gave a yell of alarm.

"Hush ? you will draw a pack here." hissed he.

Extricating herself with some trouble, she fell backwards against a rock-wall and was saved from getting wedged in a cleft. A cry burst from her lips echoing over the wood.

"Hush ?" he broke out again. "Keep back from the points of rock."

Their way now lay under a pitchy arch formed by interlacing boughs. Now their foot sank deep in moss, now dry branches crackled beneath their tread Great shadows seemed to rush out, filmy forms hovered over the path or flitted past. The vision was enough to startle and horrify.

Now sand mounds lay about. The heavy sand hindered their feet. Next were they plodding through a belt of elms. The sweeping branches thrashed about them. Then the wood terminated abruptly and a plain rolled away green with the lambent hue of grass.

"Tuck up the folds of your robe carefully around you. We have to strike right through into the open." said he.

Picking up their skirts daintly they followed him out into the plain. The first faint grey streak of dawn shot up in the east.

"Help yourselves a little further." smirked he. "Yonder is a brook. A swift craft will hurry us to the town.

The prospect of security lending an impetus to their movement they pushed on sweating and panting and in a few moments found themselves on the edge of a trickling stream. A boat was espied on its silver curve. It was hailed. Splash, splash, it skimmed up. A helmsman and a paddler were all its crew. The Sindian told them something in an undertone and then he swung on board with his dupes, settling himself down in the stern while they were ensconced within its shed. The boat floated under a still sky upon still water.

The sun rose over the distant hills. Its crimson glow tinted their peaks with a roseate hue and brought into clear relief their dusky outlines. Above the stillness rose a sweet buzz. The breeze whirred. The trees rustled from the banks.

Plash, plash, the boat continued its rapid passage and one bend after another of the meandering stream appeared and disappeared. Onward, still onward, it pushed between interminable tree-lines and creeping plants that formed verdant walls on both sides of the water. Hours flew past. Then from amidst a mass of foliage that rimmed the hazy distance there peered a big balustraded terrace. In a little while the melting perspective gathered into the dentil and top-side of a colonnade peeping out of a belt of trees. As the vessel advanced, huge columns began to take definite shapes out of their dim outlines and then as it rounded a curve of the stream there came into view a splendid edifice standing out in the background tall and straight against the blue. An arched corridor ran along its whole front and its sides were each adorned with a colonnade. The grounds around it were laid out in parks, promenades and lawns. A wide gravel walk shaded by avenues of trees swept down from it to the brink of the stream where a beautiful marble landing sent a flight of stairs down into the water.

It was the mansion of a nobleman who had distinguished himself in the imperial service as a brave soldier, had filled the highest ranks in the army, won his spurs in many a battle and risen to a major-general. At the age of sixty he had retired with a Jagir and to spend the evening of his days in a more peaceful pursuit started a big silk factory. It was an extensive wooden structure behind the edifice.

A bit upset by a bad head-ache the night before and his medical adviser having ordered bracing air he sought the cool brink of the stream and settled in a carved teak-wood bench upon the landing was looking idly out over the water.

Tall in stature and stoutly built his frame gave impression of great strength, although age had silvered the hair and whitened the moustache. The gleam in his eyes yet lustrious spoke of fire in his brain and a stern expression clothed his features. He was surrounded by a nameless air of unapproachableness.

"Where are you bound for?" he enquired curiously as the boat drew near.

No response met his querry. He repeated it, yet no response. The Sindian affected to treat him with supreme indifference.

"Impertinence?" grated he, apparently piqued by what he took to be a heedless scorn.

"Who are you to pick a quarrel with us" broke in the Sindian with a disdainful air. He crunkled up his eyes. A guileful grin dug into his face.

"Halt." pealed out the former. A look of irritation flitted across his face. The words had stung him to the quick. The boatmen were cowed. The vessel slopped at a snail's pace and then came to a dead halt.

"What right have you to stop a boat in which there are ladies?" The Sindian spoke out with increased warmth.

"I must know where are you going."

"If I refuse to answer."

"I won't let you go." said he looking at him with eyes as hard as flint.

"I do refuse. I act under no man's compulsion." responded the Sindian with a show of spirit.

A stern expression as if his features were fixed in stone marked the Major's appearance.

"Guard your words" cried he. "If you don't, I wont answer for the consequences."

"I defy you to do the worst." blared the other with a scowl from under his bushy brows.

This was too much for the Major. His proud soul brooded angrily over the insult.

"What, these words to me, pig of a man. Do you beard the lion in his den?" roared he, chafing under the words and sprang from his seat with a gesture of fury.

The unlooked for turn of affairs alarmed the Sindian and made his spirit sink in spite of himself. The light suddenly died out of his eyes and the faint tinge of colour fled from his lips. It leapt to his comprehension that his stubbornness only tended to involve him in complications, a ready answer might save the situation.

"I beg of you not to lose your temper about nothing". His hard voice took a soft inflection.

"About nothing." echoed the former with a black frown. "You shall understand what nothing means when you are bundled bodily off."

"I am not conscious of having offended you. If I have said anything amiss, pray do not mind it." said the other apologisingly, with a realisation of terror on his face.

"Know muckrake that to hear me is to obey." detonated the Major. The heavy frown on his face was awe—inspiring.

"I am sensible that I was unmannerly to refuse to answer." muttered the other abjectly.

"Say where are you going ?"

"To the town." he jerked out with a gasp of relief.

"Town ?" echoed the Major. "What town."

"To the Metropolis." was the reply in a halting hesitating tone.

"Nonsense." broke out the Major. "This is not the way to the Metropolis." On his ear the voice did not ring true.

"It is—it is—though a bit circuitous." stuttered the former.

The Major noticed the tremor of his lips and the hesitation he infused into the words.

"Don't try to fool me with your silly lies, I have keen ears, sharp eyes and can scent a lying rascal" thundered he, now scanning the blackie from head to foot and marvelling that he had not noted his vicious type of countenance before.

The Sindian was in a fearful stew. His face swung under his gaze.

"I tell you the truth and nothing but the truth," he gasped out, hoping to fetch himself out of the scrape by putting on a good face.

"Oh, you are the soul of honour" said the Major sarcastically. "But do not try anymore rascality. By trifling you put your life in jeopardy."

The Sindian was terribly alarmed. His head swam at the awful fix he was in. A row was imminent and its issue disastrous. The best course his mind suggested was to beat a hasty retreat.

"Pull on fellow. We have spent too much time upon a trifle," he cried to the paddler. The boat pushed on.

"Ho there, my men, seize the boat." The Major shouted out at the top of his voice.

A pack came down at breakneck speed, splashed their way through the stream and seizing the boat's nose dragged the vessel to the foot of the stairs.

"Who are the ladies and where are you taking them," demanded the Major, stepping into the boat.

A paroxysm of terror seized the Sindian. His face changed to the colour of ashes. His heart pounded.

"By your air I judge you are a domestic, but who are the ladies." repeated the former gazing keenly into his eyes.

"My master's daughters." the Sindian stammered out.

"Who is your master ?"

"A merchant of the town."

"Has he no name ?"

"Of course he has, it is—is—is—." His face went blank and he floundered about in an attempt to coin a name.

"Ha, you don't know it. Dark mystery. But where are you taking them."

"Back to the town" he stammered out half in fear, half in confusion.

"You lie again. You are leading them astray." the Major thundered forth.

The Sindian reeled under the words. His face was haggard and drawn.

"Speak out. It will be your death-warrant if you try to humbug me." added he.

He became more convinced than ever that there was a mystery overhanging them. A suspicion of treachery which was accentuated by the Sindian's flinching eyes and blanching face no less than by the touch of roguery in his voice, took hold of his mind.

"In the name of goodness graciousness do not detain us unnecessarily." implored the Sindian. There was a startled ring in his voice.

"Hum." ejaculated the former with a sneer upon his face ' and let your devilry have full play. I see you in your true character. You are a leering blackguard, full of cunning. You take me for a tender foot to try to fool me."

The words came to the Sindian like a knife-thrust. Every trace of colour faded out of his face.

The Major kept his gaze fixed upon him suspiciously. He readily divined that some devilment was on foot. To sift the matter he proceeded to address himself straight to the ladies.

"May I without being guilty of rudeness presume to ask where are you coming from and where are you going ? Excuse the freedom. My confidence in the forgiving nature of your sex makes me thus bold." began he in his affable tone.

"It is a breach of all the rules of decorum to address unknown ladies," interrupted the Sindian, alarmed at the unexpected turn things were taking.

"Hold your confounded tongue." roared the Major, surveying him again with knit brows." I wanted to spare your feelings but if you grow insolent you shall soon be lying on your back with your heels in the air."

He felt overawed, stood still as a wooden figure. What affrighted him was the exposure of his villainy.

"I beg of you, if it be not disaggreable, to give an account of yourselves. There is one thing which puzzles me. I cannot really comprehend how could you trust yourselves out of doors at this time of storm and stress with but a single attendant. Your moving with this man, I suspect, is a part of a scheme with which he is criminally mixed up." continued the Major.

"Unjust accusation." protested the Sindian. He gave himself over for a lost man.

"Shut." frowned the Major. "I am a peacefully inclined man except when I have a rogue to deal with and then I am a hyæna.

The Sindian quailed beneath the severity of his glance, lowered his gaze and took refuge in silence.

"You will I am sure excuse my presumption." continued he "I have a misgiving that something is wrong. Some devilment is at work to destroy you body and soul. A web is woven around you. His was the brain which spun it and his is the hand to close it." There was an undercurrent of meaning in the words

"You misjudge me." protested the Sindian. A thrill ran through his frame as the incriminating words were uttered. "What you utter is a calumny that will not stand proof. To me they owe their safety. I risked my life for their sake."

"Ha, more mystery. I must know all about it." exclaimed the former eyeing him critically.

"Why should you poke your nose into affairs that do not concern you ?" Whimpered the other.

"Do keep a silent tongue." roared the Major, scowling heavily.

The Sindian was smitten with consternation. His machinations were on the point of being dragged to the light of day. The thought made his brain whirl. His confused imagination began to conjure up startling developements. The beautiful illusion he had carried so far now vanished from his fancy's vision.

"I beg you will take me into confidence. My gray hair is a sufficient guarantee of my good motive." resumed the Major, looking entreatingly at his fair audience. There was a ring of sincerity in his voice.

Reassured by his words, no less than by the kindly light in his eyes Chitrolekha in a voice thrilling with emotion disclosed who she and her companion were. She gasped out all that happened from their departure from the palace to the massacre on the Jhelum. Her voice quivered as she entered into the details—the royal order to remove them to the fort, the message from the prince, their capture and all that followed. Her effort to control her emotion made her tale all the more pathetic. Sometimes half-stifled sobs concluded a sentence more effectively than words could have done. Now she struggled desperately to speak in her usual voice, anon it faltered and fell in the agony of tears.

The Major-General was thrilled to the depth of his being. For a few moments he looked dumbfounded After the first rush of surprise, an understanding of the situation began to break in upon him. As he took all the details, it flashed on him that the whole affair was the handiwork of the man whom he had prejudged by the unspoken edict of common sense. He was all amaze at the possibility of a domestic of the royal household lending himself to be the handle of a horrid machinery to inveigle the princess-royal to the camp of the invader and yet the fact faced him in all its grim reality. For the space of a laboured breath he stood marvelling at his ingenious devilry. The ingenuity of the diabolical contrivance really astounded him. What horrible machination had been planned and wrought out ? It was unapproachable by any record of crime. He readily comprehended that the storming of the fleet had been the work of a rescuing-party of which the prince was the central figure. It was plain to him that the villain shifted his dupes away to prevent their rescue, plainer still that he was carrying them away to some rendezvous of the Turks. Rage completely over mastered him. Once he thought of killing him outright as the best way of dealing with a traitor but prudence suggested the propriety of sending him in irons to his Majesty to be publicly executed with all the weight of sin upon his head. He preferred the latter course.

"Seize him." he ordered his men. The Sindian was firmly secured in spite of his desperate struggle to free himself.

"I am deeply concerned at your misfortunes and dare assure you that if they are capable of receiving a temporary relief your ladyships shall find it under my humble roof. You shall be treated with all deference due to your dignity. It may interest you to know that I am an old servant of his Majesty. Your welfare is a very close concern of mine. Pray condescend to stay here for the day. To-morrow I will conduct you in person to the palace". concluded he.

In a few minutes maids came from his house and escorted them with dignity.

"Infernal scamp, diabolical scoundrel," stormed he turning fiercely to the Sindian. "It is shocking to think of your treachery. You decoyed the princess-royal into the invader's camp and had her packed for his harem in some far away region—"

"If you will have the patience to hear me I hope my innocence will appear. I—" interrupted the Sindian.

'Hold, this was not all." snapped he, "When her husband made an attempt to rescue her, you shifted her away—"

'I am innocent of the charge laid against me." He pleaded with desperate earnestness.

"You were carrying her to some haunt of the Turks when Providence put her in my way." continued he without giving heed to his words.

"I was—I was—". He tried to find words to refute the charge but failed.

"You shall meet the doom reserved for the traitor". pronounced he.

"Death to the traitor, down with him, hang him to the first tree". sounded from the lips of the horrified men.

"To hang would be a kindness to him, no, no, fire at his legs and then peel him." shouted out an excited voice.

"I will be hanged if the villain should live two minutes longer if I were the Governor." said another in a husky tone.

"No, no, we must not stand on ceremony with a felon. Kill him outright. That is the shortest way." rose a yelling voice.

The Sindian with rolling eyes half with terror and half with despair in his restless glances regarded those around him.

"Gentlemen, don't murder me in cold blood," implored he in accents of terror. Tears gushed out of his eyes.

"No crocodile tears, black-hearted villain." the Major burst out with a sour look.

"You shall die by the rope right soon." cried several voices.

"Oh spare me, in mercy spare an innocent man." he cried in terror, reading his impending fate in the menacing glances of those around.

"You shall be hanged by the toes black brute". cried some frenzied voices.

"You shall be flayed alive." threatened others.

"Hush ? Keep him in bonds to be delivered to his majesty. He deserves the death of a felon and it is better that he meets his doom there, for what is justice by the royal verdict would be murder here." The Major's clear and powerful voice sounded through the noise.

"Why, he has to answer for a great wrong. We have no responsibility if we give him his due," murmured a discontented voice.

"Hang him, drown him, burn him alive." rose cries.

"I really believe that would be best." a voice pierced through the uproar.

"Be cool men. The villain shall not escape fitting punishment but let it be inflicted by justice." said the Major to calm the excited temper of his men. "He shall be sent to his Majesty under strict surveillance. In the meantime keep him under guard. Take him to the warehouse and lock him up in one of its cells and watch him in turn.

The Sindian was confined in an apartment of the warehouse. It was a small room at an end of its left wing having two hole-like windows crossed with iron bars and a door communicating with a long ante-room.

Chapter XVI.

The Revenge.

Night had closed in. The heavens were bright with silver, but a murky shade hung over the warehouse and the ground around, owing to the long trailing shadows of the surrounding trees covering them as with a shroud. The air was still, only the house made queer small noises and the garden sent a soft threshing note above the swish of the stream.

The Sindian was confined in a room at the extreme end of its left wing. Its small windows were defended with iron grills and its only door was under lock and key. On its floor which was of thick solid oak rested a huge pile of bales.

The room was black and silent, its occupant motionless, counting the moments as they passed with cruel slowness, his mouth white and puckered, the face fallen, the eyes staring in stupefied despair. The full horror of his position had forced itself on him. He realised with a cold thrill that the net of evil destiny was closing about him, but how swift, how unforeseen had it been. From a man who had started playing a great game so sudden was his fall. Thus did fate play with him. He dared not acknowledge to himself that he who a few hours ago had all the world free to him was now no better than a galley slave. Once rose a sense of unreality about the situation, almost dreamlike, only to be blown into atoms by the cold and cruel truth. He smiled in better mockery of himself. Then came a dreary prognostication concerning his future. What retribution his captor had planned was of course a mystery but he could grasp the true inwardness of the situation that his life was in deadly peril. A burning flight of awful things swept through his mind and then a vision of death in its most horrible form. The whole universe reeled around him. The reaction threatened to swamp his senses. Once he thought that all was not yet lost. There might be a chance yet. He who had passed through so many hazards would pass through this too but the chance of escape seemed so small that he dared not think more about it. A paroxymn of frenzy shook him to the soul, a spasm of despair. The night was to bring him a day of woe. The heavy hand of the law was threatening to fall upon him. A maze of emotions playing on his nerves made him shiver as with an ague—fear, rage, despair, the pang of an uneasy conscience, the horror of a criminal waiting for developments.

Once he thought of trying a chance of escape. Was it possible to slip through the window ? Had n't he better make an attempt ? He felt his way to a window, grasped a bar and exerted his strength. It was wedged tightly and all his efforts failed. He tried another but could not free it, then a third but with no better result. He laboured to the other window, tried its bars but his strength was misspent. Groping his way to the door he tried that but all in vain. It was secured on the outside. In despair he threw himself down on the outlying space realising the hopelessness of the situation. Full of prickles seemed the soft bales of silk on which he leant in a posture of abandonment, awaiting his certain doom with all his nerves on the strain.

Hours passed. The silence was like the desert solitude. The blackness was preıssng heavily. Suddenly his wandering senses were collected by an unlooked for sound, the creaking of a door. He pricked his ears and could distinguish shuffling steps in the anteroom, a light footfall that could only be heard by the closest listening. It was coming quietly in the direction of his prison, not faltering, but certain, as of a person acquainted with the eccentricities and pitfalls of the way. The next instant he had stood up cold and white with fear.

The prison door grated as if some iron implement was softly hammered between a panel and the door-post. The blows were soft yet steady. A splinter flew, then another, yet another. One hinge had started. A few more strokes and it gave way. The lower hinge was similarly dislocated. One panel of the door swung inwards, held fast by the other and by the lock and chain.

With a chilly thrill of alarm he realised that some one was entering the room. His pulses seemed to stop. Stiff and still he held his breath, peering wildly round through the gloom. To his horrified sense this seemed no legitimate intruder but some thief who in the sleep and silence of the house was bent on burglary. Presently a movement among the bales fairly ripped up the solemn stillness of the room. Then came the sound of some weight hurling itself against another and both toppling over, a huddled mass on the floor. He shrank back against the wall. The next instant the feet of the intruder were beating upon the doorway.

In that last frenzied desire of life an inspiration came flashing into his brain. Here was a blessed chance for freedom, the most cherished birthright possessed by man. The coast was temporarily clear. It only needed a desperate venture. If his knees trembled his heart rose under the inspiration that self-preservation was the first law of nature. He bethought himself of his old friend chance to bring him back from the borderland of death.

The intruder was out of the room. To make sure of the blessed fact he strained his ear and could catch his light foot tripping across the wooden floor beyond. He started forward with sure foothold. A blunder would undo all. Now he stopped with bated breath, now groped, having a finger for a wall and a foot for each board, till tumbling in over the half-ajar door he managed to slip through. The ante-room was gained. It was long and dark. Through the darkness a thud was echoing along the floor ahead. He followed the sound noiselessly. Many a time he stumbled and twice escaped measuring his misshapen length on the floor till at last, a side-door opening, he discerned the figure of a man with a weight on his head retreating into the comparative light of an open space. He worked himself forward, gained the door and stole out on tiptoe under cover of the friendly darkness into what he found to be a gravelled walk.

A joyous expression leapt into his face. The fox had broken cover and the hounds were baffled. For a moment his hooked nose was curved over his thick upper lip in a horrible smile. Reserving his exultation for a more oppurtune time he shuffled in the direction of a bamboo clump but his feet happening to descend on the embers of a smouldering fire he slunk aside with a sudden start. The rustle alarmed the thief who leaving the door ajar vanished into the contiguity of shade.

A dark thought now filled his brain, thought of vengeance. The Major had done him great wrong, crushed all his hopes, his most sanguinary expectations. His future was blighted. The keen joy of living no longer throbbed in his pulse. He would be avenged. Without giving himself more time for reflection he fell to with the live cindars, threw over them some coals he found in an earthen pot lying by and blowing and poking stirred them into a blaze. Then he filled the pot with the red-hot coals and with it stole back into the warehouse through the open door. Working his way through the long ante-room he threw quantities of the coals among the wooden cases huddled here and there promiscously and then creeping into the room erstwhile his prison strewed the rest over the bales of silk. This done he withdraw as quickly as he could pelt, crossed a grassplot and pitched into a clump of trees to look upon his handiwork.

In a little time the small room was filled with a dense black smoke, through which there leapt out tongues of fire, sharp, clear, now quivering, next lapping themselves round the bales. Then a broad red glare told the fearful truth that the flames were licking their way among the beams and joists. The silk and woolen stuff serving as fuel to the hungry element it gained headway with a rapidity which was by every inch astounding. Every moment the flames took fresh hold, the flash and the flare increased till the wooden walls presented the spectacle of red burning sheets.

Gradually the conflagration spread to the ante-room. The flames leaping with the draught wreathed themselves round the boards and planks and the piles of wooden cases. Volumes of smoke rose and burst through the windows to tell the havoc taking place within. A part of the warehouse was fairly ablaze.

"Fire, the factory on fire." a cry floated out on the night air with startling clearness.

Fortwith terror in their eyes, white and wild with panic tore the factory hands howling, yelling and raising a bedlam of sounds. The household, men and women poured out to swell the commotion. Even the ladies broke from their sanctum in a state of alarm. Never was the major more agitated. Slipping on a few clothes he tore up at a helter-skelter pace.

"Down to the brook, lads." vociferated he.

"Water, water." rose a hundred voices.

"All hands to the brook, form a chain". He should out. His voice was quivering with agitation.

Men ran full speed to the brook with such vessels as each could find and having furnished themselves with the cool liquid weapon made an onset on the blazing part. A vomit of flame and smoke threw them back. The fire had grown fiercer, its angry tongues were continually darting out and licking at the mass of solid wood. Volumes of smoke rushed in all directions with a blinding fury.

"Forward." The Major roared frantically.

A rush was once more made. Jets of water were spurted with a vengeance on the leaping flames, but the crash of bursting floors and tumbling beams proclaimed the holocaust. The furious element was gaining more headway. A mighty roar, the cataract of fire. louder than all the world's din combined held the workers awe-struck, Women ran pell-mell shrieking in dismay. Hoarse voices shouted 'save the other parts.'

"Save the prisoner." a voice sounded above the din.

"Never mind about him, save the house." cried others.

"Ladder, ladder." the Major yelled out in a state of the utmost frenzy.

Ladders were reared against the yet unscathed walls. Many sprang out upon the roof. Many huddled to the ladders. A string of trailors formed a chain to the brook.

"Hold on," the Major cried frantically, "hold on." Every soul echoed his words.

"Plash, plash, the workers kept up an incessant, jet of water. Now they braced their feet upon the roofing, now sprawled, now slid down but always squirting the cool element. Through the black rolling masses pyramids of sparks were crackling, messengers to tell the devastation within. The flames gave out a strong light which draped the scene with a ghostly glare. Their red reflection shot upwards. The sky was aglow.

Presently a terrific detonation shook the place. A portion of the roof collapsed. Another part appeared for a moment to totter and then with a tremendous crash it fell in countless fragments.

Wild cries echoed above the surges of the flame, wails of horror and despair. There were running to and fro, shrieking and clutching at each other. The women turned and fled at their best speed. The ladies bustled to and fro in a state of panic. It was evident that the wooden structure was in danger of destruction. The fire was still gaining and plainly had so much of a hold that it was impossible to do anything effectively. Every instant through the rolling, blundering smoke tongues of fire leapt out, shot and darted drawing steadily closer to complete the work of destruction.

Next the devouring element was licking its way rapidly round a corner of the building in the directinn of its front division.

"All hands to the front." cried the Major in agony, his heart almost leapt into his throat.

With a supreme effort those foremost hurled themselves against the blazing corner with large sticks which they plied furiously. The blazing part was razed to the ground. Now a sheet of flame shot up from among the debris. Directly jets of water bore it down. The combat now dwindled into this mode of warfare.

From his hiding place the Sindian was watching his handiwork with a secret glee. The part of the structure comprising his prison and its ante-room was devoured by the flames. The rest stood a chance of being saved. It was time he slunk off. To avoid encounter with the bustling on-lookers he directed his course along the lonely part of the grounds. Presently his eye caught sight of two trembling forms at the foot of a mango tree looking aghast at the avalanche of fire and smoke. They were the princess and her companion. His heart once more bounded with joy.

"Fortunate you are here," he affected a tone of intense anxiety.

"Oh, Bhoyro you are alive." cried they with emotion.

"There is no time for congratulation, fly, let us fly, the barbarious have trailed us. They mean to burn down the house and all."

"Where are we to go ?" faltered they in alarm.

"Follow me, our safety lies in flight."

He led them along the lonely tracks away through a maze of trees.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.L.

A GRAY EYE OR SO.

CHAPTER I.

On certain abstractions.

"I was talking about woman in the abstract," said Harold.

The other, whose name was Edmund—his worst enemies had never abbreviated it—smiled, lifted his eyes unto the hills as if in search of something, frowned as if he had failed to find it, smiled a cat's paw of a smile—a momentary crinkle in the region of the eyes—twice his lips parted as if he were about to speak; then he gave a laugh—the laugh of a man who finds that for which he has been searching.

"Woman in the abstract?" said he. "Woman in the abstract? My dear Harold, there is no such thing as woman in the abstract. When you talk about Woman enthusiastically, you are talking about the woman you love; when you talk about Woman cynically, you are talking about the woman who won't love you."

"Maybe your honors never heard tell of Larry O'Leary?" said the Third—for there was a Third, and his name was Brian; his duty was to row the boat, and this duty he interpreted by making now and again an elaborate pretense of rowing, which deceived no one.

"That sounds well," said Harold; "but do you want it to be applied? Do you want a test case of the operation of your epigram—if it is an epigram?"

"A test case?"

"Yes; I have heard you talk cynically about woman upon occasions. Does that mean that you have been unloved by many?"

Again the man called Edmund looked inquiringly up the purple slope of the hill.

"You're a wonderful clever gentleman," said Brian, as if communing with himself—"a wonderful gentleman entirely! Isn't he casting his eyes at the very spot where old Larry kept his still?"

"No," said Edmund; "I have never spoken cynically of women. To do so would be to speak against my convictions. I have great hope of Woman."

" Yes ; our mothers and sisters are women," said Harold. "That makes us hopeful of women. Now we are back in the wholesome regions of the abstract once more, so that we have talked in a circle and are precisely where we started, only that I have heard for the first time that you are hopeful of Woman."

" That's enough for one day," said Edmund.

" Quite," said Harold.

" You must know that in the old days the Excise police looked after the potheen—the Royal Irish dœs it now," said the Third. " Well, as I say, in the old days there was a reward of five pounds given by the excisemen for the discovery of a private still. Now Larry had been a regular hero at transforming the innocent smiling pratie into the drink that's the curse of the country, God bless it ! But he was too wary a lad for the police, and he rolled keg after keg down the side of Slieve Gorm. At last the worm of his still got worn out—they do wear out after a dozen years or so of stiff work—and people noticed that Larry was wearing out too, just through thinking of where he'd get the three pound ten to buy the new machinery. They tried to cheer him up, and the decent boys was so anxious to give him heart that there wasn't such a thing as a sober man to be found in all the country-side. But though the brave fellows did what they could for him, it was no use. He never got within three pound five of the three pound ten that he needed. But just as things was at their worst, they mended. Larry was his old self again, and the word went round that the boys might get sober by degrees.

" Now, what did our friend Larry do, if you please, but take his old worn-out still and hid it among the heather of the hill fornenst us—Slieve Glas is its name—and then he goes the same night to the excise officer, in the queer secret way.

" 'I'm in a bad way for money, or it's not me that would be after turning informer,' says he, when he had told the officer that he knew where the still was concealed.

" 'That's the worst of you all,' says the officer. 'You'll not inform on principle, but only because you're in need of money.'

" 'More's the pity, sir,' says Larry.

" 'Where's the still?' says the officer.

" 'If I bring you to it,' says Larry, 'it must be kept a dead secret, for the owner is the best friend I have in the world.'

" 'You're a nice chap to inform on your best friend,' says the officer.

" 'I'll never be able to look at him straight in the face after, and that's the truth,' says Larry.

" Well, your honors, didn't Larry lead the officer and a couple of of the excisemen up the hill in the dark of the early morning, and sure enough they came upon the old still, hid among the heather. It was captured, and Larry got the five pound reward, and was able to buy a brand-new still with the money, besides having thirty shillings to the good in his pocket. After that, was it any wonder that he became one of the greatest informers in the country? By the powers ! he made a neat thing out of the business of leading the officers to his own stills and pocketing the reward. He was thirty shillings to the good every time. Ah, Larry was a boy !"

" So I Judge," said the man called Edmund, with an unaffected laugh—he had studied the art of being unaffected. " But you see, it was not of the Man but of the Woman we were talking."

" That's why I thought that the change would be good for your honors," remarked Brian. " When gentlemen that I've out in this boat with me begin to talk together in a way that has got no sense in it at all, I know that they're talking about a woman, and I tell them the story of Larry O'Leary."

Neither the man called Edmund, nor the man called Harold, talked any more that day upon Woman as a topic.

CHAPTER II.

On a great hope.

" I think you remarked that you had great hope of Woman," said Harold, the next day. The boat had drifted once again into the center of the same scene, and there seemed to be a likelihood of at least two of the boat's company drifting back to the topic of the previous afternoon.

" Yes, you certainly admitted that you had great hope of Woman."

" And so I have. Woman felt, long ago ; she is begining to feel again."

" You don't think that feeling is being educated out of her ? I centainly have occasional suspicions that this process is going on.

Why just think of the Stafford girl. She can tell you at a moment's notice the exact difference between an atheist, an infidel, an agnostic a freethinker, and the Honest Doubter."

"She has been reading modern fiction that's all. No, I don't think that what is called education makes much difference to a woman. After all, what does this thing called education mean. It simply means that a girl can read all the objectionable passages of the ancient poets without the need of a translation. I have hope of Woman because she is frequently so intensely feminine."

"Maybe you never heard tell of how the Widdy MacDermott's cabin came to be a ruin," said the Third.

"Feeling and femininity will, shall I say, transform woman into our ideal?" said Harold.

"Transform is too strong a word," said Edmund. "And as for our ideal, well, every woman is the ideal of some man—for a time."

"And that truth shows not only how lowly is the ideal of some men, but also how unwise it is to attempt to speak of woman in the abstract. I begin to think that what you said yesterday had a grain of truth in it, though it was an epigram."

"The Widdy MacDermott—oh, the Widdy MacDermott!" said the Third, as though repeating the burden of a ballad "They made a pome about her in Irish, that was near as full of nonsense as if it had been in English. You see when Tim, her husband, went to glory he left the cow behind him, taking thought for the need of his widdy, though she hadn't been a widdy when he was acquainted with her. Well, your honors, the byre was a trifle too near the edge of the bog-hole, so that when one end fell out, there wasn't much of the mud walls that stood. Then one blessed morning the childer came running into the cabin to tell their mother that the cow was sitting among tke ruins of its home."

"A Marius of the farm-yard," remarked Edmund.

"Likely enough, sir. Anyhow, there she sat as melancholy as if she was a Christian. Of course, as the winter was well for'ard it wouldn't do to risk her life by leaving her to wander about the bogs, so they drove her into the cabin—it was a tight fit for her, passing through the door—she could just get in and nothing to spare; but when she was inside it was warm and comfortable that the same cow made the cabin, and the childer were wondering at the end of a month how they could have been such fools as to shiver through the winter while the cow was outside.

"In another month some fine spring days came, and the cabin was a bit close and stuffy with the cow inside, and the widdy herself turned the animal's head to the door and went to drive her out for exercise and ventilation. But the way the beast had been fed and petted told upon her, and by the powers, if she didn't stick fast in the door-way. They leathered her in the cabin and they coaxed her from outside, but it was all of no use. The craythur stood jammed in the door, while the childer crawled in and out of the cabin among her hind legs—the fore legs was half a cow's length outside. That was the situation in the middle of the day, and all the neighbors was standing round giving advice, and calling into the widdy herself—who, of course, was a prisoner in the cabin—not to lose heart.

"'It's not heart I'm afeard of losing—it's the cow,' says she.

"Well, your honors, the evening was coming on, but no change in the situation of affairs took place, and the people of the countryside was getting used to the appearance of the half cow projecting beyond the door of the cabin, and to think that may be, after all, it was nothing outside the ordinary course of events, when Barney M'Bratney, who does the carpentering at the castle, came up the road.

"He took in the situation with the glance of the professional man, and says he: 'by the powers! it's a case of the cow or the cabin. Which would ye rather be after losing, widdy?'

"'The cabin by all means,' says she.

"'You're right, my good woman,' says he. 'Come out-side with you.'

"Well, your honors, the kindly neighbors hauled the widdy outside over the back of the cow, and then with a crowbar Barney attacked the walls on both sides of the door. In ten minutes the cow was free, but the cabin was a wreck.

"Of course his lordship built it up again stronger than it ever was, but as he wouldn't make the door wide enough to accommodate the cow—he offered to build a byre for her, but that wasn't the same—he has never been so respected as he was before in the neighborhood of Ballyboreen."

"That's all very well as a story," said Edmund; "but you see we were talking on the subject of the advantages of the higher education of woman."

"True for you, sir," said Brian. "And if the Widdy MacDermott had been born with eddication would she have let her childer to sleep with the cow?"

"Harold," said Edmund, "there are many side lights upon the general question of the advantages of culture in women."

"And the story of the Widdy MacDermott is one of them," said Harold.

"When I notice that gentlemen that come out in the boat with me begin to talk on contentious topics, I tell them the story of how the Widdy MacDermott's cabin was wrecked," said Brian.

CHAPTER III.

On Honesty and the Working man.

"Don't you think," remarked Edmund, the next day, as the boat drifted under the great cliffs, and Brian was discharging with great ability his normal duty of resting on his oars—"don't you think that you should come to business without further delay?"

"Come to business?" said Harold.

"Yes. Two days ago you lured me out in this coracle to make a communication to me that I judged would have some bearing upon your future course of life. You began talking of Woman with a touch of fervor in your voice. You assured me that you were referring only to woman in the abstract, and when I convinced you—I trust I convinced you—that woman in the abstract has no existence, you got frightened—as frightened as a child would be, if the things that it has always regarded as a doll were to wink suddenly, suggesting that it had an individuality, if not a distinction of its own—that it should no longer be included among the vague generalities of rags and bran. Yesterday you began rather more boldly. The effects of education upon the development of woman, the probability that feeling would survive an intimate acquaintance with Plato in the original. Why not take another onward step to day? In short, who is she?"

Harold laughed—perhaps uneasily.

"I'm not without ambition," said he.

"I know that. What form does your ambition take? A colonial judgeship, after ten years of idleness at the bar? A success in literature that shall compensate you for the favorable criticisms of double that period? The ownership of the Derby winner? An Amerian heiress moving in the best society in Monte Carlo? A co-respondency in brackets with a countess? All these are the legitimate aspirations of the modern man."

"Co-respondency as a career, has, no doubt, much to recommend it to some tastes," said Harold. "It appears to me, however, that it would be easy for an indiscreet advocate to overestimate its practical value."

"You haven t been thinking about it?"

"You see, I haven't yet met the countess."

"What, then, in Heaven's name, do you hope for?"

"Well, I would say Parliament, if I could be sure that that came within the rather narrow restrictions which you assigned to my reply. You said 'in Heaven's name.'"

"Parliament! Parliament! Great powers! is it so bad as that with you?

"I don't say that it is. I may be able to get over this ambition as I've got over others—the stroke-oar in the eight, for instance, the soul of Sarasate, the heart of Miss Polly Floss of the music halls. Up to the present, however, I have shown no sign of parting with the surviving ambition of many ambitions."

"I don't say that you're a fool," said the man called Edmund. He did not speak until the long pause, filled up by the great moan of the Atlantic in the distance and the hollow, fitful plunge of the waters upon the rocks of the Irish shore had become awkwardly long. "I can't say that you're a fool."

"That's very good of you, old chap."

"No; I can't conscientiously say that you're a fool."

"Again? This is becoming cloying. If I don't mistake, you yourself do a little in the line I suggest."

"What would be wisdom—comparative wisdom—on my part, might be idiotcy—"

"Comparative idiotcy?"

"Sheer idiotcy, on yours. I have several thousands a year, and I can almost—not quite—but I affirm, almost, afford to talk honestly to the working-man. No candidate for Parliament can quite afford to be honest to the working-man."

" And the working-man returns the compliment, only he works it off on the general public," said Harold.

The other man smiled pityingly upon him—the smile of the professor of anatomy upon the student who identifies a thigh-bone—the smile which the *savant* allows himself when brought in contact with a discerner of the obvious.

" No woman is quite frank in her prayers—no politician is quite honest with the working-man."

" Well, I am prepared not to be quite honest with him too."

" You may believe yourself equal even to that; but it's not so easy as it sounds. There is an art in not being quite honest. However, that's a detail."

" I humbly venture so to judge it."

" The main thing is to get returned."

" The main thing is, as you say, to get the money."

" The money ?"

" Perhaps I should have said the woman."

" The woman ? the money ? Ah, that brings us round again in the same circle that we traversed yesterday, and the day before. I begin to perceive."

" I had hoped that you would—in time."

" I shouldn't wonder if we heard the banshee after dark," said the Third.

" You are facing things boldly, my dear Harold," said Edmund.

" What's the use of doing anything else ?" inquired Harold. " You know how I am situated."

" I know your father."

" That is enough. He writes to me that he finds it impossible to continue my allowance on its present scale. His expenses are daily increasing, he says. I believe him."

" Too many people believe in him," said Edmund. " I have never been among them."

" But you can easily believe that his expenses are daily increasing."

" Oh, yes, I am easily credulous on that point. Does he go the length of assigning any reason for the increase ?"

" It's perfectly preposterous—he has no notion of the responsibilities of fatherhood—of the propriety of its limitations so far as an exchange of confidences is concerned. Why, if it were the other way—if I were to write to tell him that I was in love, I would feel a trifle awkward--I would think it almost indecent to quote poetry —Swineburne—something about crimson mouths."

" I dare say ; but your father—"

" He writes to tell me that he is in love."

" In love ?"

" Yes, with some—well, some woman."

" Some woman ? I wonder if I know her husband."

There was a considerable pause.

Brian pointed a ridiculous, hooked forefinger toward a hollow, that from beneath resembled a cave, half-way up the precipitous wall of cliffs.

" That's where she comes on certain nights of the year. She stands at the entrance to that cave, and cries for her lover as she cried that night when she came only to find his dead body," said Brian, neutralizing the suggested tragedy in his narrative by keeping exhibited that comical crook in his index finger. " Ay, your honors, it's a quare story of pity."

Both his auditors looked first at his face, then at the crook in his finger, and laughed. They declined to believe in the pity of it.

" It is preposterous," said Harold. " He writes to me that he never quite knew before what it was to love. He knows it now, he says, and as it's more expensive than he ever imagined it could be, he's reluctantly compelled to cut down my allowance Then it is that he begins to talk of the crimson mouth —I fancy it's followed by something about the passion of the fervid south—so like my father, but like no other man in the world. He adds that perhaps one day I may also know ' what 'tis to love.' "

" At present however, he insists on your looking at that form of happiness through another man's eyes ? Your fathar loves, and you are to learn—approximately—what it costs, and pay the expenses."

" That's the situation of the present hour. What am I to do?"

" Marry Helen Craven."

" That's brutally frank, at any rate."

" You see, you're not a working-man with a vote. I can afford to be frank with you. Of course, that question which you have asked me is the one that was on your mind two days ago, when you began to talk about what yon called ' woman in the abstract.'"

"I dare say it was. We have had two stories from Brian in the meantime."

"My dear Harold, your case is far from being unique. Some of its elements may present new features, but, taken as a whole, it is commonplace. You have ambition, but you have also a father."

"So far I am in line with the commonplace."

"You can not hope to realize your aims without money, and the only way by which a man can acquire a large amount of money suddenly, is by a deal on the Stock Exchange or at Monte Carlo, or by matrimony. The last is the safest."

"There is no doubt about that. But—"

"Yes, I know what's in your mind. I've read the scene between Captain Absolute and his father in 'The Rivals'—I read countless fictions up to the point where the writers artlessly introduce the same scene, then I throw away the books. With the examples we have all had of the success of the *mariage de convenance* and of the failure of the *mariage d'amour* it is absurd to find fault with the Johnsonian dictum about marriages made by the lord chancellor."

"I suppose not," said Harold. "Only I don't quite see why, if Doctor Johnson didn't believe that marriages were made in heaven, there was any necessity for him to run off to the other extreme."

"He merely said, I fancy, that a marriage arranged by the lord chancellor was as likely to turn out happily as one that was—well, made in heaven, if you insist on the phrase. Heaven, as a matchmaker, has much to learn."

"Then it's settled," said Harold, with an affectation of cynicism that amused his friend and puzzled Brian, who had ears. "I'll have to sacrifice one ambition in order to secure the other."

"I think that you're right," said Edmund. "You're not in love just now—so much is certain."

"Nothing could be more certain," acquiesced Harold, with a laugh. "And now I suppose it is equally certain that I never shall be."

"Nothing of the sort. That cynicism which delights to suggest that marriage is fatal to love, is as false as it is pointless. Let any man keep his eyes open and he will see that marriage is the surest guarantee that exists of the permanence of love."

" Just as an I O U is a guarantee—it's a legal form. The money can be legally demanded."

" You are a trifle obscure in your parallel," remarked Edmund.

" I merely suggested that the marriage ceremony is an I O U for the debt which is love. Oh, this sort of beating about a question and making it the subject of phrases can lead nowhere. Never mind. I believe that, on the whole, the grain of advice which I have acquired out of your bushel of talk, is good, and is destined to bear good fruit. I'll have my career in the world, that my father may learn ' what 'tis to love.' My mind is made up. Come, Brian, to the shore."

" Not till I tell your honor the story of the lovely young Princess Fither," said the boatman, assuming a sentimental expression that was extremely comical.

" Brian, Prince of Story tellers, let it be brief," said Edmund.

" It's to his honor I'm telling this story, not to your honor, Mr. Airey," said Brian. " You've a way of wrinkling up your eyes, I notice, when you speak that word ' love,' and if you don't put your tongue in your cheek when any one else comes across that word accidental-like, you put your tongue in your cheek when you're alone, and when you think over what has been said."

" Why, you're a student of men as well as an observer of nature, oh, prince," laughed Edmund.

" No, I've only eyes and ears," said Brian, in a deprecating tone.

" And a certain skill in narrative," said Harold. ' What about the beauteous Princess Fither? What dynasty did she belong to?"

" She belonged to Cashelderg," replied Brian. " A few stones of the ruin may still be seen, if you've any imagination, on the brink of the cliff that's called Carrigorm—you can just perceive its shape above the cove where his lordship's boat-house is built."

" Yes ; I see the cliff—just where a castle might at one time have been built. And that's the dynasty that she belonged to?" said Harold.

" The same, sir. And on your side you may still see—always supposing that you have the imagination—"

" Of course, nothing imaginary can be seen without the aid of the imagination."

" You may see the ruins of what might have been Cashel-na-

Mara,were the Macnamara held his court -Mac na Mara means So n of the Waves, you must know."

" It's a matter of notoriety," said Edmund.

" The Macnamaras and the Casheldergs were the deadliest of enemies, and hardly a day passed for years—maybe centuries—without some one of the clan getting the better of the other. Maybe that was how the surplus population was kept down in these parts. Anyhow, there was no talk, so far as I've heard, of congested districts in them days. Well, sir, it so happened that the prince of the Macnamaras was a fine, handsome, and brave young fellow, and the Princess Fither of Cashelderg was the most beautiful of Irish women, and that's saying a good deal. As luck would have it, the young people came together. Her boat was lost in a fog one night, and driting upon the sharp rocks beyond the headland. The cries of the poor girl were heard on both sides of the lough—the blessed lough where we're now floating—but no one was brave enough to put out to the rescue of the princess—no one, did I say? Who was it that makes a quick leap off the cliffs into the rolling waters beneath? He fights his way, strong swimmer that he is! through the surge, and, unseen by any eye by reason of the fog, he reaches the princess's boat. Her cries cease, and a keen arises along the cliffs of Carrigorm, for her friends think that she has been swallowed up in the cruel waves. The keen goes on, but it's sudden changed into a shout of joy; for a noble young figure appears as if by magic on the cliff head, and places the precious burden of her lovely daughter in the arms of her weeping mother, and then vanishes."

" And so the feud was healed, and if they didn't live happy, we may," said Edmund.

" That's all you know about the spirit of an ancient Irish family qnarrel," said Brian, pityingly. " No, sir. The brave deed of the young prince only made the quarrel the bitterer. But the young people had fallen in love with each other, and they met in secret iu that cave that you see there just above us—the Banshee's Cave, it's called to this day. The lovely princess put off in her boat night after night, and climbed the cliff face—there was no path in them days—to where her lover was waiting for her in the cave. But at last some wretch unworthy of the name of a man got to learn the secret and told it to the princess's father. With a half a dozen of the clan he lay in wait for the young prince in the cave, and they stabbed him in twelve places with their daggers. And even while they were doing the murder, the song of the princess was heard, telling her lover that she was coming. She climbed the face of the cliff, and with a laugh ran into the trysting-place. She stumbled over the body of her lover. Her father stole out of the darkness of the cave and grasped her by the wrist. Then there rang out over the waters the cry, which still sounds on some nights from the cave—the cry of the girl when she learned the truth—the cry of the girl as, with a superhuman effort, she released herself from her father's iron grasp and sprung from the head of the cliff you see there above, into the depths of the waters where we're now floating."

There was a pause before Edmund remarked:

"Your story of the Montague-Macnamaras and the Capulet-Casheldergs is a sad one, Brian. And you have heard the cry of the young princess with your own ears, I dare say?"

"That I have, your honor. And it's the story of the young Princess Fither and her lover that I tell to gentlemen that put their tongues in their cheeks when they're alone, and thinking of the way the less knowing ones talk of love and the heart of a woman."

Both Edmund and Harold began to think that perhaps the Irish boatman was a shrewder and a more careful listener than they had given him credit for being.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

KADAMVARI.

(I.)

INTRODUCTION.

In days of yore, there lived a mighty king named Sudraka, who was endowed with rare talents. He had a capital called Vidisha. One morning, he was surrounded by courtiers, when the warder appeared before him and said with clasped hands, " Maharaj ! A daughter of a *chandal* has come here with a very nice bird of the *Suka* species. She craves the favour to see your Majesty and wishes to present that bird to your Majesty. She is waiting at the gate and may come in if your Majesty so permits."

2. The king was curious to hear him and ordered him to usher her in. Then the warder, agreeably to the orders of the king, conducted the lady in question to the Court. The lady was struck with astonishment to see the charming beauty of the Court. There the king was seated on a gem-studded throne and all the courtiers encircled him. A lady was fanning him with a *cowry*—and the servants were running to and fro to carry out his orders. All the court was stupendously silent when the lady entered the presence of the king. With a view to divert his mind, she stuck the floor with a tube in her hand. All eyes then turned to the direction where the sound came from.

3. The king, too, cast his curious glance at that side and descried that an old man, accompanied by a boy with cage in hand and a girl of exquisite beauty, was coming that way. The girl was so exceedingly beautiful that she could not be taken for the daughter of a *pariah.* The king was charmed with her beauty. They all then came up to him and bowed him down with humility. The aged man said with folded hands, "May it please your Majesty ! This parrot of the cage is well-versed in all *sastras.* It can speak fairly well like a human being. It is called Vaisampayan. As your Majesty is the most powerful and intelligent of all kings on the face of the earth, we have brought the bird to you. We shall feel immensely gratified if your Majesty be graciously pleased to accept our humble present."

4. The parrot in the cage raised up its feet and blessed the

king crying. "Victory to the great king !" The king was surprised beyond measure to hear the parrot talk. He accosted his prime-minister, Kumarpalit, "Well ; Minister ; I have been taken aback to hear the bird talk like a man. I was under the impression that the feathered animals could only eat and sleep and that they had no power of speech. But I now find it is otherwise. They can talk very freely and distinctly. How strange it is !"

5. " O great king !" replied the prime-minister, "It is not at all surprising that birds can speak like man. The people train them up and so they easily learn to talk distinctly." While he was saying thus, a conch-shell was blown to close the court for the noon. The king got up from the royal throne and asked the daughter of the *pariah* to take rest for a while. He then directed the lady carrying his betal-box to take the bird into the seraglio. Thereupon he got into the palace with comrades.

6. Soon after dinner, he went into the bed-room and laid himself down on the bed. Then he ordered the door-keeper to bring Vaisampayan up to him. There and then the order was carried out to the letter. The king demanded," "Vaisampayan ! Where were you born ? Who are your dad and dam ? And how have you learnt all *sastras* by heart ? I feel highly curious to hear your accounts. Tell me the history in connection with your birth and satisfy my great curiosity."

7. Vaisampayan returned, "O king of kings ! If your Majesty be so awfully inquisitive to learn my history, then deign to listen attentively to me." So saying, he continued :—

(i) "There is a dense forest in the Vindya mountains in the central part of India. It is known as *Vindyatabi*. In that forest stood a lofty silk-cotton tree. Birds built their nests in its hollows and lived there in immense happiness and enjoyment. In one of its holes lived my dad and dam. In course of time my dam became *encient*. After she had been delivered of me, she was attacked with fever and at length succumbed to it. My dad then grew old. He was much overwhelmed with grief for the premature death of his beloved wife. Out of affection, he engaged himself in nursing me very tenderly. He had not strength enough to move but for all that he would everyday get down from the tree and bring me food. Thus the time wore on.

(ii) "One bright morning, the birds of the tree, as usual, flew away in quest of food. The sun rose in the eastern horizon to dissipate darkness all about, and the whole forest was dreadfully calm and quiet. The young birds remained awake in their respective nests and I seated myself by my dad when a horrible din of a hunting excursion was heard. Here lions began to roar gravely, there tigers and bears ran about and yonder buffaloes and rhinoceroses pierced the trunks of trees with their horns. In a moment the forest turned into a scene of confusion. Trees, as it were, began to shake with fear. I, too, was benumbed with terror and ensconced myself in the ricketty wings of my dad. A little bit later, the tumult died away into a dead silence. Thereupon I came out of the wings of my dad and strained my eyes forward, with intense anxiety, to the direction wherefrom the noise came forth. What was my consternation when I observed that some ugly-looking huntsmen were coming all along with a leader ahead. Later on, I came to learn that the name of the leader was Matangak. His two eyes, by drinking, were as ruddy as China-roses. His very appearance clearly betrayed that he had not the milk of human kindness in him. By and by he and his myrmidons came under our tree and sat down to take rest. After they got refreshed, they all went away to my infinite relief.

(iii) "An old man of that troop of huntsmen could bag no animal. He did not accompany the party but, on the contrary, kept standing there till it went out of sight. Then he shot a glance of indignation at our tree from his two blood-shot eyes. I shuddered forth with a glacial terror like an aspan leaf when I looked at his angry face. But alas ! nothing is impossible to a hard-hearted men ! The cruel man, embracing that tempting opportunity climbed up into the tree, ruthlessly killed many young birds and flung them forcibly on the ground. My dad was terrified at the advent of the grave peril. Through fear, he gazed about but found no means for remedy. At last, he covered me well with his wing sand thus hid me under his breast. Tears rained down his cheeks when be concealed me in his wings. The steel-hearted fellow gradually drew near to our nest. He cought hold of my dad—who began to bite him with beaks to the best of his ability ; but he was not let off. That day came as his doomsday. The man put an end to his life and threw him down on the ground. As I was then covered by the wings of my dad, the man could not find me. A heap of hay was lying at the foot of the tree and I fell down on it. So I did not receive much hurt.

(iv) "Then I was not well feathered ; yet to save my life, I tried my level best to escape but I fell down at every step. However, the hope for life is the greatest of all. Walking slowly, I at length found myself under a Tamal tree and concealed myself under it. In the meantime, the man descended from the silkcotton tree, collected all young birds, bound them together with a noose of creeper and strode away. Presuming that he might have gone far away by the time, I whisked out of the foot of the tree. I was then very thirsty. But what could I do ? I was too exhausted to move a space. At last, with great difficulty I crawled on to a place from which I could hear the crackles of drakes and cranes. Thereon I came to the conclusion that there's a lake not far from there.

(v) It was then noon. The Sun was shining with his scorching rays on the earth. All paths soon grew hot by his heat. None could dare set his foot on the path. My feet became blistered on the sands. I had no desire to die but, at the time, I experienced such an excruciating pain that I was constrained to pray to God for death. My palate got parched with thirst and my limbs paralysed. In the vicinity of the place, there lived a great ascetic named Jabali. As incident would have it, his son, Harit, with some friends was seen passing by the way to bathe in the lake. He had a head of matted hair—his forehead was painted with the curved lines of ashes—a garland of crystal was hanging round each of his ears. He held a gourd-shell in the left hand and a staff of Dbak wood in the right —he had a skin of antelope on the shoulder and a sacred thread round the neck.

(iv) Hope beat high in my feeble mind to see him on the way. Really the good are always kind. The heart of Harit melted into tenderness when he found me in that pitiable condition. 'Lo !' said he to his friend, Here's a young parrot by the wayside ! It is panting very painfully. I think, it has been very thirsty. It will soon die if it get no water to drink. Come, let us take it to the lake.' Saying, thus he picked me up from the ground and carried me down to the lake. There he opened my slim beaks and poured drops of water down my throat by the tip of his fingers. Then I felt rather well to drink water and my thirst was quite quenched. After helping me to bathe in the lake, he placed me under the shadow of a lotus-leef. The young sages, after their bath, offered oblations of water to the Sun and made obeisance to him. They then put off their wet clothes, wore new and dry ones and retraced their steps homewards with me.

(vi) "When they approached the hermitage, I noticed that there trees had put forth new foliages and flowers and had been bent under the weight of fruits. It appeared as though they were bowing down the young sages. All quarters were perfumed with the sweet smell of clove trees and cardamom plants. Bees were sucking honey from flowers to flowers with their usual hummings. Here's a garden of flowers, there's a charming tank with dancing lotuses and yonder's a grove of mangoes where sweet cuckoos, at regular intervals, were, piping their notes, '*coo* ! *coo* !! *coo* !!!' Instantly a *papya* went by over the head, crying '*chôk galô* ! *chôk galô* !!' sages were chanting *mantras* and offering *ghee* to the god of fire. The gentle breeze was wafting the fragrance of burnt offerings to a great distance and the locality was sweet-scented with the burnt incense. An ineffable joy thrilled through my heart, when I witnessed the beauty of the hermitage. While seeing a variety of things, the boys of sages came up to the great ascetic, Jabali. Surrounded by all other sages, he was sitting on a seat of cane under an *Asoka* tree. He was very old. Because of his old age his matted hair turned grey. His cheeks had been shrunken and his ear-holes covered with grey hair. I then mused How powerful this *Rishi* is ! It's only by the charms of his asceticism that enmity and pride have departed from the hermitage ! Snakes are lying under the shadow of the coxcomb of peacocks ! Fawns are sucking with the whelps. The calves of an elephant are dragging a lion along with the proboscises ! Deer are fearlessly browzing green grasses on the ground ! Ah ! What can't be accomplished by the virtue of asceticism ?'

(vii) Thinking thus, I looked about and perceived that the barks of sages were dying on the branches of trees and some gourd-shells and beads were suspending from there. Many a dais was erected at the foot of trees. I was very busy to behold all this, when Harit put me under the *Asoka* tree and after a reverential bow to his father, sat down on a seat hard by. Other boys of sages felt greatly curious to see me and asked, 'Dear Harit ! Where have you got this bird ?' 'My friends !' returned Harit, 'To-day, when I went to take a bath in the lake, I found this bird fluttering in dust on the way. I was much moved to pity at seeing its distress. But, as it was almost impossible to climb into the top of that tree from which it had dropped down, I have brought it hither. All of you, I think, will look after it with due care.' The venerable Jabali heard his son. He flung upon me a glance which savoured of his deep curiosity. Then he remarked. 'This bird is reaping the harvest of its evil deed.' The boys most eagerly inquired. "What turpitude did it commit that it is now feeling the consequence ? What class it belonged to in its previous birth ? Be kind enough to relate all accounts of its iniquities and gratify our inquisitiveness.' The sage reiterated 'I may tell the story but it is very long and will no doubt take time. Now it's verging towards the evening. I am to bathe again. Moreover, the time of your prayer has come on. Therefore, after supper, I shall narrate all details about it from the beginning to the end. When I shall tell the story, it may recollect all things *anent* its birth and parentage.' Saying thus, he got up from the seat and went away to perform his abolutions.

(viii) "Gradually the day drew on to its end. The red Sun slunk away from the world. Then the evening made her appearance and the birds repaired to their nests. Sages took their seats to meditate upon God. Darkness availed itself of the opportunity and followed the evening. Stars remained concealed in the day time through the fear of the sun—at the approach of the evening, they appeared in the firmament one by one and began to glitter just like the seeds scattered here and there on the specious ground. Thereafter the moon was visible in the eastern sky—at his smile, darkness faded away—and the water-lilies opened on the surface of water. The whole world was flooded with her soft beams. Then and there the gentle breeze mildly blew and carried the sweet perfume of flowers far and wide.

(IX) "After finishing his meals, Harit took me up and went to his father in company with some friends. Jabali was seated on a seat of cane and his pupil, Jalpada, was fanning him with a palm-leef fan. Harit took his stand before his father and humbly said, 'Dear father ! We have all come to you to hear the story of this young bird. Be good enough to narrate it.'

(x) "Then the great sage began the story."

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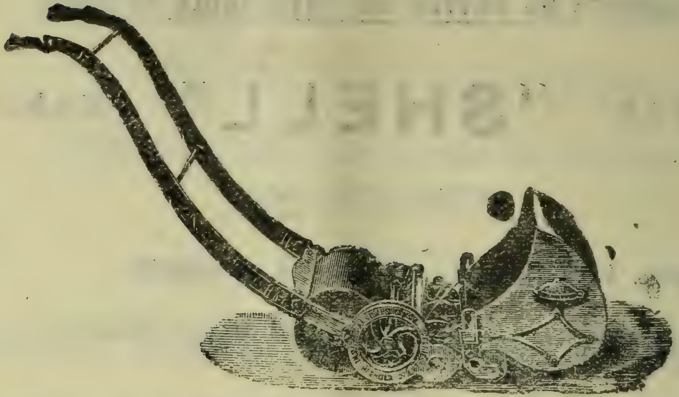

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Pages.

I.—Are you a Mason?—
By F. H. Skrine... ... ... 148—150

II.—The Right to Sue the Secretary of State—
By J. C. Dutt ... ... 151—155

III.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (XI)—
By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 156—169

IV.—Spiritualism in Calcutta (V)—
By Essem ... ... 170—179

V.—The Ancient Astronomy of the Hindus—
By John Bentby ... ... 180—187

VI.—Kadamvari (II)—
By K D. Sarkar ... ... 188—195

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazin* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal : Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India". This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number of before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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THE

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ARE YOU A MASON ?

The origin of Gipsies has furnished matter for controversy ever since George Borrow aroused public interest in their peculiarities. That they are a degraded branch of the Indo-Aryan race admits of no question. Their clear olive complexions, jet-black hair, supple and graceful movements, and small extremities are almost conclusive evidence on this point ; while the slang with which they baffle outsiders is largely based on Hindi. Gipsies display the same characteristics in every land. The menfolk are horse-copers, clever artizans and consummate musicians—by ear ; the women dance, sing and tell fortunes. But they cannot brook a settled habitation or sustained labour ; and their morality is much below par. Despite 500 years of sojourn in Europe Gipsies remain in the tribal era, and are still incurable nomads.

Their first appearance in our continent dates back to 1417, when wandering gangs overspread Germany, earning by their contempt for religion the epithet *Heiden* (heathen), which clings to them at the present day. Twenty years later they arrived in France, giving out that they were Hussites, driven from Bohemia by the Austrians, whence is derived their designation *Bohèmien.* England was not invaded until another generation had passed away, and there the newcomers said that they had come from Egypt, of which "Gipsy" is, of course, a corruption. The identity which exists between the habits of our Gipsies and those of certain Indian castes has given rise to a belief that the former are descendants of criminal tribes who were expelled from the peninsula by Mohammed Toghlak about 1393. It is remarkable that Gipsies should style themselves *Rom*, or *Rumani*—a corruption of the word *Dom*, which connotes a series of castes at the very fringe of the Hindu hierarchy.

One morning in the 'seventies I was dispensing criminal justice in the court-house of a northern Bengal district. The monotony of assault and trespass cases was broken by the appearance of a Gipsy gang, who were brought before me for "bad livelihood." I may remark parenthetically that a procedure obtains in India which might well be copied by our somewhat hidebound lawyers. If a man be vehemently suspected of gaining subsistence by dishonest means he may be required to furnish security for his good behaviour, with the alternative of imprisonment which may extend to two years. Well, the leader of this forlorn troop, yclept Shádu Nath, was an old man whose shifty eyes bewrayed the good impression created by his venerable beard. His following included three women in various stages of decrepitude, half-a-dozen children and, by way of contrast, a tall, beautiful girl who answered to the name Kamini Nathi. Against them appeared a host of ryots, who swore that goats, fowls and garden produce had mysteriously disappeared from villages near the successive Gipsy encampments. As Shádu and his myrmidons could produce no rebutting evidence, I ordered him to find security for six months, with imprisonment in default, and directed the police inspector to escort the women and children to the western boundary of the district.

My decision evoked a chorus of lamentations from the little band. A mute appeal for mercy from Kamini's languorous eyes was, perhaps, more effective, and a climax came when old Shádu proved beyond all doubt that he was a Freemason; nay, that he had attained a far higher rank in the brotherhood than his judge, who had been recently initiated! But I bethought me of Lord Mansfield's dictum, *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*: justice took its course, and the Gipsies were hurried out of court without further ado.

For the benefit of outsiders, I may mention that the origin of Freemasonry is as keenly debated as that of Gipsydom. One school believes it to synchronise with the building of the Temple of Jerusalem; another maintains that it is a survival of the wondereful craft-organisation to which Europe owes its cathedrals. I thought it possible that light would be shed on a puzzling problem if I could only get an answer from Shádu to my question : "Are you a Mason ?" After a nearly sleepless night I determined to bribe him to a full confession by the offer of liberty. Alas ! on reaching the district prison next morning, I was met by the jailor with his routine report : *Jail kháná men sab achcha ; ek to qaidi mar-gya* ("All is well, one prisoner has died"), adding by way of explanation that the old Gipsy who had come in on the previous day had choked himself by swallowing strips of his *dhuti* (loincloth). Thus by pure mischance did I lose a unique opportunity of settling questions which have been mooted in the Masonic world for a hundred and fifty years.

F. H. SKRINE.

THE RIGHT TO SUE THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

The Government of India Act, 1858, enacted, in section 65, that "the Secretary of State in Council shall and may sue and be sued as well in India as in England by the name of the Secretary of State in Council as a body corporate; and all persons and bodies politic shall and may have and take the same suits, remedies and proceedings, legal and equitable, against the Secretary of State in Council of India as they could have done against the said [East India] Company." This provision has been shortened in section 32 of the Government of India Act, 1915, into "(1) The Secretary of State in Council may sue and be sued by the name of the Secretary of State in Council as a body corporate. (2) Every person shall have the same remedies against the Secretary of State in Council as he might have had against the East India Company if the Government of India Act, 1858, and this Act had not been passed." The words quoted of the Act of 1858 have received a judicial interpretation in the Privy Council. In delivering the judgment of the Board in the Secretary of State for India in Council *v.* J. Moment (a Burma appeal), on the 10th December, 1912, the Lord Chancellor said:

"Their Lordships are of opinion that the effect of section 65 of the Act of 1858 was to debar the Government of India from passing any Act which could prevent a subject from suing the Secretary of State in Council in a civil court in any case in which he could have similarly sued the East India Company. They think that the words cannot be construed in any different sense without reading into them a qualification which is not there, and which may well have been deliberately omitted. The section is not, like the two which follow it, a merely transitory section. It appears, judging from the language employed, to have been inserted for the purpose of making it clear that the subject was to have the right of so suing and was to retain that right in the future, or at least until the British Parliament should take it away. It may well be that the Indian

Government can legislate validly about the formalities of procedure so long as they preserve the substantial right of the subject to sue the Government in the civil courts like any other defendant, and do not violate the fundamental principle that the Secretary of State, even as representing the Crown, is to be in no position different from that of the old East India Company."

The right to sue the Government is a great privilege. It is a part of the liberal policy adopted by England for government of India, which endears it to the people. In India, this privilege is a glory of the great British race. It is a parting with a prerogative of the king, who is supreme in his dominions and above the law courts. No suit lies against him, because no court can have jurisdiction over him. This departure is, however, not the only instance of the kind. The king is the fountain of Justice and appoints the Judges, who derive their authority from him. He is also the fountain of Honour, from whom all honours flow. The Governor-General of India in Council appoints the Additional Judges of the Indian High Courts. He is also given the power to choose the Officiating Chief Justice and the officiating puisne Judges of the Bengal High Court. In the other Provinces the same power of appointing temporary Judge or Chief Justice is exercised by a still lower authority—the Local Government. The Governor-General grants and creates Indian titles. He is privileged to award the second class of the Kaisar-i-Hind Medal. Then, it is the law that a law made by the Governor-General in Legislative Council shall not be deemed invalid because it affects the prerogative of the Crown. In the matter of titles, the Governor-General appears as the Viceroy and Governor-General. The Parliamentary Act, the Government of India Act, 1915, has no mention of 'Viceroy'. That word has a place in Her Majesty Victoria's proclamation of 1858. In the presence of the sovereign the representative ceases to exercise his delegated power. His Majesty George V., while in India, in 1911-12, was pleased to allow Lord Hardinge to retain all the privileges of the Governor-General, excepting salute in His Majesty's presence. On May 22, 1916, it was reported from Simla—"it is understood that in royal warrant appointing His Excellency Lord Chelmsford to be Governor-General of India the royal prerogative to grant a free or conditional pardon to any offender convicted by a Court of Justice in the exercise of its criminal jurisdiction has been delegated to the Governor-General.

A similar delegation, it is believed, is usually made to Colonial Governors. At the same time the delegation does not empty the Crown of the prerogative in this respect. The prerogative still exists and may be exercised on occasions, but the Governor-General will now be able to grant such a pardon on His Majesty's behalf should he think it right to do so."

This doubles the power of the Governor-General Lord Chelmsford for mercy. By his warrant of appointment, he is enabled to grant royal pardon. The Code of Criminal Procedure gives the Governor-General in Council power to suspend or remit a sentence as a punishment for an offence. It is essential in the interest of all concerned to officially publish the exact words of the delegation to the present Governor-General of the royal prerogative of pardon, which places him, in the particular matter, at almost the same position with His Majesty, a position hitherto unknown in India. In one sense, Lord Chelmsford is the mightiest Governor-General of India.

The next point is—Is the subject's right to sue the Secretary of State an encroachment on the King's prerogative? It was enacted by section 1 of the Government of India Act, 1833 (3 and 4 Will, 4, C. 85) that real and personal property of the Company was to be held in trust for the Crown. The Government of India Act, 1858, an Act for the better government of India (21 and 22 Vict., C. 106) dated the 2nd August 1858, ended the government of the East India Company and directed the territories in India were thenceforth to be governed by and in the name of Her Majesty, a principal Secretary of State of Her Majesty doing the duty and exercising the powers of the Company. In this provision, the Secretary of State for India seems to be in no better or higher position than that of the Company.

The permission given to the subject to sue the sovereign in his own Courts, is a magnificent spectacle, a wonder of the world. It distinguishes the British Rule in India. It is a guarantee of justice and fairness, not by grace merely. It adds dignity to the law Courts, where, in the eye of the law, His Majesty is always present, and where Judges, unmolested, uphold the majesty of the law. This concession, like mercy, another kingly prerogative, is doubly beneficial. It is a source of happiness to both the sovereign and the subject. While it is an assurance of security to the subject, it gives the sovereign an occasion for proving his lasting love for his people.

The privilege granted to sue the Government affords the subject facilities for litigation which are not afforded by a petition of right. Nor can any relief be obtained by a resort to that course in cases arising in India. Sir Courtney Ilbert, sometime Law Member of the Government of India, in his "Government of India," 2nd edition, 1907, makes it clear that a petition of right does not lie in respect of property detained or a contract broken in India, as it does in England. Such is the decision of English courts of law. He writes:

> "In the case of Frith *v.* Reg., L. R. 7 Ex. 865 (1872), the applicant, by petition of right, sought to recover from the Crown a debt alleged to have become due to the person whom he represented from the sovereign of Oudh, before that province was annexed in 1856 to the territories of the East India Company. But it was held that, assuming the East India Company became liable to pay the debt by reason of the annexation of the province, the Secretary of State for India in Council, and not the Crown, was, under the provisions of the Government of India Act, 1858, the person against whom the suppliant must seek his remedy, and that consequently a petition of right would not lie. It was pointed out that the remedy by petition of right was inapplicable, as it was plain that the revenues of England could not be liable to pay the claim, and that consequently a judgment for the suppliant would be barren."

Here is a strong reason for the right granted in India to sue the Secretary of State. This and other grave reasons must have dictated the concession. At any rate, it is a part of the transfer or intimately connected with it. The transfer and the concession go together. They are inseparable. Wisdom dictated, and statesmanship will preserve, the forward move. The concession is no weakness. It is strength to Government, as powerful as an army division.

The rule of the Crown in India is continuance of the rule of the Company for the Crown. The right granted by England to India to sue the Government is venerable for its age. It is as old as the seventeenth century. The Charter, dated 5th September, 1698, to the Company from the King William the Third, words the power as—

"And by the same name they (the Company) and their successors shall and may sue and implead, and be sued and impleaded, answer and defend, and be answered and defended in Courts of Record, or any other place whatsoever, and before whatsoever judges, justices, officers and ministers, of us, our heirs and successors, and in all and singular pleas, actions, suits, causes, and demands whatsoever, of what kind, nature, or sort soever."

J. C. DUTT.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(XI.)

CHAPTER XVII.

The Clue.

The wayside inns of Dewalgiri—were commodious. Within their walls the weary traveller could find bed, board and a cheerful fire. Plenty of narcotic luxury were there for him. The choicest fruits of the season, apple, grape, and mellowy guava, mangoe and juicy berry adorned the stalls. Sweets of all sorts, dainties and delicacies, figured conspiciously on the boards and made the heart and the stomach rejoice. There in the breeze which blew from over the plains he could forget the tedium of the journey and the nearest rivulet would sing lullaby in the stillness of night.

Close by, facing the rivulet, stood a mart decked out with the merchandise of various regions, from the most precious stuff to the commonest gewgaw. It was full of vivid memories of a grander and a more glorious past. The inns too had traditions of their own and legends perpetuated by an endless chain of narration.

The mart, nearly a furlong in circuit, was a mass of brick structures arranged in promiscous rows. At its foot, skirting the rivulet, ran a caravan route turning with the windings of the stream. Behind swept a vast expanse of golden brown. Broken by interludes of cocoanut groves and intersected by highways that diverged at different angles from different points of the mart, this vast sea of yellow rolled its golden waves to the horizon's rim. In the gentle breeze its swell rippling and spilling in fanciful spray would exhibit the serene placidity of a lake of gold, while wild blasts would drive it into billows—billows rearing up, then bending and then melting with a hollow rustle.

On the other side of the stream was outspread a range of scenery which relieved the eye with its picturesque variety. Tracts of the richest cornland waved with golden fruitage away. Beyond stretched a carpet of variegated tint. Further off darkly looming rose a confused mass of Bananas whose glossy leafage contrasted sharply with the decayed splendour of the tempest-scarred poplars. A glowing horizon swept round the arborous semi-circle.

Such was the position of the mart to which the whole internal trade of the northern regions was conveyed by inland route.

It was afternoon, yet what a stir and hum of life. What a shoal of people. The long caravan route was bustling with traffic. There were waggons rattling and cars rumbling. Along the rivulet vessels of every flag were skimming, many were loading, many unloading at the quays. The air resounded with hurrying footsteps, tramp of hoofs and with the din of shouting boatmen and bawling coolies.

From the tumult of the mart let us retire to one of the inns where on a cosy bedstead sat two handsome youngmen in plain clothes. Their weary looks betokened that they had pedalled a great way. To drown their fatigue in an intelluctual recreation they bent over a manuscript, one was reading and the other listening. The reader was its author.

"Now that peace is restored to the country—"

The reader began.

"One moment please." interposed the other. "You start with a long sentence. This is not consonant to good taste."

"Why, what is there to find fault with ?" demanded he in tones made slightly acid.

"In a long sentence the meaning remains suspended till the whole is finished." uttered the other gravely.

"It is unfair to pass a judgment too soon."

"A sentence should neither be long nor short." went on the former heedlessly." Short ones are apt to break the sense, while the long one has the disadvantage that its meaning is to be gathered at its close. No, no, a sentence must be such as to be understood word by word as it proceeds."

"I wish to goodness you had the patience to follow me." said the reader vexedly.

"Proceed." he drawled in a tone between grave and light.

'Now that peace is restored to the country."—

The reader began anew.

"Excuse me, I have another objection. This mode of commencement leaves much to be desired." He broke in again.

"You are a cavillor and most captious of the lot." remarked the reader angrily.

"*Quid coeco cum speculo.*"(1) You have no perception of my meaning." returned he with just a flicker of an eye-lid.

"Whatever opinion you may form of me I am ready to contribute to it. Now listen quietly."

The reader resumed.

'Now that peace is restored to the country."

"Bad beginning, worse end." He piped, turning up his nose. "You don't unfold what country you mean."

"Nonsense. Our own country. What else can I mean."

"Then commence like *a bel espirit* (2) with a glowing description of its natural scenery, its golden harvest, its silvery streams, its diamond mountain peaks, its emerald fields, the sapphire Heaven above it studded with ruby stars and so on, as we *homo multorarum literatum*(3) are wont to do to throw around our writing a halo of beauty."

"Just Heavens." ejaculated the reader. "You seem to forget that it is a paper I intend reading at a public meeting."

"I remember it as well as I do the first rules of orthography, but to produce within the minds of your audience the most lively emotions, to kindle deep feelings, to fill their hearts with joy, admiration, awe and horror, your writing must be sublime and your sentiment full of pathos. There must also be *jeu de mots*(4) and strokes of wit. Without these equipments a writing is as dull as a *versus inopes rerum* (5)."

"Ridiculous?" sneered the reader with a pucker of his face.

"The subject requires a more copious style." he went on, adopting an advisory tone. "Place your thoughts in a variety of lights. What you want in strength supply by copiousness. Engage the reader by a harmonious arrangement of words, by rich, gaudy and striking ornaments. Express grand conceptions in sonorous terms. There must also be coloring, for without colouring no writing can please the imagination. Convey your ideas with all the beauty of expression. Let there be no misplaced finery."

"I'll thank you to keep your advice to yourself, now listen." said the reader, beginning afresh.

---

(1) Blind men can not judge of colours.
(2) A person of wit or genius.
(3) A many of many literary accomplishments.
(4) Pun.
(5) Verse devoid of substance.

'Now that peace is restored to the country—."

"Bless my soul." he cried. "Peace—restored—country. A grotesque commixture of prosaic and poetic terms. You are guilty of Synchysis."

"For Heaven's sake will you spare me your gratuitous remarks?"

"*Delocum Melibribus*(1) if you wish to be a man of sound sense." replied he with an air of pique.

"Confound you, your impudence is intolerable." imprecated the reader in a peevish tone.

"Confound anything," retorted he "But lend me your ear awhile. I show you *Salvo pudore*(2) how to treat the subject. Listen.

"In this sublunary sphere there smiles a land of bliss whose monarch rules over the destinies of millions as prosody governs the sounds of words. Divided into four political states like the feet of an iambic tetrameter it teems with souls as martial as the syllables of a heroic verse. Its allegory of mountain-chains, exhibiting the phenomena of sleeping majesty, bring its physical acclivity to a climax. Its silvery streams, gurgling in sweet alliteration, trip along with the blitheness of a trochee, presenting a singular antithesis to the bleak, cheerless waste of wood. Its fields as sweet as pastoral poetry, rustling in euphony, stretch with a sort of poetical license far and wide. Its metropolis in bold and high relief, with hilly embroidery, strikes the fancy and imprisons the eye just as the music of a songster chains the ear and thrills the mind. Its population of nobility, gentry and commonalty, in the degrees of comparison, act in a chorus both in the comedy of peace and in the tragedy of war. Such is the sublime picture of this land of bliss where happiness reigned as a constant quantity. But all on a sudden there was a caesura, for by a strange irony of fate an irregular horde who may be likened to irregular verbs poured down in the active voice and made the capital their objective. Apostrophe to the Gods? Her regulars mingled with the volunteers like a promiscuous arrangement of proper and common nouns in a sentence defended her to the utmost. But *Deo Gratias*(3) the ministry *pro rege lege et grege*(4) apprehending the odds of the contest advised his majesty to rhyme with the enemy. *Ita voluerunt ita factum est.*(1) The storm-cloud was put in the past tense and sunshine in its noon-day splendour returned with a double blaze. Beautiful, beautiful."

---

(1) Give place to your betters.

(2) Without offending the decent eye or ear.

(3) Heaven be thanked.

(4) For the good of the King, the law and of the people.

"Merciful heavens," cried the other, bursting into a guffaw. "I do not know what prevents me from dying with laughter."

"*Risus abundat in ore stultorum.*—Laughter abounds in the mouth of fools." Grinned he, chuckling that the retort was more cutting than knife.

"Say what you like but you really make my guts slit with laughter." repeated the former, shaking with the fit.

"*Proh pudor.*(2) You have no perception of beauty, no power to apprehend how bold and glowing the figures were, how nicely was their propriety sustained, how beautifully were they adapted to instruct the understanding, address the imagination and excite the passions. You have only *furor Scribendi*(3) but no *ingenium*(4) I should call you *soi disant* scribe.(5)

"Call me what you will, only don't kill me with an explosion of your wit." replied the reader gigglingly.

"You are too prosaic to appreciate *Jeu d'esperit.*(6) It is useless telling you how we *homo ingeniosum*(7) set hearts on fire and stir souls from their inmost depth with our rich imagery."

"Reserve your imagery for future use. Now listen." said the reader and resumed.

"Now that peace is restored to the country."

"Just one moment." he snapped. "The first two words escaped my ear. You say '*now that*, *n-o-w t-h-a-t.* No the expressions are not euphonious. You had better put '*now as*'. Let see, '*now-as*' '*n-o-w a-s*', these two words chime in syncategorematically."

"A fig for your euphony." snarled the reader. "Be quiet and let me go on ?" There was a stern resonance thrilling his voice.

---

(1) So they willed so it was done.

(2) Oh for shame.

(3) Rage for writing.

(4) Wit.

(5) Self-called.

(6) Witticism.

(7) Man of wit.

"Wait a bit," said he "there is another word disaggreable to a good ear. It is '*peace*'. It has a hising sound and it is followed by another sibilance '*is*', a contiguity of sibilation, '*pish is*' '*pish is*'. No, a sentence should not begin with such noise. The proper word would be '*tranquillity*,' accent on the second sylla-ble, '*tran-qui-llity*, *tran-qui-llity*."

"In the name of goodness graciousness will you hold peace ?"

"Ha, '*pish*' again. There was a hiss when you uttered it. The middle vowels coalesce. This is not aggreable to the ear. You must guard against Syneresis or Synecphonesis."

The reader made no reply but went on :—

"it behoves us loyal people—"

"Patience please. Your clumsy beginning needs the employment of hyperbaton to refine it. This figure gives energy to a sentence. So transpose the words into 'now as the country is restored to tranquility.' How nice."

The reader went on without heading him,

'to join hands in—'

"Wait, wait. You say '*is restored*.' Analysed prosodically they include *concordia discors*(1). They ought to be replaced by some univocal expression. I should prefer the term '*revert*'.

The reader affected not to heed him but continued.

'offering thanks—'

"Another word needs a *succeedandum*. (2)" He cried. "For '*country*' put '*land*.' The members of a sentence ought to be so aggreably united as to reflect beauty on each other."

"Don't presume to be my mentor." blared the reader, looking hard at him.

"Follow me, be not saucy. For another reason the word 'country' ought to be knocked off *bongre malgre*.(3) No more dissyllabic word. Already we have one '*tranquility*.' All violations of orthography ought to be avoided. Besides, etymology points to a different signification from what the word bears."

"Prate on if the music of your tongue gives you satisfaction." cried the reader huskily.

---

(1) A jarring concord.

(2) A substitute.

(3) With a good or ill grace.

“Pity, you are not aware of the cannons of criticism. When two words agree in the leading idea, that should be preferred which is the shortest.”

“I don’t care a hang about your canon.” cried the reader with a touch of scorn in his voice.

“You have no relish for *jeu de mots.*(1) You have simply *cacoethes scribendi.*(2) Yours is no *tache sans tacho.*”(3)

“Intolerable.” groaned the former and began to roll up his paper in disgust.

“Well, well, go on.”

“Will you keep a silent tongue ?”

Volo non voleo(4), however go on.”

The reader unrolled his paper again and went on.

‘it behoves us loyal people—”

“*Behovs, behovs.*” echoed the other in mocking accents.” A howling sound. *Deus, Dea, Deum* ?(5) my ear is smitten.”

“You cackle again.” taxed the reader, looking at him sternly in the face.

“*Behovs, behovs.*” he repeated. “*Toto cœlo* ?(6) my ear aches. Expunge the pig of a word my friend.”

“A blister on your ear.” imprecated the reader and without waiting for a retort went on.

“to join hands in offering—”

“The devil of a word haunts my ear.” murmured he, “*behovs, behovs.*” Pray friend knock it out for mercy’s sake.”

“I ought rather to knock your brains out, buffoon.” returned the reader hotly.

“*Ira furor brevis est.*(7) You don’t fancy that your ‘behovs’ jars on my auricular nerves. *Behovs, behovs.* Horrible.”

The reader went on without heeding him.

“thanks to the Almighty Providence—.”

“Not so fast.” cried he. “Another word stuns my ear ‘*loy-al,*’ ‘*loy-al*’? The vowel sound is long. ‘*Behovs, loy-al*’ two heterogenus sounds. They do not blend in harmony, 'Behovs, loyal.' No, no they do not."

---

(1) A play on words. A play of wit.
(2) Mania for writing.
(3) A work without a stain.
(4) I am willing but unable.
(5) God, goddess, the Gods.
(6) By the whole Heavens.
( ) Rage is a brief madness.

"Hold your nonsense," roared the reader "you are making a confounded nuisance of yourself."

"Well, well, go on. Only the scapegrace of a '*behovs*' aches me. The devil take it."

The reader continued heedlessly

"for having saved the country ———"

"Loyal people, you say" he interrupted again "*Peeple, peeple. Behovs peeple.* The deuced word does not chime in with any decent exprsssion. Let see, '*Behovs loyal*' '*behovs peeple*' '*behovs tranquility*' No, no, it does not, hang it."

"Would you mind shutting up" cried the reader with increased warmth.

"No, go on"

"Listen quietly."

"For having saved the country from the crisis"

"*Crisis, crisis.* Sibilation again" he exclaimed. Replace it by a more suitable expression. *Crisis, crisis.* After your howling '*behovs*' if there be a hissing '*crisis*' the sentence would be a mixture of howl and hiss. Perdition on both."

"Perdition seize you rather". cursed the reader wriggling with annoyance.

"Curse me as much as you can, but don't rip my nerves with your '*behovs*'. The scapegrace of a word spoils the sonority of a sentence."

"If only I knew you were an egregious blockhead I wont have wasted my breath at all". fretted the reader as he rolled up his paper and put it into his bag."

" *Patentia cœsa fit furor.* (1). You must apologise for speaking disrespectfully to a *homo multarum literarum.* (2). I demand satisfaction."

"I will be dashed if you are a bit better than what I called you."

"You are a compound of stupidity and nonsense, a dunderpate, a ninny-hammer, a *terra filius*" (3).

---

(1) Abused patience becomes fury.

(2) A man of many letters.

(3) A man of no birth.

The words incensed the reader beyond measure. In a fit of rage he poured forth a volley of abuse, against which the other directed a waste of grotesque phrases and ludicrous terms. The place was in an uproar.

Precisely at this moment three men of noble air and mien entered in. They were the chieftain, the prince and his adjutant. The innkeeper recived them with the usual ceremony.

'Ha ! what is all this clamour about ?" inquired the chief curiously.

"These gentlemen are hot over a trifle," said the inkeeper with a snigger.

"What are you quarrelling about, youngmen ? " asked he.

"Look sir," complained the reader." "Here's a fellow who keeps a slanderous tongue in his mouth."

"Pray, who are you and what could the matter be ? "

"I am a Brahmin, by profession an astrologer." replied he. "My home is in the interior. I am going to the Metropolis to attend a public thanksgiving service. I have prepared a paper which I intend reading on the occasion. Shortly after my arrival here this chap came. When we had taken refreshment I acquainted him with my mission on which he expressed a wish to hear me read it. But Great God, as I commenced reading he began to bore me with the most stupid criticism."

He related the incident to the great amusement of all.

"Might I enquire who you are?" the chief turned to the other amusingly.

"You don't happen to know me, it is a pity". replied he gravely.

"I don't think I have the honor." was the rejoinder in a bantering tone.

"Then listen." began he. "I am the presiding genius over a *ludus literarius* (1). Men call me a prodigy of wit. A hyperbole you may say but not a sarcasm. Without employing circumlocution and I have a natural disrelish for anything bordering on periphrasis or pleonasm let me put the truism in a graceful collocation of words that as every consonant has a vowel sound there can be no erudition without a shade of sprightly wit."

"I swear by Heaven that I never heard such a farrago of words." exclaimed the chief with a loud rolling laughter in which the adjutant also joined. "Pray spare us your ponderous jargon and say in plain words who you are."

---

(1) A seminary of learning, a school.

"It would be tautology to repeat what I have just uttered." replied he gravely. "But since you are in the interrogative mood I may add in a simple epigrammatic style that my profession is *scholam aperire* (1). It may be predicated of me that I am in the possessive case in respect of all the branches of polite bearning, am versed in the subtleties of reasoning and in the niceties of academical disputation. *Pour couper court* (2) I yield to none on points of nice and abstract speculation."

"You tire us with your bombastic advertisement". said the chief in mirthful tones. "Be more plain and less sententious."

"*Domine dirge nos.* (3). I speak to you in the indicative mood, present tense, first person, singular. I am a schoolmaster and a conspicious unit of the fraternity, just as a compound word stands out in a simple sentence. My home is in some inland part, but *my Alma Mater* (4) is at Beneras, the premier seat of learning. I entered it a fag and came out a *savant* (5). I have written a treatise on ethology, a *chef d' œuvre,* (6) which I wish to dedicate to our imperial majesty. I am on this account journeying to the metropolis but this *ame de bone* (7) who may be likened to a clown in a melo-drama made my gorges rise by his nonsensical rigmarole."

"Shut or I will stop your prating, braggart" grated the reader

"You are a *noncompoop, homo crassi ingenui* (8). I call you *un sot a triple elage* (9) or by whatever other tarnal name one may have for a jiggins."

This led again to a roaring brawl which was put an end to by the chief lecturing on the propriety of good fellowship among travellers in a distant land.

The last tints of the pink and amber sunset faded from the sky, the dusk gathered and deepened and then the evening merged into the depths of night. All was now deliciously silent. The hum and hubbub of toil had ceased. A calm rested on the scene.

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(1) To keep school.
(2) In short.
(3) Lord direct us.
(4) University.
(5) Man of letters.
(6) A masterpiece,
(7) A low-minded person.
(8) A man void of wit..
(9) A fool of the third story.

But the quiet without was momentarily broken by a betel-seller jerking out his measured note :—

"Pan to sell, Pan ho."

"Come here". the chief called to him.

The next instant the betel-man was busy handing him a dozen of the aromatic luxury, not without an eulogy on its excellence. The chief handed one goȯd-humouredly to the pedagogue to hear him pronounce his judgment in some quaint jargon.

"You are guilty of hyperbole". remarked the latter after the conical dainty had undergone a process of mastication. "To judge your Pan by the standards of *bonum* (1) and *malum* (2) I should be inclined in favour of the latter."

The betel man who could not comprehend a bit of the cant was able nevertheless to gather that it was an acrimonious comment.

"You are a bad judge of niceties" grunted he, looking sour.

"Sirrah, *I am an arbiter elegantorum* (3)" boasted he, "No joke. *Vedeo Meliora probaque*—I see and approve better things."

"I take it that you don't commend his pan." The chief humoured him.

"*Nil admirari ?* (4)" he shook his head. "I should apply a qualitative adjective of the lowest rank to connote it."

"I will be bound you have not seen its like." swore the betel-seller angrily.

"You are too much of a bragaddocio to cry up your own thing."

"Why, it is of the best sort."

"No better than the darned hand which made it, *le style est l'homme mime*" (5).

"What makes you so set against it, my friend." the chief asked amusingly.

"Comparison is odius, but if it be allowable to compare small thing with great as the old saying goes *Si parva licet componere magnus* (4) I must say that in taste and flavour it cannot stand on a par with the betel I have."

---

(1) Good.

(2) Bad.

(3) Arbitor in matter of taste.

(4) Nothing to be admired at.

(5) The style is the man himself.

So saying he produced a tiny tin-box from his bag and opening it displayed its contents.

"These are my home-made pan, *creme de la creme*". (1) vaunted he, pointing to some betels which filled it half-hiding something whose presence was indicated by a faint glitter. As he picked out a couple for comparison, the twinkler flashed up in the soft lamp light. All eyes were focussed upon it.

"What's that gleaming ?" the chief inquired curiously.

"Why, it is a finger-ring."

"Let see."

He handed it to the chief. It was a beautiful finger-ring with a large bright diamond set in a crest upon it. The chief admired its brilliancy and gave it to the prince to look at. An unaccountable thrill shot through the latter's frame as he touched it. As he occupied himself with a close examination, by what strange association he could not at first account for, there came to him straightway the memory of his beloved. It rushed like a torrent. There swept over him a mingled sensation of wonder and pain. He could hear the quick beating of his own heart and his own sharp breathing. Turning it over and over his quick eye caught sight of an inscription. Heaven above ? It was the princess' name in bold letters. His brain whirled, mistiness rose before his eyes, some violent emotion shook him to the centre of his being. With a strange frozen look on his white face he showed his companions the inscription and other marks of identification, whispering in an intensely agitated tone that he could wager his life against anything that it was hers."

"Where did you get this, friend ?" The chief questioned the pedagogue who was still discussing with the betelman.

"I got it as a present from two ladies."

"Ladies ? Who were they ?"

"That's more than I can say."

"Where did you meet them ?"

"On my way down I chanced to pass a line of restaurants. One in particular was more lonely than the rest, like a silent *h* in a polysyllabic word."

---

(1) The very best.

"Never mind it, go on."

"Feeling an acute sense of emptiness of the stomach I turned in. A few minutes later a cab came to a full stop and there alighted a black man with two ladies in veil. The hostess, *a feme galante*(1) received the ladies in a side room, The blackie took a seat near the counter. His eyes, round as the vowel *o*, were glaring at me although I sat quietly by like a verb neuter."

"What happened then ?"

"After ablution I sat down to pray, chanted some hymns in a singing voice and with a variety of intonation. As I threw my voice in musical modulations, it rose and fell with cadence, rolled and swelled and thrilled. The ladies were pleased in the superlative degree. Hearing that I was a Brahmin they threw me the ring, evidently as a token of appreciation of my rich voice. The blackie was in the imperative mood, he bullied me to return it but I treated him to a negation and deeming prudence to be the better part of valour stamped away."

"By-the-bye," the astrologer struck in, "I crossed the ferry at Ramesswarpur Ghat with a Palkee led by a blackman."

The description which both gave of the general appearance of the blackman sufficiently established his identity.

"Where did you come across the Palkee, Mr. Astrologer" asked the adjutant.

"Opposite Rameswarpur Ghat." replied he. "There we crossed a river. A ferry took us over it. Then we parted. The blackie led the Palkie in the direction of some stables."

"When was it ?"

"About eight in the morning. After we parted I took the way to a station down the stream, gained it when it was fairly noon, left there by three and reached here a little before dusk."

"You my friend, where did you meet the ladies ?" The adjutant turned to the pedagogue.

"In a poor, dirty shop, a miserable pretence of an inn, rather an apology for inn."

"But where ?"

"Up the road that runs from Ramesswarpur Ghat westward in a bold flowing style."

"When was it f"

"About midday, speaking in the subjunctive mood, for the Sun was high when I was bathing."

"How long did you stay there ?"

"Say an hour, to add the adverbial phrase, at most."

"They have several hours start of us" muttered the prince agitatedly.

"Whatever it may be, we must start quickly in pursuit, now that we have obtained a clue." said the adjutant.

"Of course." supported the chief.

It was essentially necessary to secure the company of the informants throughout the route, that there might be no blunder about the trail of their objective. Could they refuse the good service when they were told who required it ? Most likely not, if they were loyal to the throne. Sure enough devotion to the royal cause would overweigh all personal considerations. The veil was lifted, the chieftain disclosed to them who he and his companions were and what were they after.

Their face expressed the most unfeigned surprise when the revelation was made. The astrologer was never more delighted at this opportunity to serve the crown which he felt to be his paramount duty. He agreed to lend his company to the last and expressed a thousand words of apology for having taken freedom of speech and given his tongue some license in bandying words with the pedagogue. Nor was the latter less fervid in his forwardness to place his services unreservedly at the disposal of the prince, adding with his grammatical punctiliousness in the propriety of his speech that he would under his regime predicate like a transitive verb in the active voice with the astrologer for an auxillary.

"Let us get into a cab and hustle for Ramesswarpur Ghat first" suggested the adjutant.

The chief approved of it.

"But we shall be able to get there sooner if we go by water" said the astrologer.

A journey by boat was agreed upon. With a hasty meal all issued from the inn, swept to the bank of the rivulet and hailing a boat swung themselves aboard. The vessel started and the wind being fair and the water still it skimmed steadily on.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.L.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALCUTTA—V.

In a previous article (February number, page 88) we referred to a Bengali book, named *Sokbijaya*, written by Babu Raj Krishna Mitter, a homeopathic practitioner and a resident of Baraset, who died in June 1882 at Bulundshahar. The English translation of the book is "Grief triumphed over." He gave in it his own experiences as a spiritualist, also extracts from English and American works, and laid down specific rules for the formation of circles, the development of mediums and the conduct of seances. Writing of the newly formed United Association of Spiritualists the author says :—Who does not know Babu Peary Chand Mittra of Calcutta ? He is a man of vast learning and is equally respected by the European and the Native community. He is a Director of many limited companies conducted by Europeans. He is a well-known spiritualist for many years and his name has reached the far distant land of America in its nook and corner. With the co-operation of Mr. J. G. Meugens he has formed an Association for the promotion of spiritual cult.

We make extracts from the book, by translation which is almost literal.

One of the principal teachers of a Government school, (Babu Wooma Churn Das, afterwards Inspector of Schools, Cooch Behar), Babu Girish Chunder Chowdhury, Munsiff, (afterwards Sub-Judge of Chittagong) and Sunjib Chunder Chatterjee, Deputy Collector were one day present at a spiritual circle. The spirit of the English poet, Milton, was present and controlled the Munsiff Babu. None of the abovenamed gentlemen knew Latin, and the spirit of Milton was, therefore, solicited to compose a poem in that language. For fully one hour the right hand of the medium continued violently striking the table without producing any writing. After this period, and in the twinkling of an eye, he wrote fourteen lines of Latin poetry. This composition was submitted to the Civilian Collector of the District, and he was good enough to translate it into English and to send it back with the message that though the poem was certainly in Milton's style, he could not find it among that poet's published writings.

The following is an instance of the worthy Doctor's successful effort in mesmerism :—

One day, about two years ago, at the hour of 9 or 10 at night, I was sent for by Babu Narendra Nath Sen to treat his niece. Both the husband of the girl and her uncle, Babu Nobin Chunder Gupta, were Allopathic physicians. On my arrival at the patient's bed-side, I found her staring wildly and unintelligently and suffering from violent contortions of the hands and legs. She was unable to speak or utter any sound whatever and was incapable of swallowing even a single drop of water. Her husband informed me that she had been subject for sometime to hysteria. Four days ago, no doubt with the intention of destroying herself, she had drunk a quantity of turpentine from a bottle and had dropped down insensible. Doctor Woodford and seven or eight other physicians had, in consultation, treated her, and had given her no end of medicines, which had, however, failed in giving any relief. And now, after she had lost all power of deglutition, I had been called in. For thirty-six hours I continued adminstering different kinds of remedies, but without the least effect. The family were Brahmos. It was no disease but a case of obsession, but any opinion of this sort would have been scouted. So I remained quiet. On the night of my second visit, while sitting by the patient's bedside, I, without telling any body, mesmerised her for three or four minutes, merely by concentrating my will, without making passes. When I was called next morning, I was informed by the patient's mother-in-law that the girl had been delirious the whole night, and that towards early morning she had been heard to mutter :—

"His dwelling-place has been broken down, and he cannot, therefore, remain here any longer. He will go away after bathing in the Ganges, but care must be taken that *pujah* is offered to Shiva."— From that moment she had felt some relief and had a little sleep. Every one about her thought that she had been raving in delirium, but I surmised otherwise, when the words—"his dwelling has been broken down" —were reported to me. I mesmerised a glass of water and told the attendant to sprinkle some of it on her lips and eyes. At the same time I gazed for a few minutes steadily at her eyes, and strongly willed that she should feel the mesmeric influence. I then came down and was going to get into my carriage, when her husband caught me by the hand and again took me upstairs. On entering the sick room I found the patient sitting up in bed, and was told that she had been able to take half a seer of milk. On perceiving me she drew down her veil. I asked: "What had been the matter with you?"

Patient.—I cannot say.

I.—It is now six days, and on the evening of Thursday last you became unwell. Do you remember what you had been doing previous to that time ?

Patient.—On that evening I was walking alone on the terrace of the house. Suddenly I saw a stranger person—a shadow—standing by me. I became, somehow or other, so completely under his control, that I could not help doing whatever he told me to do. He told me—"come, come with me." I went with him. This way, that way, the other way went he, and I followed. Then, at his bidding I opened an almirah and took out a bottle, and from under the staircase a cocoanut shell. I poured the liquid that was in the bottle into the cocoanut shell and drank of it twice. I do not remember anything more after that. Now I feel my throat very sore and painful.

I.—Did you not feel a bitter taste when drinking the liquid ?

Patient—Nothing at all. I drank as easily as I drink water. I would not certainly have drunk had the taste of the liquid been bitter.

The patient gradually recovered.

"During delirium" says the author, "the soul sometimes quits the body and travels to different places,—seeing things with the internal eye." He relates an instance of this :—

Few there are who do not know Babu Anando Krishna Bose, grandson of the late Raja Radha Kant Deb Bahahur, of Sobha Bazar. A few days after the demise of the Rajah Bahadur, *en grand odeur de saintete*, at Brindabun, Babu Anando Krishna Bose was attacked with strong fever and delirium. One day, during his illness, he suffered greatly from the stoppage of all evacuations of the body and consequent tympanites. At about 1 P.M. he suddenly called his younger brother, Babu Joy Krishna Bose, to his bedside and told him that, at the pucka ghat by the river-side, near Burrabazar, there was a Sanyasi, about 30 or 35 years of age and of fair complextion, with whom there was the medicine for the disease under which he was suffering. Later on, at 5 P.M. he again whispered to his younger brother that the Sanyasi had been to see him, and that he had gone away after adminstering to him the medicine mixed with two and a half grains of pepper.—Every one took all this for a delirious raving. The bowels and kidneys, however, were soon moved and the Babu felt relieved at once. Next day, to satisfy curiosity, on search being made, a Sanyasi was actually found at Juggernath Ghat, who willingly came with the men sent out in quest of him. He saw Babu Anando Krishna, blessed him and departed. From that day the Babu gradually improved and finally recovered. It was thought by all at the time that the spirit of the Rajah had, unseen by any one, administered the medicine, in order to save the life of his favorite grandson. The independent action of the soul beyond the physical body is a well-known and well-established psychical fact. Babu Anando Krishna Bose's case is a remarkable instance of this. Those who know the Babu, will be able to testify that he is a gentleman and a *savant* in the strictest sense of the terms,—a profound thinker and a giant in erudition, but who studiously avoids pomposity and display.

The following two instances, of medicines found in dreams, are given by the author. In both cases wonderful cures were effected. Sometime ago, the father of the prince among pundits, Ishwara Chandra Vidyasagar, suffered from a cancerous sore in the leg. He was brought to Calcutta for treatment. The Doctors advised amputation of the affected leg, but the old Brahmin was unwilling, at his advanced age, to undergo the operation. He was, therefore, sent back to his native village, where he lay prostrate in bed, in daily expectation of death. One night he dreamt that he saw a bundle lying on the bank of a tank surrounded by palm trees, which was situated near the house, and that within that bundle was the medicine for the deadly sore in his leg. On waking, he sent out men to search the place, when, Lo! a bundle was actually found on the spot indicated, and within it were some strange-looking roots. The roots were at once triturated with Ganges water. A portion was taken internally and a portion applied to the sore. In three or four days it was healed, and with what remained many other cures of a like nature were effected.

The second instance is still more marvellous;—Babu Preo Nath

Dutt, a resident of Calcutta, and then holding a high post under the Government of India, in the Comptroller-General's office, had been much troubled, three years ago, on account of his wife's illness,—the disease being hysteria of a most obstinate type. Doctor Mohendra Lal Sircar and myself treated her for the same, but the medicines which we administered to her, in consultation, instead of benefitting the patient, rather aggravated the disease. Finding all his efforts useless, Babu Preo Nath Dutt stopped medical treatment for a time and sent his sister to Tarkessur, in the hope of getting a sure remedy by occult means. Before reaching her destination, the Babu's sister, while putting up one night at a roadside *Serai*, dreamt as if some one called her by her name ! "So-and-so, you are going to fast and pray for So-and-so at the shrine of Tarkessur. It is needless. Hold out your hand and receive the medicine for the disease. On the right side of the patient's head you will find a spot which is constantly throbbing. Bind this root to the hair over that very spot." The good lady, without finishing her journey, returned home at once. and saw that, in reality, there was a place on the right side of the patient's head which throbbed day and night, and about which the patient had not informed any body. The root was bound over the spot, as directed, and from that moment Babu Preo Nath's wife was completely cured.

The following is the author's own personal experience. He says :—What I am going to relate happened 31 years ago. I was then a student at college. One night I dreamt, that I was travelling through the country in a bullock cart, and that night having overtaken me, I took shelter in the house of a *grihasta*. The room assigned to me by him had mud walls on three sides, the fourth (the east side) being open. Such kind of rooms cannot be found in Bengal. In front of the room was a big *bot* tree. I felt somewhat afraid in this strange place. I enquired of a man, who was standing by me, how far the police station was from the spot. He pointed with his finger and replied :—"there it is,—the thanah is three doors off." I entered the room. I then saw in my dream, a band of dacoits attack the house, some hours after, and, robbing me of all my property, make their escape. The shouts of the dacoits woke me, but, for a time, the tumultuous beating of my heart kept me confused. I shortly recovered, however, on realising that the whole was nothing but a dream. Nevertheless, the dream itself and its incidents were never been obliterated from my mind. Exactly six months after this date, I left college and went to the North West,—(Mozufferpore)—for the benefit of my health. There were no railways then in this country. I hired a big country boat, and slowly proceeding up the Bhagirathi river, took one month to reach Pousa. I there calculated that I should be able to reach my destination in two days by bullock-cart and in fourteen days if by boat. I preferred the former mode of travelling, and accordingly, engaged a bullock-cart. At about 8 or 9 in the evening, I arrived at the house of a Zemindar of the place. He welcomed me with great cordiality and prepared lodgings for me in his house. On alighting from the bullock-cart, what was my astonishment to find the same room, the same big *bot* tree, and the same men I had seen in my dream. Awe struck, I stammered out how far was the *thanah?* One of the men near me, pointing with his finger, said:—"there it is, three doors off." Nothing now remained, thought I, for the entire fulfilment of my dream but the band of dacoits. I, therefore, put my things into the cart again, and refused to remain longer in that place on any account. My eldest uncle was at the time, one of the principal Goverment employees in that Zillah, and was, therefore, well-known to the Zemindar. For this reason the latter tried his best to dissuade me from leaving the place that night, but seeing me resolute, he put into my cart no end of provisions and refreshments and told a *paik* (native guard) of his house, to go as an escort, to protect us from highwaymen. Next night we arrived at Mozofferpur, and learnt that on the very night I left the Zemindar's place, his house had been attacked by a band of dacoits and he was robbed of every thing he possessed.

June 1882.

* * * *

We wrote to Doctor J. M. Peebles M.D., M.A., Ph.D., a nonagenarian of America, and we subjoin herewith his reply and his kind reminiscences.

May 19th, 1916.

S. M.
Calcutta.

My dear Sir,

Your fraternal letter of March 31st has just been received. It was a long time on the passage; but what else could be expected in these war times, when steamers are torpedoed and go down, not only with the mails, but with human beings; and much correspondence that reaches me, comes "Censored." How little is the faith of the world's great nations.

But to the past! How regrettable that my letter with the documents did not reach you. It is very deplorable from several standpoints—and among them the fact that I have long had the reputation of being prompt in my correspondence.

Surely few things could more charm me than to pay deserved tribute to the memory of my distinguished friend and oriental co-worker—Peary Chand Mittra—thinker, reformer, spiritualist.

Though well along towards forty years ago on my first missionary journey around this planet, his genial facial features and almost the musical tones of his voice linger in my soul's chambers like flowers in gardens with their beauty and fragrance.

He is neither dead nor forgotten; but has passed up one step higher towards the mountain-tops of immortality. Perusing the National Magazines, I would be greatly pleased to retain them, as I am writing the History of Spiritualism.

Now my brother, if there is anything further I can do, command me.

Very sincerely and cordially yours,
(Sd.) J. M. Peebles, M.D.

Remembrances of the late Peary Chand Mittra of Calcutta.

By J. M. Peebles, M.D.

During extensive travels in different countries, it has been our custom though now in my 95th year, to judge persons, not by passing reports or literary productions, whether Britons or Italians, Chinese or Hindus but rather by their personalities, their religions and their invisible, outflowing forces termed by psychologists, auras.

Babu Peary Chand Mittra, whom I had the honor of meeting in Calcutta on my first journey around the world, was an exceedingly social and pleasant gentleman. In his hand clasps there was sensed a brother's heart. In that better, higher sense, we are all Aryans—all brothers.

Being a stranger at that time in India, I fear that I troubled this citizen by my persisting inquiries relative to his great country; and yet he ever seemed as self-balanced and serene as the noon day sun in the mid heavens. Among his many personal favors to me, was in taking me through the most prominent portions of Calcutta, pointing out the wonderful architecture, describing the temples of worship and giving me the names of many social and religious institutions—all of which thrilled me with delight, for I was a sight-seeing traveller and the world's Missionary-at-Large in the interests of Spiritualism. Often have I said in hours of meditation, 'Heaven bless my royal-souled Hindu brother.'

Knowing him to be an outspoken Spiritualist, our conversations naturally drifted into Spiritualism, its origin. its progress, its purpose and destiny in the world. To him, the spiritual was so real that matter in all its varying forms, was only a vanishing dust. While his leading thoughts were ethical, spiritual and philosophical, he was practical and decidedly tolerant. Once he remarked to me, "Krishna, Gautama and Jesus of Palestine were all Christs in their way—all teachers and world saviors."

Considered from the above view point, it is readily seen that he was endowed with a broad, masterly mind—one given to investigation, to education, to determination and religious construction. While ever carrying the torch for burning to ashes, old superstitions, he also carried the hammer for building something better.

Greatness being based upon goodness where it legitimately belongs, Babu Peary Chand Mittra was truly a great and grandly illumined soul, ever shedding abroad his highest thoughts aflame with purest love; and he being the only openly acknowledged Spiritualist in Calcutta, I naturally clung to him as does the vine to the oak or the towering cedar.

His knowledge of the spiritual phenomena, of the speakers and writers in America, quite surprised me; and why should it,—inasmuch as he was a reader and student of the occult—and more—he was both impressional and inspirational. Really, he lived more in the spiritual than the mercenary material.

Distinctly do I remember while sitting one day in his hospitable home, that he seemed for a short time, to be almost overpowered by some invisible presence, which bordered upon the mystical. The silence became almost oppressive and unbearable. It was an incipient transfiguration. Speaking of it later, he briefly remarked, these inspirations, these visions are as unutterable as they are priceless.

He seemed somewhat like our American Andrew Jackson Davis, living at the same time in two worlds of consciousness.

Speaking of different nations and their characteristics, he ever had words of commendation for America. This may have been in a measure because of its being the birthland of modern Spiritualism, which in its general features, was in harmony with the teachings of the Rishis, the Yogis and other illumined adepts that graced the Vedic (Upanishad) period of India. Nations, like sea waves, rise and temporarily fall—fall to rise again, reaching to a still higher place of civilization.

When the first Theosophical Society was formed in Calcutta, Peary Chand Mittra was unanimously made the president. And here it may be noted that the ancient theory of reincarnation formed no part of Theosophy as conceived and organized in America. It was merged into Theosephy soon after Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott reached India. They were received at Bombay by Shishir Kumar Ghose, a prominent Spiritualist and later the editor of the Hindu Spiritual Magazine.

Though this prominent thinker and scholar, Peary Chand Mittra, was made President of the Bengal Theosophical Society, it in no way detracted from his intense devotion to that all embracing Spiritualism of which, Theosophy, New Thought and Christian Science were mere off-shoots.

In the American Year Book of Spiritualism published by Peebles and Tuttle in 1871, a most excellent article was received and printed from the pen of P. C. Mittra: Among other matters (p. 210) he said :—

"I feel to say a great deal upon the subject of Spiritualism from my own experiences, which, with my ownself is an accomplished fact. Though I have received from America and England a great number of pamphlets and books, I profess to have found in some of them, much of error; or what I have known otherwise in my investigations and personal experiences. Among the different volumes upon Spiritualism, few if any, excelled that book, the Seers of the Ages by J. M. Peebles. The perusal of this volume gave me and others a great degree of pleasure."

Permit me here to state that not only Shib Chandra Deb translated a portion of the Seers of the Ages into the Bengali language, but a Hindu scholar, whose name I cannot now recall, assured me on my third trip to India, that this book and some of my pamphlets, had been translated by him into one of the Northern Indian dialects. Possibly it was the fruitage of this that prepared the way for us to organize, on the invitation of Shishir Kumar Ghose, a Spiritualist Society at the Prasad of the Maharajah Bahadur Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore.

Not only did I personally and highly appreciate the numerous kindnesses of this eminent thinker and reformer, whose name remains sacred in my memory, but deeply do I sympathise with those millions of Hindus who are struggling to regain their ancient grandeur, the radiance of which has streamed in brightness down to the present era of our time.

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S. M.

THE ANCIENT ASTRONOMY OF THE HINDUS.

SECTION I.

The early part of Astronomy among the Hindus, like that of all other nations, is involved in great obscurity. We can find no certain trace who the persons were that first began the science, nor the means employed by them for effecting their grand purpose; we are therefore obliged to pass over these as objects unattainable and begin from the earliest known facts that offer themselves to our attention or investigation.

The most ancient part of the Hindu Astronomy without doubt, is the formation of the Lunar Mansions; for without a division of the heavens of some sort, or some fixed points to refer to, no observations, on the positions of the colures, or heavenly bodies, could be recorded with any degree of accuracy. History, and the poets are perfectly silent as to the name of the first Astronomers, or the king in whose reign the science first began. All that we are informed is, that in the first (quarter) of the Treta yuga, the daughters of Daksha were born and that of these he gave twenty-seven to the Moon—that is to say, laying aside all allegory and poetic language, the twenty-seven Lunar Asterisms were formed in the first part of the Treta Yuga which began in the year 1528 B. C. and lasted about 627 years, the fourth part of which is 156¾ years; therefore the Lunar Asterisms must have been formed between the years 1528 and 1371 B. C. which might be considered as sufficiently near the truth. But as we have other means to approximate still nearer, it is proper we notice them here.

It appears, that at the time of forming the Lunar Mansions one of them "Visakha," received its name from the equinoxial colure cutting it in the middle, and thereby bisecting it, or dividing it into two equal sections or branches; whence the name Visakha.

The observation here alluded to is mentioned in the Vedas, and other books, and by which the position of the colures were as follows :—

The vernal equinoxial point was in the beginning of Krittika.

The summer solstice in 10° of Aslesha. The autumnal equinox in the middle of Radha thence called Visakha. And the winter solstice in 3° 20′ of Dhanishtha.—

Now, in order to ascertain the time when the observation was made, we must find the precession from the position of some of the fixed stars at the time. Thus the longitude of Cor Leonis in the Lunar Mansion Magha is always 9°. The vernal equinoxial point was found by the observation to be in the beginning of Krittika, and from the beginning of Magha are seven Lunar Mansions of 13° 20′ each, and therefore equal to 93° 20′.

Add longitude of Cor Leonis in Magha 9°.
Their sum is the longitude of Cor Leonis from Aries 102°—20′.
Longitude of Cor Leonis in A. D. 1750 was, 146°—21′.
Difference is the precession, 44°—1′

Or, the quantity by which the equinoxes fell back in respect of the fixed stars since the time of the observation. Now to find the number of years corresponding to this precession, it must be observed, that as we go back into antiquity, the rate of precessions deminishes about 2°, 27 for every century. If we assume that the observation was made 1450 B.C. then $\frac{1450+1750}{2}=1600$ from which subtracting 1450, we get A. D. 150 for the middle point. Now in the first century era, the precession was 1° 23′ 6″ 4, to which if we add 2″ 27, we get 1° 23′ 8″ 67 for the mean precession; that is to say, the procession that corresponds to the second century of the Christian era, in which the middle point is found. Therefore as 1° 23′ 8″ 65 is to 100 years so 44° 1′ to 3176 years, from which subtracting 1750, we get 1426 B.C., for the time of the observation and the formation of the Lunar Mansions, which sufficiently corroborates what is started in the Kalika Puran.

If this, however, should not be deemed sufficient for determining the time of the formation of the Lunar Mansions, we have other ovservation to mention that will be found to be still more accurate, as they can be depended on to the very year; and these were of the planets. From the union of the daughters of Daksha with the moon, the ancient Astronomers feigned the birth of four of the planets; that is to say, Mercury from Rohini; hence he is called Rouhineya, after the mother. Magha brought forth the beautiful planet Venus, hence one of names of that planet is Maghabhava. The Lunar Mansion Ashardha brought forth the martial planet Mars, who was thence called Ashardhabhava; and Purvaphalguni brought forth Jupiter, the largest of all the planets and the tutor of the gods: hence he is called Purvaphalgunibhava; the moon, the father, being present at the birth of each. The observation here alluded to are supposed to have been occultations of the planets by the moon, in the respective Lunar Mansions from which they were named :they refer us to the year 1424-5 B.C., and therefore corroborating the result of the observation of the colures.

The planet Mercury and the moon in Rohini 17th April, 1414 B. C.

The planet Jupiter and the moon in P. Phalguni 23rd April, 1424. The planet Mars and the moon in Magha, 19th August, 1425; the planet Venus and the Moon in Magha, 19th August 1425; all within the space of about sixteen months and there is no other year, either before that period or since, in which they were so placed or situated. Saturn is not mentioned among these births, probably from his being situated out of the Moon's course, but was feigned to have been born afterwards from the shadow of the Earth, at the time of churning the ocean, or the war between the gods and the giants which will be noticed in its proper place.

It appears, that at first the number of Lunar Mansions was twenty-eight of 12° 51′ 3—7ths each; but that number being found probably inconvenient in practice, on account of the fraction, they were reduced to twenty-seven of 13° 20′ each. The first Lunar Asterism in the division of twenty-eight was called Mula; that is to say, the root or origin. In the division of twenty-seven the first Lunar Asterism was called Jyeshtha; that is to say the eldest or first, and consequently of the same import as the former. They both began from the same fixed point in the heavens, which was reckoned 2° 25′ or thereabout, short of Antares.

Plate I.

Division of 28 Mansions.

1. Mula.
2. P. Ashadha.
3. U. Ashadha.
4. Abhijit.
5. Sravana.
6. Dhanishtha.
7 Satabhisha.
8. P. Bhadrapada.
9. U. Bhadrapada.
10. Revati.

11. Aswini.
12. Bharani.
13. Kritika.
14. Rohini.
15. Mrigasira.
16. Ardra.
17. Punarvashu.
18. Pushya.
19. Aslesha.
20. Magha.
21. P. Phalguni.
22. U. Phalguni.
23. Hasta.
24. Chitra.
25. Swati.
26. Radha.
27. Anuradha.
28. Indra.

Division of 27 Mansions.

1. Jyeshtha.
2. Neriti.
3. P. Ashardha.
4. U. Ashardha.
5. Sravana.
6. Dhanishtha.
7. Satabhisha.
8. P. Bhadrapada.
9. U. Bhadrapada.
10. Revati.
11. Aswini.
12. Bharani.
13. Krittika.
14. Rohini.
15. Mrigasiras.
16. Aradra.
17. Punarvasu.
18. Pushya.
19. Aslesha.
20. Magha.
21. P. Phalguni.
22. U. Phalguni.
23. Hasta.
24. Chitra.
25. Swati.
26. Radha.
27. Anuradha.

The next observation we meet with on record brings us down to the winter solstice in the year 1181 B. C. when the sun and moon were in conjunction, and the Hindu Astronomers found that the colures had fallen back 3° 20′ from their positions at the first observation that is to say, the summer solstice was found in the middle of the Lunar Asterism, Aslesha, the autumnal equinox in 3° 20″ of Visakha ; the winter solstice in the beginning of Sravana ; and the vernal equinox in 10° of Bharani.—See Plate II.

At this epoch, the Hindu Astronomy began to assume a more regular form—many improvements were made—the solar months were formed, and received their names—another set of Lunar Mansions was introduced, depending on the tropical revolution of the sun corresponding in name and number with those of the Zodiac or fixed stars and the six seasons of the year established on unalterable principles which with the months, depended also on the tropical revolution of the sun—all of which are explained by the plate which shows their positions as they then stood in respect of the fixed stars.

The outer circle contains the Zodiacal Lunar Asterism, beginning with Sravistha as the first in the arrangement at that period and numbered from 1 to 27. The next the tropical Lunar Mansions or those depending on the sun's revolutions in the tropics coinciding with astral ones at the time and also numbered from 1 to 27.

The next circle contains the twelve months of the year in their order, beginning with Magha at the winter solstice. Next to these are the six seasons of the year, of two months each and the first of which, Shishira, begins at the winter solstice. The innermost circle of all represents the serpent which is the poetic emblem of both the year and the ecliptic. The head and tail meet at the winter solstice and its middle corresponds with the middle of Aslesha; which in the tropical Lunar Mansion was always the middle of the year so long as it continued to be reckoned as commencing at the winter solstice. The following are the names of the Lunar Asterisms in their order.

Plate II.

1. Sravishtha.
2. Satabhisha.
3. Purva Bhadrapada.
4. Uttara Bhadrapada.
5. Revati.
6. Aswini.
7. Bharani.
8. Krittika.
9. Rohini.
10. Mrigasira.
11. Ardra.
12. Punarvasu.
13. Pushya.
14. Aslesha.
15. Magha.
16. P. Phalguni.
17. U. Phalguni.
18. Hasta.
19. Chitra.
20. Swati.
21. Visakha.
22. Anuradha.
23. Jyeshtha.
24. Niriti.
25. P. Ashardha.
26. U. Ashardha.
27. Sravana.

The names of the movable or tropical Lunar Mansions, always beginning from the winter solstice are the same with the fixed or Astral Mansions; and therefore may sometimes cause an ambiguity, to be explained only by the nature of the subject. Thus when it is said that the summer solstice is always in the middle of Aslesha we know immediately that the tropical of movable Aslesha is meant; just in the same manner as, if it was said that the summer solstice is always in the beginning of cancer, we should know that the sign cancer was meant, and not the constellation cancer; because the solstice and colures do not remain always in the same points with respect to the fixed stars It now remains to be explained, the principle on which the months were formed and named and the time to which they refer. I have already observed that the Lunar Mansions were fabled by the Hindu poets to have been married to the moon and that the first offspring of that poetic union were four of the planets. In like manner, the Hindu poets feign that the twelve months sprung from the same union each month deriving its name, in the form of a patronymic, from the Lunar Mansions in which the moon was supposed to the full at the time.

Let us therefore, in the case before us apply this principle. At the above epoch 1181 B. C. the sun and moon were in conjunction at the winter solstice; and as the month began when the sun entered the signs, the first month therefore began at the winter solstice. Now to find the name of that month the moon would be full at about $14\frac{3}{4}$ days after the winter solstice and would then be in the opposite parts of the heavens to the sun. The sun would have advanced in $14\frac{3}{4}$ days about $14\frac{1}{2}°$ and therefore would have entered the second Lunar Asterism, Satabhisha; a line drawn from the point in which the sun is thus situated, through the centre would fall into the Lunar Asterism, Magha, in which the moon was full on the opposite side, and consequently, on the principal stated the solar months was from thence called Mágha in the form of a patronymic. At the next full the moon would be in Uttara Phalguni and the solar month from thence called Phalguna and on this principle all the months of the year were named; that is to say:

The month Mágha from the Lunar Asterism Magha the 15th Mansion

Phalguna	from	...	...	U. Phalguni—17th.
Chaitra	„	...	...	Chitra—19th.
Vaisakha	„	...	...	Visakha—21st.
Jyishtha	„	...	...	Jyestha—23rd.
Ashardha	„	...	...	P. Ashardha—25th.
Sravana	„	...	...	Sravana—27th.
Bhadra	„	...	...	P. Bhadrapada—3rd.
Aswina	„	...	...	Aswini—6th.

Kartika	„ ...	...	Krittika—8th.
Margasirsha	from ...	...	Mrigasira—10th.
Pausha	„ ...	...	Pushya—13th.

On the principle above stated, though the moon has been introduced by way of explanation, it is not all necessary. All that is requisite to be understood is, that a line drawn from some part of the Lunar Mansions, through the centre, must fall into some part of the month to which it gives name, otherwise it does not answer the condition requisite. Hence it is very easy to demonstrate the utmost possible antiquity of the time, when the months were, or could be so named, for there are certain limits beyond which the line cannot be drawn ; and these are the termination of the Lunar Mansion, and the commencement of the solar month which determines the time ; because, it points out the commencement of the solar month in respect of the fixed stars at the time. Thus at the time of the above observations the summer solstitial point was found in the middle of the Lunar Asterism, Aslesha, and the solar month Sravana then began ; for, in the ancient Astronomy of the Hindus, that month always began at the summer solstice. Now the month Sravana derives its name from the Lunar Asterism, Sravana (the 27th), then in the opposite part of the heaven (See the plate).

Let, therefore, a line be drawn from the solstitial point or commencement of the month, cutting the centre, and it will fall into the very end of the Lunar Asterism, Sravana, from which it derives its name Sravana ; and the line is, therefore, at its utmost limit, as it cannot go farther without falling into a Mansion of a very different name. This position of the line, therefore, proves that the months received their names at the time of the above observation, and not before.

For, if we wish to make it more ancient, let the solstitial point be supposed more advanced in respect of the fixed stars, say one, two, or three degrees, as at a ; then a line drawn from the solstitial point, or commencement of the month Sravana, suppose at a, as in the dotted line, cutting the centre, cannot fall into any part of the Lunar Asterism Sravana from which it derives its name, but into Sravishtha (the 1st) Therefore the name which it possesses, could never be given to it till the solstitial point, and commencement of the month, actually coincided with the middle of the Lunar Asterism, Aslesha (the 14th), being the same with the observation which refers us to the year 1450 B.C.; and this is the utmost antiquity of the formation and naming of the Hindu months, from which a very useful inference may be drawn which is that no Hindu writer, or book, that mentions the names of the Hindu months, can possibly be older than this period be his or its pretensions to antiquity ever so great. Beside the observations of the positions of the colures, there are others at the same time.

Mercury was found at the winter solstice abovementioned to be in and near the beginning of the Lunar Asterism, Sravishtha; hence he is called Sravishtaja, that is, born of the Lunar Asterism, Sravishtha. This is therefore, his second birth.

The commentator of the Astronomy of the Rigveda also states that the planet Jupiter was in the first quarter of the Lunar Asterism Dhanistha, *i.e.*, Sravishtha.

JOHN BENTBY

KADAMVARI.

(II.)

Dear young readers, I have turned up again to take up your time when you may possibly be engaged in other interesting pursuits. I shall now recite the story which the great sage, Jabali, related to his son, and I hope, you will spare some minutes to listen to me.

CHAPTER I.

There is a flourishing city called Ujjayini in the province of Abanti. There reigned a very renowned and powerful king named Tarapida. His name was a talisman in his dominions. He conquered many countries with the might of his arms and ruled over his subjects in peace and happiness. He had a vizier, Sukhanasha by name, who was born of a high Brahmin family. Sukhanasha was a well-read man and had all the *sastras* and politics at his fingers' ends.

2. Ah ! 'tis exactly so—" No roses without thorns." Though the king would roll in riches, he was not perfectly happy after all—because he was not blessed with an issue to inherit his vast dominions. His consort, Vilasbati, was also very disconsolate on that score.

3. One day, the king returned from the court, when he, to his utter astonishment, found the queen weeping bitter tears. Tears sympathetically flowed down his cheeks as he glanced at her. He asked her the reason why she was crying but she vouchsafed no reply. The hand-maid said, " O king, condescend to hear why the queen is shedding tears. Your majesty knows full well that she oftentimes grieves for her sterility. To-day is the fourteenth day of the moon ; so she went to the temple of *Siva* to worship him. When our family priest was reciting the story of the Mahabharat, he said that the persons who are childless, have no way of deliverance from the hell of *Put*. Ever since she heard it, she felt intensely anxious and listless. As she returned home, we all made various attempts to comfort

her with consolatory words but to no effect. She makes no reply to any querries but, instead, always weeps piteously just like a child. Now be graciously pleased to do what is meet and proper.

4. The king kept silent for a minute or two. Her words still rang in his ears. He heard a long-drawn sigh and in a deeply-shocked tone, " My dear queen, it's no use lamenting for our lot which is under the absolute control of distiny. Our heart-felt desires will not be fulfilled unless and until Providence smiles upon us. Do you, therefore, devote yourself to worship God with all your heart and soul. There can scarcely be any doubt that a good result will accrue out of your ardent devotion," said he and thus consoled his wife in the best way he could and then withdrew from the place. Only a sob broke out of the queen.

5. Thenceforth the queen worshipped her tutelary deity with profound reverence. Every morning she would present money and golden plates to the Brahmins and observe due rites of worship to the gods on every fourteenth day from the fullmoon. At last the happy time indeed arrived. She became pregnant. The joy of the king knew no bounds when the good news reached his ears. The whole city was full of festivity as soon as it was widely circulated. The denizens began to make merry at their respective houses. Now, in due course of time the queen gave birth to a son of superb beauty. The lying-in-room was radiant with his lustre. The king was beside himself with joy to behold the sweet face of his son. With a cheerful heart, he distributed alms in the shape of money, blankets, clothes, and golden pitchers to the poor. His son was named Chandrapida. In the meantime, Manarama, the wife of Sukhanasha, was also delivered of a child who was named Baisampayan. Then, the ceremony of the first tonsure of the two boys was celebrated with becoming *eclat.*

6. In course of time, Chandrapida and Baisampayan grew up two beautiful boys. The king, then, established a school in the outskirts of the city on the bank of the *Sipra* and sent them there for receiving proper education. Many tutors were appointed to teach them all sorts of *sastras,* politics and fine arts. Some years had elapsed since, and the two boys became thoroughly conversant with all sciences and arts. When they were properly trained in the use of arms, the king, on an auspicious day, deputed his commander-

in-chief, Balahak, to bring them back to the palace. With a grand procession, Balahak started to take back the prince. Entering the temple of learning, he met Chandrapida and uttered with joined palms, " O prince, the king has delegated me here to take you to the palace, he has sent for you a horse of high mettle called Indrayudha, I have tied it to the gate—I may bring it here if you so permit. Chandrapida then directed him to do so, and Indrayudha was brought in. Indeed the horse was highly spirited. Chandrapida was taken up with it. He then got up on it and rode out of the school premises, bidding farewell to his teachers. Without he met many chiefs who were all anxiously waiting for him. They received him most cordially and he, too, paid due respects to them with pleasing words. After his talk with them was over, he and his friend, Baisampayan, set out on their journey to the palace with that long procession. As he approached the palace-gate, the king came out to welcome him. It is superfluous to say that the king was unspeakably happy to meet his dear son after a lapse of so many years. Then Chandrapida stepped into the inner appartment to pay a visit to his mother. The queen was also glad beyond measure to see her beloved son and embraced him affectionately. Tears of joy welled up to her eyes. She burst forth, " I am right glad to see you skilled in all sciences and arts. Now all my desires will be amply fulfilled if I see you married to a very beautiful damsel." With these words, she pressed her lips upon his cheeks—he hung down his head out of modesty.

7. A separate palace of the name of Srimandap was assigned for his residence. He took leave of his mother and left for that palace. There he put his horse, Indrayudha, in the stable and went upstairs for rest Next morning, he went out a-hunting with Baisampayan and some well-trained hounds at his heels. He killed many beasts and birds in the wood and returned home with his booty at noon. On this wise what with hunting excursion and what with merry-making, he would pass his days away.

CHAPTER II.

One morning Chandrapida was sitting in a gorgeously furnished room of his palace when an eunuch named Kailas came there in company with a bonny girl and observed in a humble tone, " Dear prince, the queen has sent this girl to you as bearer of your betel-case. She is above the ordinary run of girls. She is the daughter of the king of Kulut. Her name is Patralekha. Conquering the capital of Kulut, our king brought her as a prisoner and kept her in the zenana as a maid-servant. The queen, somehow or other, got acquainted with her history and took a fancy to her. Since then she has been regarded as one of the household. For aught I know, she is very gentle, you will not take her in the light of a slave." So saying he left the place enjoining Patrelakha to stay with the prince. From that time forward the girl would accompany the prince like a shadow and always strove to prove herself to be his agreeable companion. Chandrapida also became greatly pleased with her manners and conduct.

2. Shortly after the king made a promulgation throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom to the effect that he would in no time have his son consecrated and placed on his throne. The whole capital was soon all bustle and activity for the purpose. All necessary things for investiture procured, the royal priest fixed an auspicious day consulting his almanac and enthroned Chandrapida with water sanctified by *mantras* amidst loud shouts of exultations. Installing his son to the throne the king retired to enjoy his well-earned rest.

3. Now Chandrapida became the undisputed monarch of his vast kingdom. He continued to rule his subjects with strict justice and equity. Many years thus elapsed till he got tired of the monotony. At last he made up his mind to conquer the limits of the earth. With this object in view he made a grand preparation and set out on a journey with a large number of retinues and soldiers in arms. Baisampayan, Patralekha and Indrayudha as well accompanied him on that great expedition. He swept through innumerable villages and towns and conquered them one after another with a great deal of trouble. In this manner his days grew into weeks and weeks into months. Many a day had rolled by till he reached the charming town of Suvarnapura in the vicinity of the Kailas mountains. There lived thousands of huntsmen known as *Hemjat* in that tract of land. Chandrapida defeated them all in a fierce battle and took possession of Suvarnapura. Then he pitched tents on an open field in the suburbs of the town and began to take rest.

4. Once upon a time while going out a-shooting from his camp he descried a couple of *kinnaras* from a distance, and he

resolved to seize them. With this object he set spurs to his horse, Indrayudha, which began to run after the *kinnaras* with the speed of the wind. The *kinnara* with his mate took fright at the sight of a human being and took to fleeing in breathless haste. Chandrapida gave chase at all hazards but could not overtake them. Meanwhile, the couple got upon the summit of a hill and escaped pursuit. Sadly disappointed, Chandrapida looked up with a yearning gaze from the valley, but in a trice the *kinnara* and the *kinnari* went out of sight.

5. Chandrapida was now brought to his senses and said to himself, "Ah! I have come a great way off,—I have played the fool to follow the couple and not to consider the pros and cons of the chase. My camp is far away. What I am to do? I never came to this place in my life. I know not which way I shall have to take. To add to the difficulty, in this immense forest there is no human habitation where I may take shelter even for a little while. Be that as it may, let me take this southern road." Cogitating thus, he turned his steed to the south.

6. It was mid-day. The sun, like a ball of fire, was sending forth its rays on the plain. The birds were moving about on the branches of the trees. An awe-inspiring silence reigned in the forest. In that pass, Indrayudha was much afflicted with heat and perspired all over. Chandrapida himself was very thirsty. Accordingly, he went up to a neighbouring tank to drink water. Ah! how beautiful looked the tank. Sundry aquatic plants were in flowers of delicate sweetness and presented an imposing view. The large lotus-leaves were moving with the gentle current of the wind—it seemed as though they were beckoning wearied travallers to take rest on the shady bank thereof. It resounded with the humming of bees and the crackle of drakes and ducks. Plenty of graceful trees had also grown on all its sides to afford shelter to wayfarers. The heart of Chandrapida was buyed up with ecstacy at the view of the enchanting scenery of the place. He folded together his palms in the form of a cup and drank the cool water to his heart's content. Getting on to the bank, he removed the saddle from the horse and let it graze on the grassy field. Then, he took his bath and eating some lotus-stalks through hunger, stretched his tired limbs under the shade of a tree to refresh himself. A short while after, the melody of a sweet song in har-

mony with that of a lyre came floating in his ears in that lovely forest. He started to his feet as if galvanised by a sudden impulse when the music reached his ears. Under the stress of curiosity, he made his way to the direction thereof. But he did not come across any clue by the wayside.

7. It so chanced that he at last reached a small hill in an extensive wilderness near the Kailas mountains There stood a shrine of Siva at the foot of the hill. Inside it a girl of eighteen or so seated motionless before the image, was chanting hymns to her lyre with the concentration of her mind. She was dressed in a cloth dyed with *ochre* and her whole body was coated with ashes. She had a rosary made of the nuts of the bead tree round her neck. One might easily imagine that *Parvati* personally had descended to the earth to adore Siva. Now, Chandrapida got down from the horse and reverentially made obeisance to Siva by lying prostrate. Then he gazed upon the girl with extended eyes and stood spell-bound drinking in that delightful hymn. The music over, all became quiet. The girl got up and made obeisance to Siva. Next she fixed her curious glance upon Chandrapida and accosted him in these terms, "Greatman, I am very glad to see you in this wilderness. Please come up to my hermitage and accept my hospitality. I suppose you have come here from a great distance and have, as a natural sequence, got much fatigued. Now come with me into the hermitage and take rest." Uttering these words, she stepped into her abode. Chandrapida followed her like a dumb-founded fellow. Her hermitage was situated nearly two or three ropes (*80 cubits*) off from the temple. It was built within a cave of the hill. By its side, the torrents of water were gushing out into a fountain. The girl got into the cave and brought him water. He washed his hands and feet with it and sat down on a mat of sacrificial grass. He then resumed with bland courtesy, "Devi, I thank you whole-heartedly for the great trouble you have thus taken for me—you need not show me such a high favour. Now take your seat, please." "Sir," responded the girl, "I have done nothing particular for you. I have simply performed my duty. I can't now sit down at ease as you are still without food. I shall be lamentably lacking in my duty and thereby sink in the mire of sin if I don't entertain you perfectly well." Scarcely had she finished her words when she held up her alms-bowl to a tree and

lo! a few mellow fruits dropped down into it by virtue of her asceticism. Who can describe the feelings that were uppermost in his mind when he saw this? He kept gazing at her vacantly as she placed the bowl before him and requested him to eat the fruits. Was he awake or dreaming? This was the first occasion he witnessed such a strange thing. At first he could not bring himself to believe his own eyes but at length he composed himself with great difficulty and did ample justice to the delicious fruits.

7. By and by, the evening drew on. The girl lit up a lamp and then squatted on the ground. The mild slanting beams of the lovely orb of night bathed her winsome countenance in argentine glory and she looked extremely beautiful. Embracing the opportunity, Chandrapida observed, "Devi, I am feverishly anxious to know who you are. Why have you, in prime of life, thrown yourself into practising arduous austerities? How is it that you live all alone in this cloistral place?" Upon this the girl winced. She drew a long breath and then burst into a flood of tears. Chandrapida was touched to the quick to see her in a fit of loud sobbings. After a short pause, he resumed "Devi', if you feel a tug at your heart to tell me your story, you need not let it out. I don't like to hear it. I am afraid I have touched you on a tender point. Please compose yourself. I won't hear your history." The girl wiped off the tears with the skirts of her cloth and, collecting herself, said, "I have no scruples to tell you my history. But it's a sore subject; so tears started to my eyes as it flitted across my mind. If you desire to hear it, please be all eyes." So saying, she continued :—

(i) "Chitraratha, the King of the *Gandharvas*, was born of Muni, a daughter of *Daksha*. He lived on the Hem Kuta mountains to the north of India. It was he who had built that temple of *Siva* and excavated that tank called *Achhoda*. And again the then well-known *Gandharva*, Hansha, was born of Arista, who also was a daughter of *Daksha*. Through his magnanimity, Chitraratha gave away a portion of his kingdom to Hansha. The latter had married a fairy, yclept Gouri that gave birth to this wretched one who goes by the name of Mahasweta. As I was the only child of my parents, they doted upon me. In due course, I grew up a young lady.

(ii) "Once on a spring-day, I came down with my mother to bathe in this tank. In a rollicking mood, I sauntered about and did full justice to the beautiful sceneries all around. Suddenly I smelt the fragrance of a flower carried by the waves of the wind. I could not make out where it was coming from. Walking a few steps further, I noticed that a handsome-looking boy of a sage was taking his bath in the tank, while another waiting for him on the bank. The first boy had a flower on his ear. I concluded that it was the same that was smelling so sweet—I looked askance at the young sage, and to speak plain, I was attracted by his unearthly beauty. To be quite candid, I was then smitten with the shaft of cruel Cupid and a thrill passed through me Beads of sweat stood thickly on my brow and the passion of love, which was hitherto quite unknown to me, stung me to the core of my heart. Sacrificing modesty at the altar of Love, I furtively darted some glances at him. I could not contain myself. I approached the boy who kept standing on the bank and inquired, 'Sir, who is this youth ? What's the name of his father and also that of the flower he has put on his ear ? ' The boy replied with a simper, 'Lady, what leads you to ask all this ? However, if you feel so curious, then listen. This young boy is the son of the great saint, Swetaketu. His name is Pundarika and mine Kapinjal. The flower you see on his ear is *Parijat.* To-day we both went to worship *Siva* in the *Kailas* mountains. On our return home, we met the presiding deity of *Nandan Kanan,* who made a present of this flower to my friend.'

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Pages.

I.—A gray eye or so (II)—
By an Englishman ... ... 196—207

II.—Peary Chand Mittra (II)—
By Essem ... ... 208—219

III.—Ram Gopaul Ghose—
By P. N. K. ... ... 220—230

IV.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (XII)—
By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 231—243

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Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazin* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal : Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India". This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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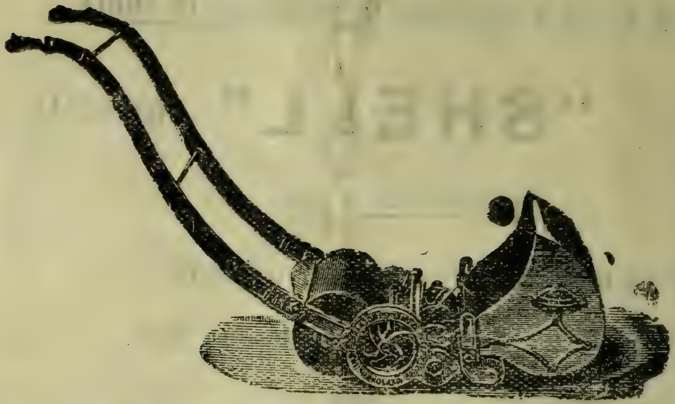
Jamaica Exhibition, 1891.



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NEW SERIES.

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A GRAY EYE OR SO.

(II.)

CHAPTER IV.

ON FABLES.

Very amusing indeed was Edmund's parody of the boatman's wildly romantic story. The travesty was composed for the benefit of Miss Craven, and the time of its communication was between the courses of the very excellent dinner which Lord Innisfail had provided for his numerous guests at his picturesque castle overlooking Lough Suangorm—that magnificent fjord on the west coast of Ireland. Lord Innisfail was a true Irishman. When he was away from Ireland he was ever longing to be back in it, and when he was in Ireland he was ever trying to get away from it. The result of his patriotism was a residence of a month in Connaught in the autumn, and the rest of the year in Connaught Square or Monte Carlo. He was accustomed to declare—in England—that Ireland and the Irish were magnificent. If this was his conviction, his self-abnegation, displayed by carefully avoiding both, except during a month every year, was all the greater.

And yet no one ever gave him credit for possessing the virtue of self-abnegation.

He declared—in England—that the Irish race was the finest on the face of the earth, and he invariably filled his castle with Englishmen.

He was idolized by his Irish tenantry, and they occasionally left a few birds for his guests to shoot on his moors during the latter days of August.

Lord Innisfail was a man of about fifty years of age. His wife was forty, and looked twenty-five; their daughter was eighteen, and looked twenty-four.

Edmund Airey, who was trying to amuse Miss Craven by burlesquing the romance of the Princess Fither, was the representative in Parliament of an English constituency. His father had been in business—some people said on the Stock Exchange, which would be just the opposite. He had, however, died, leaving his son a considerable fortune extremely well invested—a fact which tended strongly against the Stock Exchange theory. His son showed no desire to go on the turf or to live within reach to the European gaming-table. If there was any truth in the Stock Exchange theory, this fact tended to weaken the doctrine of heredity.

He had never blustered on the subject of his independence of thought or action. He had attached himself unobtrusively to the Government party on entering Parliament, and he had never occasioned the Whips a moment's anxiety during the three years that had elapsed since the date of his return. He was always found in the Government lobby in a division, and he was thus regarded by the ministers as an extremely conscientious man. This is only another way of saying that he was regarded by the Opposition as an extremely unscrupulous man.

His speeches were brief, but each of them contained a phrase which told against the Opposition. He was wise enough to refrain from introducing into any speech so doubtful an auxiliary as argument, in his attempts to convince the Opposition that they were in the wrong. He had the good sense to perceive early in his career that argument goes for nothing in the House of Commons, but that trusted Governments have been turned out of office by a phrase. This power of perception induced him to cultivate the art of phrase-making. His dexterity in this direction had now and again made the Opposition feel uncomfortable; and as making the Opposition feel uncomfortable embodies the whole science of successful party government in England, it was generally assumed that, if the Opposition could only be kept out of power after the general election, Edmund Airey would be rewarded by an under-secretaryship.

He was a year or two under forty, tall, slender, and so distinguished-looking that some people—they were not his friends—were accustomed to say that it was impossible that he could ever attain to political distinction.

He assured Miss Craven that sitting in the stern sheets of the boat, idly rocking on the smooth swell that rolled through the lough from the Atlantic, was by far the most profitable way of spending two hours of the afternoon. Miss Craven doubted if this was a fact. "Where did the profit come in, except to the boatman?" she inquired.

Mr. Airey, who knew that Miss Craven was anxious to know if Harold had been of the profitable boating-party, had no idea of allowing his powers of travesty to be concealed by the account, for which the young woman was longing, of Harold and the topics upon which he had conversed. He assured her that it was eminently profitable for any one interested in comparative mythology to be made acquainted with the Irish equivalent to the Mantuan fable.

"Fable!" almost shrieked Miss Craven. "Mantuan fable! Do you mean to suggest that there never was a Romeo and Juliet?"

"On the contrary, I mean to say that there have been several," said Mr. Airey. "They exist in all languages. I have come unexpectedly upon them in India, then in Japan, afterward they turned up, with some delicate Maori variations, in New Zealand when I was there. I might have been prepared for them at such a place as this. You know how the modern melodramas are made, Miss Craven?"

"I have read somewhere, but I forget. And you sat alone in the boat smoking, while the boatman droned out his stories?" remarked the young woman, refusing a cold *entrée*.

"I will tell you how the melodramas are made," said Mr. Airey, refusing to be led up to Harold as a topic. "The artist paints several effective pictures of scenery, and then one of the collaborateurs—the man who can't write, for want of the grammar, but who knows how far to go with the public—invents the situation to work in with the scenery. Last of all, the man who has grammar—some grammar—fills in the details of the story."

"Really! How interesting! And that's how Shakespeare wrote 'Romeo and Juliet'? What a fund of knowledge you have, Mr. Airey!"

Mr. Airey, by the method of his disclaimer, laid claim to a much larger fund than any that Miss Craven had attributed to him.

"I only meant to suggest that traditional romance is evolved on the same lines," said he, when his deprecatory head-shakes had ceased. "Given the scenic effects of 'Romeo and Juliet,' the romance on the lines of 'Romeo and Juliet' will be forthcoming, if you only wait long enough. When you pay a visit to any romantic glen with a torrent—an amateurish copy of an unknown Salvator Rosa—ask for the 'Lover's Leap,' and it will be shown to you."

"I'll try to remember."

"Given, as scenic details, the ruin of a castle on one side of the lough, the ruin of a castle on the other, and the names of the hereditary enemies, the story comes naturally—quite as naturally—not to say overmuch about it—as the story of the melodrama follows the sketch of the scenic effects in the theater. The transition from Montague to Macnamara, from Capulet to Cashelderg, is easy; and there you are."

"And here we are," laughed Miss Craven. "How delightful it is to be able to work out a legend in that way, it is not, Mr. Durdan?" and she turned to a man sitting at her left.

"It's quite delightful, I'm sure," said Mr. Durdan. "But Airey is only adapting the creed of his party to matters of every-day life. What people say about his party is, that they make a phrase first, and then look out for a policy to hang upon it. Government by phrase is what the country is compelled to submit to."

Mr. Durdan was a prominent member of the Opposition.

Chapter V.

On a Perilous Causeway.

Miss Craven laughed and watched Mr. Airey searching for a reply beneath the frill of a Neapolitan ice. She did not mean that he should find one. Her aim was that he should talk about Harold Wynne. The dinner had reached its pianissimo passages, so to speak. It was dwindling away into the *marrons glacés* and *fondants* stage, so she had not much time left to her to find out if it was indeed with his friend Edmund Airey that Harold had disappeared every afternoon.

Edmund Airey knew what her aim was. He was a clever man, and he endeavoured to frustrate it. Ten minutes afterward he was amazed to find that he had told her all that she wanted to know, and something over, for he had told her that Harold was at present greatly interested in the question of the advisability of a man's entering public life by the perilous causeway—the phrase was Edmund Airey's—of matrimony.

As he chose a cigar for himself—for there was a choice even among Lord Innisfail's cigars—he was actually amazed to find that the girl's purpose had been too strong for his resolution. He actually felt as if he had betrayed his friend to the enemy—he actually put the matter in this way in his moment of self-reproach.

Before his cigar was well alight, however, he had become more reasonable in his censorship of his own weakness. An enemy? Why, the young woman was the best friend that Harold Wynne could possibly have. She was young—that is, young enough—she was clever—had she not got the better of Edmund Airey?—and, best of all, she was an heiress.

"The perilous causeway of martimony"—that was the phrase which had come suddenly into his mind, and, in order to introduce it, he had sent the girl away feeling that she was cleverer than he was.

"The perilous causeway of matrimony," he repeated. "With a hand-rail of ten thousand a year—there is safety in that."

He looked down the long dining-hall, glistening with silver, to where Harold stood facing the great window, the square of which framed a dim picture of a mountain slope, purple with heather, that had snared the last light of the sunken sun. The sea horizon cut upon the slope not far from its summit, and in that infinity of western distance there was a dash of drifting crimson.

Harold Wynne stood watching that picture of the mountain with the Atlantic beyond, and Edmund watched him.

There was a good deal of conversation flying about the room. The smokers of cigarettes talked on a topic which they would probably have called Art. The smokers of pipes explained, in a circumstantial way that carried suspicion with it to the ears of all listeners, their splendid failures to secure certain big fish during the day. The smokers of cigars talked of the Horse and the House—mostly of the Horse. There was a rather florid judge present—he had talked himself crimson to the appreciative woman who had sat beside him at dinner, on the subject of the previous racing-season, and now he was talking himself purple on the subject of the future season. He had been at Castle Innisfail for three days, and he had steadily refused to entertain the idea of talking on any other subject than the Horse from the standpoint of a possible backer.

This was the judge, who, during the hearing of a celebrated case a few months before—a case that had involved a reference to an event known as the City and Suburban, inquired if that was the name of a railway company. Hearing that it was a race, he asked if it was a horse-race or a dog-race.

Harold remained on his feet in front of the window, and Edmund remained watching him until the streak of crimson had dwindled to a flaming Rahab thread. The servants entered the room with coffee, and brought out many subtle gleams from the old oak by lighting the candles in the silver sconces.

Every time that the door was opened, the sound of a human voice (female) trying, but with indifferent success, to scale the heights of a song that had been saleable by reason of its suggestions of passion—drawing-room passion—saleable passion—fought its way through the tobacco smoke of the dining-hall. Hearing it fitfully, such men as might have felt inclined to leave half-smoked cigars for the sake of the purer atmosphere of the drawing-room, became resigned to their immediate surroundings.

A whisper had gone round the table while dinner was in progress, that Miss Stafford had promised—some people said threatened—to recite something in the course of the evening. Miss Stafford was a highly educated young woman. She spoke French, German, Italian, and Spanish. This is only another way of saying that she could be uninteresting in four languages. In addition to the ordinary disqualifications of such young women she recited a little—mostly poems about early childhood, involving a lisp and a pinafore. She wished to do duty as an object lesson of the possibility of combining with an exhaustive knowledge of mathematical formulæ, the strongest instincts of femininity. Mathematics and motherhood were not necessairly opposed to one another, her teachers had assured the world, through the medium of magazine articles. Formulæ and femininity went hand in hand, they endeavored to prove, through the medium of Miss Stafford's recitations; so she acquired the imaginary lisp of early childhood, and tore a pinafore to shreds in the course of fifteen stanzas.

It was generally understood among men that one of these recitations amply repaid a listener for a careful avoidance of the apartment where it took place.

The threat that had been whispered round the dinner-table formed an excuse for long tarrying in front of the coffee-cups and Benedictine.

"Boys," at length said Lord Innisfail, endeavoring to put on an effective Irish brogue—he thought it was only due to Ireland to put on a month's brogue—"boys, we'll face it like men. Shall it be said, in the days to come, that we ran away from a lisp and a pinafore ?" Then, suddenly remembering that Miss Stafford was his guest, he became grave. "Her father was my friend," he said. "He rode straight. What's the matter with the girl ? If she does know all about the binomial-theorem and German philosophy, has she not some redeeming qualities ? You needn't tell me that there's not some good in a young woman who commits to memory such stuff as that—that what's its name—the little boy that's run over by a 'bus or something or other, and that lisps in consequence about his pap-pa. No, you needn't argue with me. It's extremely kind of her to offer to recite, and I will stand up for her, confound her! And if any one wants to come round with the judge and me to the stables while she's reciting, now's the time. Will you take another glass of claret, Wynne ?"

"No, thank you," said Harold. 'I'm off to the drawing-room."

He followed the men who were straggling into the great square hall where a billiard-table occupied an insignificant space. The skeleton of an ancient Irish elk formed a rather more conspicuous object in the hall, and was occasionally found handy for the disposal of hats, rugs, and overcoats.

"She is greatly interested in the Romeo and Juliet story," remarked Edmund, strolling up to him.

"She—who?" asked Harold.

"The girl—the necessary girl. The—let us say, alternative. The —hand-rail."

"The hand-rail ?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot; you were not within hearing. There was something said about the perilous causeway of matrimony."

"And that suggested the hand-rail idea to you ? No better idea ever occurred, even to you, oh, man of many ideas, and of still more numerous phrases."

"She is responsive—she is also clever—she is uncommonly clever—she got the better of me."

"Say no more about her cleverness.''

"I will say no more about it. A man can not go a better way about checking an incipient passion for a young woman than by insisting on her cleverness. We do not take to the clever ones. Our ideal does not include a power of repartee."

"Incipient passion !"

There was a suspicion of bitterness in Harold's voice, as he repeated the words of his friend.

' Incipient passion ! I think we had better go into the drawing room."

Tbey went into the drawing-room.

Chapter VI.

On the influence of an Ocean.

Miss Craven was sitting on a distant sofa listening, or pretending to listen, which is precisely the same thing, with great earnestness to the discourse of Mr Durdan, who, besides being an active politician, had a theory upon the question of what Ibsen meant by his "Master Builder."

Harold said a few words to Miss Innisfail, who was trying to damp her mother's hope of getting up a dance in the hall ; but Lady Innisfail declined to be suppressed even by her daughter, and had received promises of support for her enterprite in influential quarters. Finding that her mother was likely to succeed, the girl hastened away to entreat one of her friends to play a "piece" on the pianoforte.

She knew that she might safely depend upon the person to whom she applied for this favor, to put a stop to her mother's negotiations. The lady performed in the old style. Under her hands the one instrument discharged the office of several. The volume of sound suggested that produced by the steam orchestra of a switchback railway.

Harold glanced across the room and perceived that, while the performer was tearing notes by the handful and flinging them about the place—up in the air, against the walls—while her hands were worrying the bass notes one moment like rival terrier puppies over a bone, and at other times tickling the treble rather too roughly to be good fun—Miss Craven's companion had not abandoned the hope of making himself audible if not intelligible. He had clearly accepted the challenge thrown down by the performer.

Harold perceived that a man behind him had furtively unlatched one of the windows leading to the terrace, and was escaping by that means, and not alone. From outside came the hearty laughter of the judge telling an open air story to his host. People looked anxiously toward the window. Harold shook his head as though suggesting that that sort of interruption must be put a stop to at once, and that he was the man to do it.

He went resolutely out through the window.

"'Which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,'" said Edmund, in the ear of Lady Innisfail,

He spoke too soon. The judge's laugh rolled along like the breaking of a tidal wave. It was plain that Harold had not gone to remonstrate with the judge.

He had not. He had merely strolled round the terrace to the entrance-hall. Here he picked up one of the many caps which were hanging there, and putting it on his head, walked idly away from the castle, hearing only the floating eulogy, uttered by the judge, of a certain well-known jockey who was, he said, the kindliest and most honorable soul that had ever pulled the favorite.

A longing had come to him to hurry as far as he could from the castle and its company—they were hateful to him just at that instant. The shocking performance of the woman at the pianoforte, the chatter of his fellow-guests, the delicate way in which his friend Edmund Airey made the most indelicate allusions, the *nisi prius* jocularity of the judge—he turned away from all with a feeling of repulsion.

And yet Lord Innisfail's cook was beyond reproach as an artist.

Harold Wynne had accepted the invitation of Lady Innisfail in cold blood. She had asked him to go to Castle Innisfail for a few weeks in August, adding: "Helen Craven, has promised to be among our party. You like her, don't you?"

"Immensely," he had replied.

"I knew it," she had cried, with an enthusiasm that would have shocked her daughter. "I don't want a discordant note at our gathering. If you look coldly on Helen Craven I shall wish that I hadn't asked you; but if you look on her in—well, in the other way, we shall all be happy."

He knew exactly what Lady Innisfail meant to convey. It had been hinted to him before that, as he was presumably desirous of marrying a girl with a considerable amount of money, he could not do better than ask Miss Craven to be his wife. He had then laughed and assured Lady Innisfail that if their happiness depended upon the way he looked upon Miss Craven, it would be his aim to look upon her in any way that Lady Innisfail might suggest.

Well, he had come to Castle Innisfail, and for a week he had given himself up to the vastness of the western cliffs—of the Atlantic waves—of the billowy mountains—of the mysterious sunsets. It was impossible to escape from the overwhelming influence of the Atlantic in the region of Castle Innisfail. Its sound seemed to go out to all the ends of the earth. At the castle there was no speech or language where its voice was not heard. It was a sort of background of sound that had to be arranged for by any one desirous of expressing any thought or emotion in that region. Even the judge had to take it into consideration upon occasions. He never took into consideration anything less important than an ocean.

For a week the influence of the Atlantic had overwhelmed Harold. He had given himself up to it. He had looked at Miss Craven neither coldly nor in the other way—whatever it was—to which Lady Innisfail had referred as desirable to be adopted by him. Miss Craven had simply not been in his thoughts. Face to face with the Infinite, one hesitates to give up one's attention to a question of an income that may be indicated by five figures only.

But at the end of a week he received a letter from his father, who was Lord Fotheringay, and this letter rang many changes upon the five-figure income question. The question was more than all the Infinites to Lord Fotheringay, and he suggested as much in writing to his son.

"Miss Craven is all that is desirable," the letter had said. "Of course she is not an American; but one can not expect everything in this imperfect world. Her money is, I understand, well invested—not in land, thank Heaven! She is, in fact, a CERTAINTY, and certainties are becoming rarer every day."

Here the letter went on to refer to some abstract questions of the opera in Italy—it was to the opera in Italy that Lord

Fotheringay was, for the time being, attached. The progress made by one of its ornaments—gifted with a singularly flexible soprano—interested him greatly, and Harold had invariably found that in proportion to the interest taken by his father in the exponents of certain arts—singing, dancing, and the drama—his own allowance was reduced. He knew that his father was not a rich man, for a peer. His income was only a trifle over twelve thousand a year; but he also knew that only for his father's weaknesses, this sum should be sufficient for him to live on with some degree of comfort. The weaknesses, however, were there, and they had to be calculated on. Harold calculated on them; and after doing the sum in simple subtraction with the sound of the infinite ocean around him, he had asked his friend Edmund Airey to pass a few hours in the boat with him. Edmund had complied for three consecutive afternoons, with the result that, with three ridiculous stories from the Irish boatman, Harold had acquired a certain amount of sound advice from the friend who was in his confidence.

He had made up his mind that, if Miss Craven would marry him, he would endeavour to make her the wife of a distinguished man.

That included everything, did it not?

He felt that he might realize the brilliant future predicted for him by his friends when he was the leader of the party of the hour at Oxford. The theory of the party was—like everything that comes from Oxford—eminently practical. The Regeneration of Humanity by means of Natural Scenery was its foundation. Its advocates proved to their own satisfaction that, in every question of morality and the still more important question of artistic feeling, heredity was not the dominant influence, but natural scenery.

By the party Harold was regarded as the long looked for Man—what the world wanted was a Man, they declared, and he was destined to be the Man.

He had travelled a good deal on leaving the university, and in a year he had forgotten that he had ever pretended that he held any theory. A theory he had come to believe to be the paper fortress of the Immature. But the Man—that was a different thing. He hoped that he might yet prove himself to be a man, so that, after all his friends—they had also ceased to theorize—might not have predicted in vain.

Like many young men without experience, he believed that

Parliament was a great power. If any one had told him that the art of gerrymandering is greater than the art of governing, he would not have known what his informant meant.

His aspirations took the direction of a seat in the House of Commons. In spite of the fact of his being the son of Lord Fotheringay, he believed that he might make his mark in that Assembly. The well-known love of the Voter for social purity—not necessarily in Beer—and his intolerance of idleness—excepting, of course, when it is paid for by an employer, had, he knew, to be counted on. Lord Fotheringay was not, he felt, the ideal of the Working man, but he hoped he might be able to convince the Working-man—the Voter—that Lord Fotheringay's most noted characteristics had not descended to his son.

From his concern on this point it will be readily understood how striking a figure was the Voter, in his estimation.

It is not so easy to understand how, with that ideal Voter—that stern, unbending moralist—before his eyes, he should feel that there was a great need for him to be possessed of money before offering himself to any constituency. The fact remained, however, that every one to whom he had confided his Parliamentary aspirations, had assured him at the outset that money had to be secured before a constituency could be reckoned on. His friend Edmund Airey had still further impressed upon him this fact; and now he had made up his mind that his aspirations should not be discouraged through the lack of money.

He would ask Helen Craven that very night if she would have the goodness to marry him.

PEARY CHAND MITTRA.—II.

After the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra the various Societies and Associations passed resolutions expressing their sorrow at the demise of so great a man, appreciating the services rendered by him.

The following is an extract from the address of the Hon'ble H. J. Reynolds, Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, at the Convocation held on 18th March, 1884.

"Among those whom death has removed, during the past year, from the roll of our Senate, something more than a passing notice is due to the memory of Peary Chand Mittra. He was among the most senior of our Fellows, and in him Bengal has lost one of its most distinguished authors To him belongs the credit of having struck out a new line in the vernacular literature, by his composition of what, I believe, is recognised as the first Bengali novel, and he was also a regular contributor to the Calcutta Review. But his achievements are not his highest title to the affection and esteem with which his name will be long cherished. It is to his exertions, as a member of the Legislative Council, that Bengal owes the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and he was one of the most energetic members of the Society which has been instituted for the purpose of enforcing the provisions of that excellent and merciful law."

In the Report of the British Indian Association* for 1883 the following mention has been made :—

In conclusion, the Committee regretted sincerely to record the death of one of their best and foremost friends and colleagues, the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra, to commemorate whose memory the Committee had already taken separate steps.

At the Annual Meeting of the British Indian Association, held on 7th May 1884, Raja Rajendra Lala Mitra, the President, remarked thus:—The only thing about which I have to mourn on the present occasion is the loss of two very valuable members. The first was the foremost—one of the most accomplished members, one of the two or three that we had lately living of our foundation members.

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* Hindoo Patriot 12th May, 1884.

We have lost in him a most valuable co-adjutor, who had done good service to the Association for a very long time. I allude to the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He and his brother, the late Kissory Chand Mittra, were most arduous in every undertaking which came before the Association, and all our early representations, papers, reports and proceedings bear the stamp of their intellectual powers. To me the loss is severe, because both these individuals I looked upon as old and intimate personal friends, and many of you, or at least some of you, I am sure, who have had the pleasure of talking with Babu Peary Chand Mittra, will bear me out that you can not have a more hearty, good-natured and ardent gentleman who was ever foremost in every good undertaking. It would be long before we shall be able to replace so valuable a co-adjutor. I am glad to state that a few months ago this Association took the lead in holding a meeting to adopt means to perpetrate the memory of Peary Chand Mittra. A subscription has been opened, and a fair sum has been subscribed, and I hope before long to have the pleasure of seeing the benign countenance of my old friend put up in marble in some of our public institutions.

In the Report on the Calcutta Public Library for 1883 we find the following :—

The Council having heard of the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra placed on record the following Resolution :—

"That the Council deeply deplore the great loss sustained by the Library in the death of their worthy and valuable colleague Babu Peary Chand Mittra, and record in this Resolution their sense of the eminent services rendered by him to the institution in various capacities since its establishment, embracing a period of forty-eight years.

The Council also recommend that a suitable memorial of the deceased be put up in the Library Rooms, should it meet with the approval of the members present at the Annual General Meeting for 1883."

The Annual General Meeting of the Calcutta Public Library was held on 31st January, 1884. In his lecture Maharajah Narendra Krishna, the President, told as follows :—"I regret to mention we have lost one of our valuable and useful colleagues by the death of our esteemed friend, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, who was connected with the Library since its very establishment." Among other

Resolutions of the evening, which were more or less stereotyped, the most important one was the following: proposed by Girish Chandra Ghose and seconded by Amarendra Nath Chatterjee. (The Resolution has been quoted above.)—Babu Amarendra Nath Chatterjee, whilst seconding the Resolution, spoke in very eulogistic terms as regards the eminent services rendered by the deceased. He said that he found himself out of place to second the Resolution, by reason of no previous intimation, yet such was the respect which he had for the late Babu Peary Chand, that he considered himself overjoyed in seconding the Resolution for the preservation of his memory. The services of the deceased were so conspicuous that it would be unnecessary to revert to them. Suffice it to say that he was truly and emphatically a great man by his vast and varied resources of intellect. His readiness to promote the aspirations of a man was, indeed, remarkable. The speaker remembered that on one occasion he encouraged him to make a public demonstration in a meeting, and it was mainly due to his encouragement that his *debut* was successful. He was also remarkable for his simplicity of manner, and his geniality of disposition was a marked feature in his characteristics. The proposition before the meeting was to commemorate the memory of the lamented deceased in as suitable a manner as possible, and, for the appreciation of his eminent services, a portrait in oil should be placed in the Library Room. The members then unanimously carried out the Resolution to put up a portrait in oil of the deceased in the Library rooms of the Metcalfe Hall. (Indian Mirror, 1st February, 1884).

At the Eighth Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society held on the 27th December 1883 at Adyar, the President Founder in alluding the necrology of the year mentioned * the name of Babu Peary Chand Mittra of Calcutta, gentlest of spirits, purest of minds, our dear brother. When the roll of our early colleagues in the Indian field comes to be compiled by the historian of this movement let this name be written among those whose memories deserve to be preserved. *

At the Ordinary General Meeting of the Agri-Horticultural Society held on 28th November 1883, Mr. W. H. Cogswell, being in the chair, the following Resolution passed at the Council Meeting on that date was confirmed :—

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* Theosophist, January 1884.

"In the announcement just made by the President of the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra, on the 23rd. instant the Council desire in this Resolution to place on record their deep regret at the loss of another valued colleague whose very lengthy and able services greatly promoted the interests and welfare of the society with which he had been connected for thirty-six years.

He was one of it oldest supporters. He became a member as far back as 1847. For many years he was a member of its Council and Executive Committee and ably filled the office of a Vice President for several times. In 1871 he was elected an Honorary Member in recognition of his consistent interests and exertions to improve agriculture in Bengal, with which object he contributed some valuable papers in the Society's Journals, besides publishing other writings on kindred subjects. In his death the Society sustains a great loss." (Reported in the Englishman, 21st December, 1883).

In the Report of the District Charitable Society for 1883 we find the following:—

The year under Report was a most inauspicious one for the Native Committee of the District Charitable Society. Not only was it totally barren of all donations and gifts, not only were the operations of the Committee during its currency very much restricted for paucity of funds, but the services of one of its most active and most distinguished members were lost to it, first by his protracted illness and afterwards, and for ever, by his melancholy death. The Committee allude to Peary Chand Mittra. Highly intelligent and educated, public spirited and pious as he was, his loss is mourned by the public at large, but it is irreparable to the Native Committee of the District Charitable Society and is therefore more deeply mourned by them. They will always miss his wise counsels at meetings, marked as they were with justice tempered by mercy, and his labours out of meeting rendered ungrudgingly and with alacrity in the interests of the paupers.

On hearing the death of Peary Chand Mittra, Mr. Justice C. D. Field, President to the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, wrote the following minute:—

A day or two after my return from England I saw with much regret the announcement of the death of Mr. Peary Chand Mittra.

I shall make it my duty to mention in fitting terms at the next Annual Meeting the services rendered by him to the Society. I carried out to him the kind remembrances and good wishes of our late President Mr. J. Sewell White and hoped to have delivered them to him. But Providence has otherwise willed it.

November 28th, 1883. Chas. D. Field.

The other Members of the Committee minuted as follows :—

I greatly regret at the sad event above alluded to, having known Babu Peary Chand Mittra for many years and whom I held in much esteem.

29th November, 1883. Richard Blechynden
Manockjee Rustomjee

In the Report of the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for 1883 we find the follows :—

Through the endeavours of Mr. Grant and the assistance of Babu Peary Chand Mittra, the first Act in India for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was passed by the Bengal Legislative Council on the 28th January, 1869. Babu Peary Chand Mittra was a Member of the Bengal Legislative Council, and he succeeded Mr. Grant as Honorary Secretary to the Society. His death, during the year under Report, has deprived the Society of the valuable services of an earnest advocate and labourer in the cause of humanity.

In the Report of the Oriental Seminary for 1883 we find the following :—The Committee deeply regret to state that during the year under Report the Seminary lost one of its oldest and warmest friends in Babu Peary Chand Mittra, who died on the 23rd November 1883. The deceased gentleman evinced his interest in the welfare of this institution in various ways. He recommended it, both publicly and privately and to all to whom he had an opportunity of speaking on the subject, as a well conducted Hindu school, sent to it the boys of his own family for education, paid it frequent visits, and favoured its managers with sage advice. But in doing this good and benevolent work he sought no applause except that of his own conscience and looked for no reward except the gratifying knowledge that he had done some good to a large number of his young countrymen, After the death of Peary Chand Mittra, suggestions poured from various quarters to convene a meeting to perpetuate his memory in a suitable manner. He was a man of very keen intellect and was the happy possessor of many enviable qualities, *viz.*, magnanimity, generosity, affability, amiability, and mercy to a degree. He was a politician not of inconsiderable ability and intelligence. The principal object of his life was to ameliorate the condition of the people. Education was then confined only to a limited few, and sheer ignorance blinded the eyes of the mass. He distinctly saw that unless the torch of education shine brightly in the minds of his countrymen they would not be able to improve themselves. For this purpose, while yet in his teens, he established a charitable school for imparting English and vernacular education gratuitously. The leading papers of the day wrote articles mentioning his good qualities. We quote from the files of Amrita Bazar Patrika and Indian Mirror paras suggesting to hold a public meeting to perpetuate his memory. The Amrita Bazar Patrika of 6th December 1883 wrote as follows :—

The people of Calcutta are indebted to the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra in several ways, and we hope they will ere long do some thing to commemorate his name. There is not a leading man in Calcutta, we believe, who does not cherish a friendly feeling towards the lamented deceased. We think it behoves the leaders of Calcutta soon to meet together, and come to a decision as regards the means to be adopted to do honor to one who has done so much for the people and the country at large. In our humble opinion, a public meeting convened by the Sheriff, ought to be held as early as possible in the Town Hall in connection with the matter.

A correspondent, Truth, wrote in the Indian Mirror of 6th January 1884, as follows :—

The late Babu Peary Chand Mittra was a man, who by sheer dint of energy and force of character, raised himself to eminence and distinction. The succint sketch of his life, which appeared in your journal, shows beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased was above the ordinary run of mortals and most unostentatiously devoted a long life to the advancement of the interests of his country. In fact during the last fifty years there was not enaugurated a single movement for the promotion of the welfare of this country with which the deceased was not connected in some shape or other. Whether in the department of literature, spiritualism, social science or politics, the services rendered by him were manyfold and varied and deserve the admiration of his countrymen. Are not, Mr. Editor, such useful and disinterested services in the cause of our country entitle to our gratitude? And will our countrymen allow them to fade away without even a mark of their esteem and appreciation? In my humble opinion some mark of public esteem and regard is due to the deceased and the omission will be a dereliction of duty on the part of our countrymen. Peary Chand Mittra did his duty, and it is high time that our countrymen should rouse themselves to a sense of their duty by convening a public meeting in order to make their appreciation of the valuable services rendered by him.

The minds of the people were then so much absorbed for the important legislative measures on the anvil, that all these discussions were postponed for a time. The British Indian Association took the lead. It proposed for a General Meeting to collect subscriptions for perpetuating the memory in a suitable manner. Rai Kristo Das Pal Bahadur wrote the following letter on the 21st January, 1884.

My dear Amrita Babu,

The Committee have sanctioned a General Meeting. I propose to issue the advertisement after consulting with you. What day would you fix?

Yours sincerely,
Kristo Das Pal.

The Association then issued the following notice :—

In compliance with a request made to them the Committee of the British Indian Association hereby convene a meeting of the friends and admirers of the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra to be held at the Hall of the British Indian Association, 18, British Indian Street, on Monday, the 28th January 1884, at 4 p.m. for the purpose of considering the propriety of perpetuating the memory of the deceased in a suitable manner.

A correspondent, "Citizen," wrote in the Indian Daily News on 28th January 1884, the date on which meeting was held, as follows :—

The death of the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra, which took place more than two months ago, has evoked the sympathy of all classes of the community. The leading journals of the metropolis, both English and Vernacular, have united in paying tribute to his memory, and suggestions poured in from more than one quarter for a fitting memorial to the deceased, for his long and varied services in the cause our country. The public mind was of late so much engrossed with the consideration of important legislative measures, on the anvil, that discussion of all other questions of minor importance had to be thrown into the shade. We are now glad to observe that a public meeting is to be held to-day under the auspices of the British Indian Association with a view of commemorating the services of the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra. The services of the deceased, though humble, were nevertheless unostentatious and disinterested, and their value is enhanced when it is remembered that they embrace all questions connected with the social, intellectual and political elevation of our country during the past half century. The act of doing honor to the memory of departed greatness is a duty incumbent upon all right minded citizens and we trust that our countrymen will appreciate the necessity of not only mustering strong on the occasion of the meeting, but of also liberally contributing towards the promotion of its laudable object, which is but preservation of the memory of a man whose whole life was spent in the advancement of the interests of our country. In doing honor to the memory of such a man we only do honor to ourselves.

The meeting convened by the committee of the British Indian Association, was held at the Hall of the Association on the 28th January. Among those present were Maharajah Narendra Krishna, the Rev. C. H. A. Dall, Rajah Harendra Krishna, the Hon'ble Rai Kristo Das Paul, Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore, Mr. O. C. Dutt, Babu Kunjolal Banerjee, Babu Joy Kristo Mookerjee, the Rev. Doctor K. M. Banerjee, Kumar Baikunto Nath Dey, Babu Jadulal Mullick, Babu Kumod Krishna Mitter, Dr. D. B. Smith, Babu Gopi Kissen Mitter, Babus Nil Madhub Chatterjee, Grish Chandra Ghose, Bhupendra Narain Dutt, Haji Noor Mahamed Jackariah, Babus Mahendra Nath Mitter, Shib Chunder Deb, Mr. Robert Turnbull, the Rev. K. S. Macdonald, Babu Shib Nath Sastri, Babu Narendra Nath Sen, Mr. Maneekjee Rustomjee, Mr. R. D. Mehta, Mr. C. R. Sethna, Kumar Surendra Krishna, Babus Nobin Chandra Mookerjee, Jetta Joy Chand, Babus Upendra Nath Mittra, M.A. B.L., Bany

Madhub Mittra, Barada Charan Mittra, Mr. H. M. Rustomjee, Babus Asutosh Biswas B.L., Debendra Chunder Ghose B.L., Boicunto Nath Bose, Mr. J. C. Murray, Babu Ram Tonu Lahiri, Kabiraj Gopi Mohun Roy, Babus Bhooban Chand Dutt, Khogendra Nath Roy, Joy Gopal Sen and Mr. G. A. Van Grieken.

On the motion of the Hon'ble Kristo Das Pal, Rai Bahadur, Maharajah Narendra Krishna was voted to the chair. The Maharajah having taken the chair read the requisition calling the meeting and requested the Hon'ble Kristo Das Pal, Rai Bahadur, to read to the meeting the letters received from several gentlemen expressing their regret at being unable to attend the meeting, owing to pressure of work, other engagements and illness. The following were some of the letters.

Wellington Square,
28th January, 1884.

My dear Kristo,

I regret much my inability to attend the memorial meeting in honor of my late lamented friend Peary. I was not aware of it beforehand till I got your invitation. I was pre-engaged in a matter of importance and the same cannot be put off, so I am constrained to keep myself away from the meeting. Our friend had done a great deal in the cause of regeneration of our people and his services ought to be commemorated. I shall be glad to do anything to promote any sort of memorial which the meeting will think proper to commemorate our friend's services to our country.

Yours sincerely,
Rajendro Dutt.

28th January, 1884.

My dear Sir,

I very much regret my inability to attend the meeting this afternoon which you have been so good enough to invite me to.

I had the pleasure of knowing the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra for many years and I was extremely sorry to hear of his having passed away.

I entirely sympathise with the purpose of perpetuating the memory of so good a man.

Your sincerely,
H. W. I. Wood.

Sealdah Court,
28th January, 1884.

My dear Sir,

With reference to the notice bearing your signature, and convening for a meeting of the friends and admirers of the late lamented Babu Peary Chand Mittra, at 4 o'clock this afternoon, to consider the propriety of perpetuating his memory—received by me only this morning I regret much to say, that as an important case has been previously fixed for hearing in my Court this afternoon, in which Attorneys and Pleaders of the High Court are engaged and have made their appearance—and as it is likely to keep me occupied the whole afternoon it will not be possible for me to attend the abovementioned meeting, or to take any part in its proceedings.

I beg however to assure the promoters of the meeting, that I fully sympathise with them, that we are bound to do something to perpetuate the memory of such a public-spirited man as the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Abdool Luteef.

To
The Hon'ble Rai Kristo Das Paul, Bahadur, C.I.E.

28th January, 1884.
2-30 P. M.

My dear Amrita Lall Babu,

Both Babus Kali Charan Banerjee and Ganesh Chunder Chunder have come on behalf of the defence and the witnesses for the prosecutors, the *E. B. Railway Company*, are also in attendance, and I am just going to commence the taking of evidence in the case.

As it is a very important and contested case, I am afraid it would not be possible for me, as I have already told you to finish before dusk or to postpone it to another day.

I am really very sorry that having thus been previously engaged for this afternoon, I am unable to take part in the proceedings of the meeting to do honour to the memory of my lamented friend.

Yours sincerely,
Abdul Luteef.

To
Babu Amrita Lall Mittra.

Monday,
28th January.

My dear Amrita Babu,

Of course I fully intend to attend the meeting this afternoon. I write this only to say that I have an engagement in the Sealdah Police Court at 2 o'clock. As I find the name of Nawab Abdool Luteef Khan Bahadur among the speakers, I dare say he will rise before four. I am not, therefore, apprehensive of being late. But if I am detained beyond time, I shall be helpless.

Yours very sincerely,
Kali Charan Banerji. *

Botanical Gardens.
28th January, 1884.

Sir,

I regret that previous engagement prevents me from attending the meeting to be held this afternoon to consider the propriety of getting up a memorial to the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra. I sympathise much with the works of the deceased specially in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and I trust the meeting may be a successful one.

Yours sincerely,
Geo. King.

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4 Fairlie Place,
28th January, 1884.

My Dear Sir,

I regret that prior engagements prevent my attendance at this afternoon's meeting to do honor to the late Babu Peary Chand

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* Babu Kali Charan wrote the following letter next day to Amrita Babu.

My Dear Amrita Babu,

I do not know how to apologize to you for proving a defaulter at the meeting yesterday. I was absolutely helpless. The case was taken up at 3 o'clock, and it was nearly six o'clock when I could get away. Nawab Saheb found it impossible to postpone it. And so both he and I lost a privilege. My humble tribute to the distinguished memory of so great a name, remains unpaid, and that means no small penalty. I earnestly hope that you will kindly excuse a default over which I had no control.

Yours very sincerely,
Kali Charan Banerji.

Mittra. Allow me however to assure you of my sympathy and support in any action you may decide to take.

I shall be glad to have the opportunity of testifying the regard which I always entertained for our late friend whose loss I much deplore.

Yours very truly,
Henry F. Brown.

Hurtokibagan,
28th January, 1884.

Sir,

I am exceedingly sorry that owing to illness in the family I shall not be able to be present at the meeting. But allow me to assure you that the object has my heartfelt sympathy, inasmuch as I consider that every man who has worked for the country deserves some recognition of his services—specially after his death. I am willing to contribute my mite towards the fund that the meeting may decide to open.

Yours very sincerely,
Kanai Lall Mukherjee.

Rajas Park
Cossipore,
28th January, 1884.

My Dear Sir,

I regret owing to some pain on my left foot I am unable to attend the wished-for meeting this evening.

I remain, yours sincerely,
Monohur Chunder Roy.

ESSEM.

RAM GOPAUL GHOSE.

The Christian year 1814 is an important year in the history of British India. From the 10th April of that year, under the operation of 53 George III, Cap. C L V, enacted the year before, (21st July 1813), the Indian trade was opened, under certain restrictions, to all his majesty's subjects in common with the East India Company. That statute also enjoined on the Company the duty of setting apart at least a lakh of rupees a year to be applied to the revival and improvement of literature and the encouragement of the learned of India, and for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories in India. It also provided for a church establishment in the British territories in the East Indies, namely, one bishopric in Calcutta for all the territories and an archdeaconry in each of the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay. The arrival of the first Bishop of Calcutta in November of 1814, marks the era of the flow of English Christian missionaries into India. The Earl of Moira, afterwards the Marquis of Hastings, was the Governor General, one of the best of Governors General at Fort William in Bengal. He was also Commander-in-Chief.

In that year, 1814, of advance, was born, on the 21st October, in Bengal, Ram Gopaul Ghose, in the significant words of the late Dr. Berigny, a man of progress. Ram Gopaul, a Kulin Kayastha, saw the light in the house of his maternal grand-father, Dewan Ram Prasad Sing, in Bechoo Chatterjee's Street, in Calcutta. His father Gobindo Chunder Ghose was a small trader. The residence he owned at Calcutta, was in Tunthunia, now No, 98-1, Machuabazar Street,—a gift from his father-in-law. His native place was Bagati, near Tribeni, in the Hooghly district. Tribeni (literally three streams) is the confluence of the three rivers—the Jumna, the Saraswati and the Ganges, and, as such, sacred to the Hindus. Standing on the western or right bank of the Bhagirathi (the Ganges or the Hugli), it was once a great place of pilgrimage as it was one of the four great seats of learning in Bengal, like Nadia, Santipur and Guptipara.

The Tribeni of Bengal is the Muktabeni; as that at Allahabad is Yuktabeni. The Muktabeni still draws bathers on occasions, although it has ceased to be a centre of trade.

At Bagati, Gobindo's father Jagamohan, after migrating from Bandipoor, in the same district, had settled and married and received a property. His wife long survived him and died at the age, it is said, of more than one hundred years. She had done the pilgrimage of Jagannath 24 times, in the days when there was neither railway nor steamer service, and the journey to Puri was difficult and dangerous, when not costly. Ram Gopaul never neglected his family seat at Bagati, where would be held, as a Bengali saying is, 13 festivals in 12 months. Gobindo was father of many children, more daughters than sons. When Gobindo Chunder died, he had Ram Gopaul as his only son and four daughters, three of the daughters being older than the son. After giving birth to four daughters, the mother was anxious for a son. She was consoled by the fourth daughter who believed that a brother was nigh and waiting at the Siva's temple—in front of the house.

Gobindo's first daughter died a *sutti*, having burnt herself with the dead body of her husband. She left a daughter, who was married to Ram Dhone Ghose, grandson of the famous Doorga Ram Ker of Rajpore, in the southern suburbs of Calcutta. Ram Dhone, after acquiring a competence, settled in Kidderpore, Calcutta. He was a Deputy Collector. It was he who advised Government for the introduction of a law like the present Act XI of 1859, commonly known as the sunset law, for quick realization of revenue from the Zemindars. The old method was not stringent but rather Oriental. That proved the ruin of many Zemindars who spent their income from their land allowing the revenue to fall into arrears.

The second daughter had a son and a daughter. The son was named Nobin Chunder Palit. He obtained a senior scholarship of Rs. 40 a month in the Hindu College. His essay on poetry was the best. The question was set by the Viscount Hardinge, the Governor-General. The answer was examined by Dr. Mouat, the Secretary to the Council of Education and Principal of the Calcutta Medical College.

The third daughter of Gobindo had one son and four daughters. The son was a prodigal. The eldest of the four daughters was married to Wooma Churn Mitter of Janai-Baksa of the well-known

Mitter-family of that place in the Hooghly district. He was a man of education and character. He was head master of Hare School, at whose feet had sat Dr. Mahendralal Sircar and Professor Peary Churn Sircar. He was a recognised reader of Shakespeare. Subsequently he joined the mercantile line, as a member of Chatteree, Mitter & Co., dealing in silk.

The fourth daughter of Gobindo had one son, named Bejoy Chunder Bose, who obtained a senior Hindu College scholarship of Rs. 30 a month, and two daughters. The son died young leaving a daughter. That daughter was married to Tarini Kumar Ghose, a Deputy Magistrate, who retired as Inspector General of Registration, Bengal, whose son Sarat Kumar Ghose is a member of the Indian Civil Service and District and Sessions Judge. Of the two daughters, the eldest was married to Brindabun Chuuder Ker, grandson of Doorga Ram Ker, Zemindar of Rajpore, previously mentioned. The youngest was married to Bemola Churn Dey, brother of Shama Churn Dey of College Square, Assistant Comptroller in charge of India Treasury and latterly Vice-Chairman, Calcutta Corporation. Bemola received good education in the Hindu College and was banian of Malcolm & Co. and other English firms in Calcutta. But he lost all he had earned on account of failure and winding up of firms in which he was banian.

The fifth daughter of Gobindo was a child-widow. She lived in the house of Ram Gopaul until his death as did the third and fourth daughters after they were widowed.

To come to the son Ram Gopaul. He was intelligent and brave from his infancy. When a little boy sleeping with his mother, a thief had tried to remove his waist gold chain. The touch awakened him, he cried 'thief' and called out to his father in the next room to arrest the thief. The boy was not in the least terrified, although the father was afraid of approaching him.

Once a servant took Ram Gopaul out of the house at Thunthania to buy some sweets. The servant took a direction towards an unfrequented place. Ram Gopaul, suspecting something wrong, began to cry loudly drawing the attention of the passersby. They forced the servant to take the boy to his house. Then the servant was searched and a knife found, proving Ram Gopaul right and his intelligence beyond his years.

As an instance of his courage and sense of duty, after he had just entered life, I may mention a story current in the family. While boating to Ghatal with his master's bags of money, a bag accidentally dropped into the river full of crocodiles. In spite of the protests of the boatmen, he went after the bag and brought it to the boat.

Another story of his life proves the strength of both his body and mind. In the course of his sugar business, he had to go up to Gazipore and Benares. There was no railway then, and he had engaged a budgerow. Overtaken by a storm, the boatmen kept close to the bank. To avoid the danger from falling banks, Ram Gopaul ordered the men to cross the stream. They were loath to risk their lives. In that critical hour, Ram Gopaul took charge of the helm and threatened to shoot them, with the gun which he had with him on the boat, if they failed in their duty. In this way he rode the whirlwind, as he had outlived the social storm that blew over him.

Once he was proceeding up the Ganges to Gazipore in his steamer "Lotus". While the steamer was at anchor, a government steamer carrying troops came alongside of her. Ram Gopaul was asked to give up all the coal he had on board the steamer taken from the last coaling station which had none after the sale to "Lotus". An angry parley took place between him and the Commander of the troops who had come on board his steamer. The Commander threatened to take away the coal by force. Ram Gopaul told him that he could not do so as long he was alive. The Commander, amazed at his boldness and eloquence, lost courage. When Ram Gopaul noticed that the man of war had climbed down, he welcomed him as a guest and offered every possible assistance. At last he parted with half of the coal in his steamer. It was not strange that the military European should yield to the fluent Baboo who had astonished such eminent speakers as Turton, Leith, Dickens, and Hume of the Calcutta Bar in the Town Hall.

While on a pleasure trip with his friends, his steamer "Lotus" came across a strong current. Not to be put back easily, he ordered the Serang 'full power.'

He had also regular fights with boatmen. He was familiar with their ways as with their art. One happened on the marriage of his friend, Shama Churn Dey of College Square. The marriage over, some of the bridgegroom's party at Salkia, wanted to re-cross the Ganges. The boatmen were unwilling and there was a quarrel. The news reached Ram Gopaul at Chitpore. He with his friend Iswar Chunder Ghosal immediately crossed over to Salkia. In the fight with the boatmen to bring them to their senses, he himself was thrown into the river. Rescued by his accompanying friend, he taught the boatmen a lesson. The whole party came over to his place to spend the rest of the night in joy and merriment.

At Calcutta, Jagannath Ghat, he soundly thrashed with a *longi* (a boat's pole) the boatmen who had insulted him by throwing mud on him.

If he could not bear the insult of his own countrymen, he would not tolerate the insolence of Europeans. The railway lower staff are not much better than the boatmen or the hackney carriage drivers. The East Indian Railway had been notorious in the insolence to Indians of whatever degree. At the Hooghly railway station, a European guard, who had earned a name for ill-treatment of Indians, wanted to arrest Ram Gopaul as he was stepping into a carriage just in motion. The Babu gave the Saheb a kick which felled him. After the inquiry made into the incident, the guard was dismissed but retaken on the recommendation of Ram Gopaul. Mr., afterwards Sir, Macdonald Stephenson, the agent, knew Ram Gopaul very well and had high regard for him.

In 1800, David Hare came out from Scotland to Calcutta as a Watch-maker. After acquiring a competency he retired from business in 1810, not to return home but to spend the rest of his life in Calcutta for the education of the people of the country. With this unselfish end in view, he made friends with the Hindus visiting their houses and taking interest in their children. About this time Ram Mohun Roy with his friends Dwarka Nath Tagore, Kally Nath Munshi, Kristo Mohun Mozoomdar and others denounced the image worship by the Hindus, advocated the abolition of the *sutti*, endeavoured to introduce English education in the country. The last appealing to his heart, Hare joined Ram Mohun Roy. But finding that he was not popular with the Hindus for his views against Hinduism, Hare sought an interview with Sir Edward Hyde East, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and explained to him his idea about education of the Indians. Sir Edward Hyde East took up the cause. The 1st meeting for establishment of the Hindu College took place in the house of Sir Edward Hyde East, which was subsequently occupied by Sir James Colvile, his successor, at No. 5, Old Post Office Street. On Monday, the 20th June, 1817, the Hindu College was opened at Gora Chand Bysack's house in Goranhatta. Subsequently it was removed to Roop Churn Roy's house in Chitpore Road and thence to Feringhee Komul Bose's at Jorasanko. Bose earned the nickname of Feringhee because of his association with the French of Chandernagore, his native place. The foundation stone of its building on the North of College Square was laid on the 25th February, 1824, and the building was completed in January, 1825. There both the Sanskrit and the Hindu Colleges were accommodated. The Government gave Rs. 1,24,000 and David Hare a piece of land owned by him.

Ram Gopaul was then a student in Sherbourne's school, where Dwarka Nath Tagore, Prosono Kumar Tagore and other well-known Bengalis had been pupils before him. Thomas Edwards, in his "Henry Derozio, the Eurasian Poet, Teacher and Journalist," writes: "In a house in the Chitpore Road, near what is now Adi Brahmo Samaj, Mr. Sherbourne, a Eurasian, son of a Brahmin mother, conducted one of the most successful schools in Calcutta. Sherbourne was proud of this parentage, and received from his pupils, the yearly offering, *puja barsik,* made to Brahmins." This might have suggested to a Tagore convert to Christianity to call himself a Brahmin Christian.

When Ram Gopaul was at Sherbourne's, a relative of his was married to Hurro Chunder Ghose, the first Indian Magistrate of Calcutta Police appointed by Lord Dalhousie in preference to English Barristers. Subsequently he was Judge of the Calcutta Small Causes Court. In the night of the marriage Ram Gopaul had a literary contest, after the schoolboy fashion, with Hurro Chunder, the bridegroom, then a senior student in the Hindu College. Hurro Chunder was struck with Ram Gopaul's intelligence and fluency of tongue in English. Hurro Chunder prevailed on the father of Ram Gopaul to send his son to the Hindu College for higher education.

In 1823, at the age of nine, Ram Gopaul was admitted to the Hindu College in the Junior Department. He was known to his parents and relatives as Gopaul Chunder. Owing to a misapprehension between the Hindu pupil and the European Head Master, (D'Anselm), his name was entered in the register of the College as Ram Gopaul, by which name he was subsequently known.

In India, Indian names have to be subordinated to English pronunciation and convenience. In their own country, Englishmen equally undergo nominal transformation. The novelist, dramatist and translator Thomas Holcroft appeared in his baptismal register as Howlcroft. One of his uncles passed as Houldecroft. In the domiciled Anglo-Indian community, a famous name is Derozio. It is a contraction of the Portuguese De Rozario.

The schooling fee of the Hindu College was Rs. 5 a month. It was high for a man of limited means. Jagamohan, Ram Gopaul's grand-father, was relieved of his anxiety by his master Rogers, of King Hamilton, who paid the schooling fee of Ram Gopaul. Soon David Hare, who was impressed with the boy's parts, had Ram Gopaul put on the free list. There were other such boys who were known as Hare's Own. Though a Hare's boy, Ram Gopaul was not, as he could not be, a student in Hare's school, which was established in 1834, three years after he had left school. The essays Ram Gopaul wrote when in the fourth class were such that H. H. Wilson, Secretary to the Hindu College, took them to the boys of the first class and reproved them for their deficiency in English composition. He also became conspicuous for his pluck, manliness and decision of character. He was at the head of almost all the school fights. Here Ram Gopaul began rapidly to improve. He paid special attention to history, geography and spelling. He was the best geographer of his College. He attended the dictation class after he had left the College as he thought spelling affected one's literary reputation.

It was in the eleventh year of the Hindu College, in 1828, a remarkable young Eurasian, in the modern phraseology domiciled Anglo-Indian, of 19 years, joined it as assistant teacher of English and History in the 2nd and 3rd classes. His name was Henry Louis Vivian Derozio. He soon became the centre of attraction for his high intelligence and new method of teaching. He freely mixed with the students and lectured them on all manner of subjects—intellectual, moral, social and political. By his advanced views and freedom of thought he created a revolution in the Hindu College, the good and evil effects of which continued in our society for a long time. In most of his students the evil was a positive harm with free indulgence in forbidden food and drink. Drink, indeed, is a veritable demon. "Who has drunk, will drink."

In the year, 1828, the text-books prescribed for the classes of Derozio were:—

1. Goldsmith's history of Greece, Rome and England.
2. Russell's Modern Europe.
3. Robertson's Charles the Fifth.
4. Gay's Fables.
5. Pope's Homer's Illiad and Odyssy.
6. Dryden's Virgil.
7. Milton's Paradise Lost.
8. Shakespeare, one of the tragedies.

Derozio led his students through the best English prose writers and poets. He lectured them on Reid, Dugal Stewart, Brown and Hume. He was always with them in and out of the College. He established a club, named Academic Association, in the garden house of Sree Kissen Singh of Jorasanko, in Manicktollah, of which he was President, to encourage free discussion and public speaking. This club would be visited by David Hare; Sir Edward Ryan; Colonel Benson, Private Secretary to Lord William Bentinck; W. W. Bird, the future Deputy Governor of Bengal; Colonel Beatson, Adjutant-General; Dr. Mill, the erudite Principal of Bishop's College, and other distinguished Europeans. Here Ram Gopaul became prominent for his fluency and felicity of expression in English. Bird was so pleased with Ram Gopaul that he asked Derozio to introduce him to his student. Derozio had also social gatherings in his house, where free-will, fore-ordination, faith, fate, the sacredness of truth, the high duty of cultivating virtue, the meanness of vice, the attributes of God and the arguments for and against the existence of deity were discussed on broad principles. The hollowness of idolatry and the shams of the priesthood were not excluded.

At this time copies of Tom Pain, sent from America, found their way into the hands of the students of Derozio. The "Age of Reason" was devoured by many of them. There is no clear evidence that Derozio preached athesim to his students. There was no doubt that all the students of that great boy teacher were god-fearing men. Ram Gopaul died with prayer on his lips and his fellow students were all believers in God.

Krishna Mohun Banerjee, Mohesh Chunder Ghose, Ram Gopaul Ghose, Gobin Chunder Bysack, Russick Krishna Mullick, Hurro Chunder Ghose, Radha Nath Sickdar, Ramtono Lahiree, Shib Chunder Deb, Madubo Chunder Mullick, Duckina Runjan Mookerjee, and others clustered round the Eurasian prodigy. The managers of the Hindu College were alarmed at the conduct of the students and they decided to remove Derozio.

In April, 1831, Derozio had to leave the Hindu College. In the same year also Ram Gopaul bade it farewell, to enter life at the age of 17.

The teaching of Derozio had undoubtedly unsettled the minds of some of the students of the College regarding religious belief. Mohesh Chunder Ghose and Krishna Mohun Banerjee embraced Christianity. These two were the first educated Bengali Hindus to become converts to that faith in the early days of English education in the Hindu College. Ram Gopaul Ghose, Russick Krishna Mullick, Duckina Runjan Mookerjee and Ramtonu Lahiree were considered firebrands for their advanced ideas. Shib Chunder became a Brahmo. Ramtanu Lahiree discarded his sacred thread. Ram Gopaul refused to say at his grandfather's *srad* that he had not taken forbidden food. The father had to suffer for the son's refusal. He would be called the beef-eating Gobindo Ghose in Bagati. It may not be known that Ram Gopaul never tasted beef or ham. He, however, did his best to soothe his parents, especially to please his mother, by the celebration of the many Hindu festivals at Bagati. This is a proof that if he had lost faith in the Hindu form of worship and religion, he was not unwilling to encourage it for the satisfaction of others.

How Derozio wished well of his boys will appear from his parting sonnet to the students of the Hindu College :—

Expanding like the petals of young flowers
I watch the gentle opening of your minds,
And the sweet loosening of the spell that binds
Your intellectual energies and powers
That stretch (like young birds in soft summer hours,)
Their wings to try their strength. O ! how the winds
Of circumstance, and freshening April showers
Of early knowledge, and unnumbered kinds

Of new perceptions shed their influence ;
And how you worship truth's omnipotence !
What joyance rains upon me, when I see
Fame in the mirror of futurity,
Weaving the chaplets you have yet to gain,
And then I feel I have not lived in vain.

Derozio was born on the 10th April, 1809, in Calcutta. He died on the 23rd December, 1831, eight months after leaving the Hindu College, and at the age of 22 years, 8 months and 14 days. That he was what he became in life, was due to David Drummond, who had a school at Dhurumtollah, where Derozio was a pupil. The two D's were always friends, the one being a reflection of the other.

David Drummond was a poor Scotchman who came to India owing, it is supposed, to religious misunderstanding with his relatives, as an 'Interloper" in 1813, at the age of 28. He was a teacher, a poet, a philosopher and a journalist. He was a man of great learning and high attainments.

Ram Gopaul was married, at the age of 15, to the daughter of Bhola Nath Mitter, of the Mitter family of Thunthania. He was the youngest of the three sons of Dataram Mitter and the youngest brother of Chunder Sekhar Mitter. The family house of the Mitters' is now the residence of Raja Kristo Dass Law, son of Maharaja Durga Churn Law. That building had been the dwelling house of many famous wealthy men. It was long known as banian Kally Palit's house, father of Sir Tarak Nath Palit, Kt. Barrister-at-law, the donor of 15 lakhs of rupees to the Calcutta University. It was also in the occupation of Gora Chand Dutt, the six years' wonder of Calcutta, who appears prominently in Kali Prosono Singh's humourous sketches, entitled "Hootum Panchar Naksha." Gora Chand was banian to Crooke Rome & Co. On the occasion of his son's marriage he distributed to Brahmans shawls or rather doshalas, double shawls, which cost not less than Rs. 150 each pair at the lowest. In this gift to Brahmans, he eclipsed the fame of Ram Dulal Dey or rather his extremely charitable wife, who, unknown to the husband, distributed broadcloth held by him as a monopoly, valued at Rs. 90 a piece, or Rs. 30 a yard. The highest price for broadcloth, brought out by Ranken and Co. for Lord Dalhousie was Rs. 80 a yard.

Dataram Mitter migrated to Calcutta from Harinavi, in the south of Calcutta. He was a Kulin Kayastha. He died while his house was under construction. His wife followed him as a *sutti.* His eldest son, Chunder Sekhar, was Dewan of the Marine Board. He married the daughter of the Zemindar of Rajpore Durga Ram Ker, still remembered for his piety, hospitality and fabulous charity. Chunder Sekhar made himself conspicuous by performing all the Poojas in his house on a grand scale. He patronised the Jattrawala Parmanando Adicary. Parmanando had earned his name before Gobindo and Budden Adicaries, and Naran Dass, of old Calcutta.

Bhola Nath and his sons, numbering three, led an idle life. They lived merely as members of a joint family, went to law for partition of family properties. The suit ended with the sale of the family residence along with the Zemindary. Both the father and the sons died in want and destitution.

Chunder Sekhar had four sons. One of them Gopal Chunder became a convert to Christianity. He was a scholar and respected by the learned. The poet Michael Madosudun Dutt was his great admirer. Dutt often consulted him for the plan of his books after the Greek model. Issur Chandra Mitter, the eldest son of Chunder Sekhar Mitter, had five sons. Two of them are dead—Rajendra Nath and Opendra Nath. Rajendra was the first Indian Assistant Secretary to the Government of Bengal. Opendra was a pleader of the Calcutta High Court. He was a Tagore Law lecturer and his book on "Limitation" is an authority on that subject. The three others, Mahendra, Surendra and Jogendra are alive. Surendra was the first Indian under-Secretary to the Government of Bengal. Jogendra retired from the Judicial service as an Assistant Sessions Judge. Both of them are Rai Bahadurs. Gnanendra Nath, son of Mahendra, is the present Registrar in the Financial Side of the Bengal Office. He is a Rai Saheb.

If Bhola Nath proved an evil to his family, his daughter brought luck to her husband. She was a devoted wife and an obedient daughter-in-law. She was good to all the household, though she had not ample field for display of her best womanly qualities. She was regarded as the Lakshmi of the house. The period of her wedded life was synchronous with her husband's advancement in life and reputation. She bore him two sons who died in infancy, and one daughter, who survived her mother by seven years and predeceased her father by two months. P. N. K.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(*XII.*)

Chapter XVIII.

The pursuit.

Under the lusty strokes of three paddlers the craft bounded away to Rameswarpur Ghat close upon midnight. The toll-collector whose office door banging broke his precious sleep was in no aggreable mood.

"What means this noise ?" he demanded with a dark lowering scowl as the door opening, his eyes met the combined gaze of a group of strangers.

"We must apologise for intruding on you but our urgency must be our excuse." The chief said in his softest tones.

"Rubbish." The tollman cut him short almost brusquely. "State your business at once ?" The voice was cold and harsh.

"How touchy you are," remarked the chief allowing a frown to add sternness to his brow.

"Don't say anything for which you will be sorry by-and-by," bellowed he with a haughty air and glance.

The chief's blood rose at this overbearing address and it was with an effort that he stifled a snarl of rage that was on his lips. "We wish to know if any palanquin was borne over the ferry this morning with two females in it, led by a black man," said he gently, yet flushing hotly at the man's curt almost insolent tone.

"Your questions came tumbiing together," commented the latter with a satirical smile.

"Good gracious ? you are too much of a critic," observed the chief not a little incensed at his coarse presumption. "We desire you to be less captious and less given to tricks of speech.

"What reason have you to suppose that I should note each detail of the ferry service ?" was his sneering querry.

"Sure you are able to recall what you saw this morning."

"Folks of both sexes are ferried over by thousands. I do n't care to notice any one in particular." He spoke with a sway and swagger expressive of a gaunt assumption of dignity.

"But if a palanquin passed, you cannot have failed to notice it."

"What then, if I saw one," uttered he with a sullen glare. A sneer curled his lips.

"Were there females in it ?"

"Might be. What else," his voice jarred There was a touch of jeer in it.

"Was there a male attendant ?"

"Why should you ask all these ?" he demanded in a voice hoarse and thick, a suspicious look flashed into his eyes.

"We are interested in them," replied the chief gravely. He noticed the gloomy distrust reflected from the man's countenance.

"Ah, I see what you mean by slinking up here, a game of hare and hound I am an old hand at this sort of thing," said he with the most maddening sarcasm. His rough visage broke into a smile as he delivered the taunt with all the force and point he was capable of.

"Impertinence," roared the chief turning livid with rage." Take care what you say." An ominous look fired his dark eyes.

"Have a care how you trifle with one's feeling ?" The adjutant turned upon him with a frowning face. The covert insult underlying the man's words was stinging in the extreme.

"*You* have a care for yourself ?" returned the toll-man with a sarcastic emphasis. A scornful laugh played through his set teeth.

"Ha, ha, cowards brag like this," cried the adjutant with a mocking burst of laughter. His face flushed until lt was fairly purple.

"Look here, man," blared the chief assuming a pugilistic attitude. I have savage blood in my veins, when it is once roused it is hard to quell it. So be careful or you will have soon a different tale to tell."

The words no less than the menacing looks of the party had a subduing effect on the toll-man. His haughty deportment vanished in a flash, his air of supreme indifference gave place to that of excited interest.

"I recall having seen a blackman with a palanquin, he paid the tollage," said he in a milder tone.

"Were there females in it ?"

"That's more than I know, for it was a closed vehicle."

"Which way did they take?" questioned the adjutant with an inward chuckle over his sudden coolness.

'In the direction of the stables further on," replied he pointing northward. "I fancy the party took a cab, for the palanquin returned shortly after."

"Could you say, where were they going?"

"No indeed," he shook his head. "But quick, start away if you want to cover their track."

The door slammed, he had swung back into the room. With a severe reflection on the man's ancestry the schoolmaster suggested a move straight to where he had met them. He reckoned upon the certainty of a surprise if quick time was made over the road.

The sky was heavy, the wind was rising and blackness had begun to gather thick and fast.

"It is getting to be a rough night," said the chief gloomily, "but we must make the best of a bad job."

A swirling pace brought them to a locality where the ground reeking with the smell of filth and refuse produced on their olfactory nerves a sickening sense of the presence of stables. A cabby knocked up agreed for a liberal fare to give them a drive.

Crack went the whip, round went the wheels and the air was filled with crunch and clatter. The cab bowled on. It dashed past the line of stabling, past straggling homesteads and lumbering shantees, tree and tangle swept past, it tore through the darkness, bumping from side to side, swaying and swinging. The red streaks from its lamps and now and then a flash of the heavenly flame enabled the cabby to make out his surroundings. Away it rumbled at a flying pace, away, away, jerking at times over a big stone, cracking at every jolt, it bounced dizzily. The driver as he lashed the team to quicker motion gave vent from time to time to yells which sounded weird from the stillness of the night.

Across the sky clouds scudded in one solid bank of blackness. The wind had risen, it hooted and piped and a chill rose to augur a fall of snow. In a few minutes rains descended, fast it fell, rushed down the road and splashed up round the rolling wheels. Gusts of wind, blowing it in sheet, roared and shricked and beat about the vehicle. Then came snow, fine and sharp at first, a few flakes at a time, then faster and thicker, lastly in solid sheets.

Full three hours the downpour continued steady and persistent, then by degrees it slackened and became a drizzle at last. Though the clouds remained heavy the wind died away, the lightning ceased and the last thunder-clap rolled away in a dull distant echo. The cab had covered a space of eight miles and pulled up under the direction of the Schoolmaster in front of a shop.

"I met them here," cried he pointing to a big mud house on the door-step of which he alighted.

Bang, bang, his fist beat upon the door.

"There is a knock at the door, who's there ?" sounded a female voice from within.

"Me, a personal pronoun, masculine gender, first person, in the vocative case," replied he in a high-pitched voice.

"By Heaven, I should know the gibberish." The same voice sounded again.

"Sure, that must be the Brahmin." Another voice broke in, a girlish voice.

The pedogogue's wild jargon was a sufficient voucher for his identity.

There was a little flutter, a pit-pat of feet and the door opening, an aged woman followed by a pretty girl made her appearance.

"Ha, the same," she flashed out as she looked into his face in the flickering light of the cab lamp.

"You have an *oil de beuf* (1), complimented he, "but you found me then in the singular number, now we form a plural."

"What is it you want ? Any service I can render you I will cheerfully do," said she, a bit puzzled to think what could be the object of their noctunral visit.

"Give us a *pied a terra* (2) for the night like a good substantive of the feminine gender.

"Walk right in, you are welcome, we can offer you food and shelter." greeted she, turning a gaze upon his companions.

The cabby having been dismissed the party entered in.

'Bless me, the lamp is out." She uttered, biting her lips as if to avoid being thought frugal of candle.

"It was burning dimly, I did not think of turning up the wick, so it went out." The girl saved the situation.

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(1) Bull's eye.

(2) Place to rest.

"Light it up, while I stir the fire."

Turning up the lamp wick the girl lighted it. A thick smoke began to rise followed by a yellow flame. The old dame advanced to the fire-place and with a pair of tongs lifted off the embers, which she laid on the ground. There being a heap of peats by the fire-side she threw handfuls into the hearth and after much poking and puffing stirred them into a roaring blaze.

"How gustily the fire burns," said she with satisfaction.

"In a grandiloquent style and with bombastic cracks," commented the school master.

The wood-fire was well alight. The partly circled round it and held their hands close to the red glow of the peats to get the chill out of their bones. Now and then the astrologer stretched out his feet over the blaze and the schoolmaster was busy feeding the fire from a bundle of gorse she brought.

The fire-light playing upon the walls and the lustre shed by the hanging lamp revealed the interior. It was a spacious room, of great length, having bedsteads at one end and a confectionery at the other where half-empty baskets displayed the residuum of the day's sale. There was an air of dirtiness about the place betokening a lack of good taste on the part of its owner. The floor which was earthen was not well broomed, the ceiling was festooned with soot, the windows seemed bleared with the grime of years and the niches were innocent of swab. It communicated with a suite of small inner apartments whose low doors were seamed with fissures and looked shabby with the dust and neglect of years.

"It is freezing outside," chattered the astrologer.

"Have a cup of Bhang. It will keep off the chill," suggested the dame.

"No thanks. I never take anything strong." he declined.

"We rather need a good meal to tuck in," muttered the schoolmaster, a sharp appetite making him indifferent to narcotic treat.

"Why, I am at your service," said she. "Moona, put on supper for five, the best we have in the house, quick, see about it." With a flutter of drapery the girl tripped to the stall, filled some trays with several sorts of sweets and set them before the party.

Next instant saw them busy discussing such viands as they could pick out, without being much critical about their quality. After the edibles were done full justice to they threw themselves into various attitudes of ease on the bedsteads. The dame took a seat before them after she had cleared away the supper things.

"I was just turning in for sleep when you knocked." She opened a discourse.

"Sorry, we have given you trouble." said the adjutant.

"No indeed, no indeed, you are welcome." replied she with a thrill of sincerity in her voice.

"You are *saxu fumina ingenio vir.*" The schoolmaster opened his lips again.

"What gibberish was that ?" asked she laughing.

"He said that you are a woman by sex but man by mind." interpreted the adjutant smilingly.

"Indeed I have man's work to do, for things must always be on their business footing. Since I laid him on the pyre cold and dead, peace to his ashes, there has been too great a tax upon me." There was emotion in her voice, tears came to her eyes, she dashed a drop or two.

"Wife without a husband is like a verb without a nominative. She may also be compared with an adjective pronoun which with noun is an adjective and without noun a pronoun," observed the schoolmaster philosophically.

"Have you no child ?" asked the chief slowly blowing a wreath of smoke into the air.

"None, I am bound up in this child," said she pointing to the girl. "I have neither eyes nor ears for any one else. She is the apple of my eye."

"Who is she to you ?" asked the adjutant.

"She is my sister's daughter, poor thing, her mother died when she was very young. Her father has married again and settled abroad. It is worse to be motherless than anything else." Her lips were tremulous with emotion, tears stood again in her eyes.

"He has committed her to your care I suppose," said the chief.

"Just so. 'Look up my girl for me', he said and leaving her went away. So I look her up. She has not a friend in the world to turn to if I cast her away." Her voice became pathetic.

"So she has become a fixture to you like a suffix," observed the Schoolmaster.

"Ever since he gave her to me as a sacred trust my chief care has been to make her happy", added she, "I brought up her mother too. From a child she had sprung into woman under my eyes."

Her voice almost broke with the intensity of her emotion, tears dropped from her eyes. The thought had recalled painful reminscenses.

"The girl looks innocent enough to be a daisy," remarked the chief.

A beautiful colour leapt into the girl's cheeks at the words. The blue eyes drooped beneath his gaze with a shy air.

"She is pure gold at heart, a jewel. Wherever I go she must follow me. She is my treasure, my only happiness," dilated she.

"I dare say, she was born under favourable stars. I read the lines on her brow. She will be happy," predicted the astrologer with eyes almost devouriug her face.

"Pray Heaven it may be so," said she.

"It will, it must."

"Our friend has a divining power," said the adjutant smiling.

"Sit here my darling". She called the girl to her side.

With a crisp rustle of her skirts the little elf dropped upon a seat and leant her pretty head against a post.

A girl of twelve, with the bluest eye and the blackest hair, fair as aurora, she looked a pretty creature. The face was full of sweetness, tenderness softened every feature.

"She looks the very personification of spring", complimented the schoolmaster.

"She has never known a care, has had every wish gratified," said the dame."

"By the bye, you have not given us your name." The chief asked turning a compassionate glance upon the girl.

She turned to him with a charming pout upon her red mouth and then dropped her eyes. A rich glow suffused her cheeks.

"Oh you precious young fool, why do n't you speak", was the dame's gentle admonition.

Showing her pretty dimples in a charming smile, "Moonee", uttered she with a flush in her cheeks and a flash in her dark eyes.

"The plucky little brick is a help to me, has always something to bustle over, rises early and potters about the garden before men turn out. She is a bit chummy, chums with the girls about here."

"I see she has more than a touch of good-breeding," was the adjutant's enconium.

The beautiful tint on the girl's cheeks deepened. She flashed a sly glance at him and innocently her eye roved from one face to the other.

"There was a young swell hanging after her, a lad of eighteen, a neighbour's son. I warned him off. His obtrusive attentions were odious to her," said the dame.

"No, no, she must not be fooled round with," cautioned the chief.

' Of course not," said she. "She holds off from him. The young shaver is a cad through and through, plays poker with girls. If I can catch him sneaking again I will knock the humour out of him."

"No, no, auntie, don't have anything to do with a scamp. See his mother about it," cried she nervously.

"Hush child, this is nonsense. I must bluff him."

"I suppose the youngster fancies you will give him her hand," spoke the adjutant in fun.

"What, marry her to that bounder who plays poker, pshaw. There is a rich person hereabouts who wants her for his son. Money is no object to him if only he can find a good match."

"Indeed", ejaculated the former. "But some expense you can't avoid."

"I do'nt mind the expense, money comes easy but between him and me money is out of place."

"No more idle chat, to the point at once," the prince burst out impatiently, fretting with amoyance at the waste of time.

"My good dame, will it be troubling you too much if we ask you to say one thing?" the chief started his querry.

"Not a bit," replied she casting upon him a puzzled look.

"Our companion says," he went on, pointing to the schoolmaster, "that he saw two females here this morning."

"Yes indeed, two pretty blondes."

"Do you know who they were ?"

"I am sure I do n't."

"Did they speak to you ?"

"I am blessed if they did. They were reserve, spoke little, appeared to be under some deep feeling. But how fair, wonderfully fair. I have never seen such beauties. Through the veil I could catch sight of the sweetest little nose and lips. What a mass of hair floated around their faces in the sauciest of curls."

A rift of pallor flitted across the prince's countenance.

"I beg you will give us all the details we wish" requested the chief.

"I tell you all before you ask." said she. "They came in a cab, a lackey handed them out and they were shown into the other room. Both looked pall and gloomy as if they had something to mope about. It is not good for one to be so moped up. Once or twice I tried to know what meant the mooning, but they made shift to hide their feelings. I am blessed if I understand what had put them out. I could not be much free, for the lackey won't have it. The hang dog kept by me all the time I was with them. They ate little, seemed bursting to be off. The black cur ate a bellyful, I put a jar of milk into his stomach.

"What sort of a chap was the lackey," questioned the adjutant.

"A lanky man with a foxy face, black as coal, a rough-looking fellow. Would that I could say what countryman he was, what a lubber I have been to forget to ask it."

"A climax of ugliness," corroborated the schoolmaster.

The description which she gave of the personal appearance of the blackie left no room for doubt as to his identity. The identity of the females were clearly established by the account she gave of their form and features.

"Did the blackie tell you who they were ?" interrogated the chief, carefully avoiding too great a display of inquisitive interest.

"He said they were his master's daughters. He was taking them to their country house."

"But who was his master did you ask ?"

"A merchant of the town said he."

"When did they arrive here ?"

"A little before noon." Pointing to the schoolmaster she said. "The Thakoor was round before any one was hanging about. They came after that. When he was reading his prayer out of a hymn-book, they threw him a ring. The puppy was hot for it."

"Spawn of the devil, I showed him a clean pair of heels" boasted the pedagogue.

"How long did they stay ?"

"Long enough," replied she. "The blackie knocked about a great deal for a cab, couldn't get any till it was fairly evening. Then they left."

The prince was white as sheet. His heart felt nigh breaking. His brain whirled. Only two ideas stood forth in tolerable clearness, one that he must start quickly and the other that he must take all sorts of odds and chances.

"I reckon they cannot have gone far," muttered he with an agonised look.

This set the party thinking.

"If the circumference of a cab-wheel be six feet and if at full speed it takes four seconds to revolve, the distance covered by the cab from nightfall up to now, that is eight hours, could be a trifle over eight miles," the astrologer guessed out.

"Nonsense," refuted the schoolmaster." "It is silly to assume that the cab should have rolled on like a complex sentence without punctuating on the way."

This led to a passage at arms which was quickly put an end to by the adjutant administering a mild reproof, but not until the pedagoque had made a free draft upon his vocabulary.

"What under Heaven is the matter ?" inquired the dame curiously.

"Nothing serious," said the chief. "The girls had a petty quarrel at home, they came away in a heat."

"Oh merciful Heaven if I had known this before ?" regretted she.

"You would have stopped them I suppose." said the adjutant jocosely.

"Of course," said she with an emphasis. "Would that they were here again."

"Thanks for your token of good will," humoured the former.

"You are more than good to us." The chief indulged in a bit of lip-service.

"Oh don't say that," protested she. "It is only too good of you to think so."

"No time is to be lost. We must set off at once," urged the prince. There was impatience in his looks.

"Oh goodness, you think of going out in this rough night, it is so precious dark," exclaimed she.

The wind had got up again and was sweeping round the house, whistling bleakly. Every nook snd cranny had a voice to answer. Trees rocked and clashed, leaves rustled tumulteously.

"It is no good blundering in the dark, let us pass the small hours here," decided the chief, after weighing in his mind the pros and cons of the situation. The adjutant accepted the decision.

The prince reluctantly agreed.

"I think I will bid you goodnight now," said the dame, eager to snatch a few minutes sleep.

"Good night and good sleep to you," said the guests, at the same-time the chief slided towards her a piece of gold coin which she caught like a fly. Then with eyes sparkling and wlth choked words of thanks she retreated, the little elf tripping after her.

No sleep weighing his eye-lids the prince sat up in the most dejected attitude, with unpleasant memories haunting him. His companions in spite of their efforts to remain awake drifted to slumber. Silence fell again, a deep, dead silence, broken only by the wind howling round like a lost spirit and the trees tossing their branches wildly.

The small hours rolled round to a morn at last and ere the locality was astir and the world arose to its usual busy routine the guests were on the door-step shifting amid many bows of the hostess.

"Shall I call a cab for you ?" asked she.

"Yes, if you care to," said the astrologer.

"No thanks we will not trouble you any farther." The chief declined the offer politely.

"Where can we find one ?" inquired the adjutant.

"On the stand further on," she replied.

Following the directions given by her they traced out a stand but found no cab. No sign of vehicle being visible as far as the eye could reach they decided on an exercise of the feet.

"Do you live about here ?" The adjutant stopped a country fellow who was carrying wood.

"Yes, what is wanted." asked he.

"Did you see a cab pass this way last evening ?"

"I am sure I saw one drawn by a pair of ponies, a strange-looking blackman sat on the dicky."

"Just the one we wish to know about," cried the chief eagerly.

"Which way did it take ?"

"If turned down the path you can see from here." He pointed to a pathway a little ahead.

"Where does the path lead to ?"

"It is a shorter cut to the high road."

With rapid strides they gained the path, struck into it, alert in every limb. The path was rough, the soil which was of clayish consistence had been transformed by the last night's rain into a sticky mass. Here and there it was covered with water. Slipping and sliding on the greasy clay, occasionally wading through muddy waters they could make but slight progress. As they advanced, the route became far worse, the soil presenting a clinging mass which threatened to catch and hold their feet. Here the ground dipped down under their feet, the mire plashed up all around, there a neighbouring tank had swollen and over the road the water was swirling and eddying so that in attempting a passage they had the most trying experience. At many a point a sweep of hard frozen snow had completely blotted out the path so that they had to creep cautiously on to avoid a sprowl or a souse.

"Keep your eye on the road, mind the ditches ?" The chief warned again and again.

Now they drew back to keep off a ditch, next were they plunged into a mire, the water gurgling round their knee, again and again had they to dodge steaky clay. They kept straight on, for the slightest swerve to the right or left might send then sprawling. Now wading, now plodding, next sliding, their shoes badly warped, their trousers soddened with slime they laboured on till dry ground was gained.

"A little farther on the way is not rough." The adjutant hazarded a guess.

Dry ground gained and a change of movement giving relief to their feet they were once more pedalling with sure and solid thud. They had now struck a path which with many trurns and twists led to an expanse of grass. The sight came as a welcome relief. The endless swish of the course grass as the wind swept over it blending with the whine of fir trees that bordered a causeway produced a music which was not altogether disaggreable.

Their feet now trod the causeway. The chief's keen eye noted a track of wheels and hoof-prints looking quite fresh.

"These are the prints of a pony's hoof," guessed he.

"But all round and over them are foot-marks." The adjutant gave out the result of his observation.

"Yet we can distinguish the print of pony's hoof." persisted the former.

"There seem to be two sets of hoof-marks, one larger than the other and two sets of wheel marks too," uttured the prince after a close examination.

"The larger does not look so fresh as the other." The adjutant spoke confidently.

"A few hours ago two vehicles must have passed here, one after another and the interval was not short," was the chief's conclusion. The others endorsed it.

"We have now the smaller hoof-marks to follow," decided the adjutant.

Picking up the trial they followed it. Here and there it was clearly perceptible but at times the ground did not favour the search. On they kept, now losing it but to recover it again. The road forked off a little distance ahead, and it became entirely a matter of chance which of the two branches to take. There was not a soul in sight to be a referee. A depressing lifelessness hung over the scene.

They noticed that the trail turned to the right. Keeping an eye on it they struck into the right—hand path, not knowing where on earth they were going not caring where it might end Along its weary length they plodded, forward, yet forward, mile after mile. when in the hazy distance there loomed a vision of terraces peeping out of a mass of green.

The sun was now riding high, his rays seemed to pierce through even the densest foliage. All was brightness—a dazzling radiance.

Straight on they went, on and on, their weary limbs seeming to sink, the tree-lines seeming to reel about them, on and on, toiled painfully along, between wastes of lank grass, under the shadows of poplars, through tracts overgrown with shrubby plants, still onward. Then on the waves of the wind there came floating an indistinct hum of life and traffic. It was evident that a locality was near. Half an hour's sharp walking brought them on the outskirts of a village where some shrill-voiced vegetable women were bargaining with a plentitude of invectives.

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Pages.
I.—Out in the Wild—By C. Melbourne Jackson ... ... 244—251
II.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (XIII)—By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 252—260
III.—The Government—By J. C. Dutt ... ... 261—267
IV.—Ram Gopaul Ghose—By P. N. K. ... ... 263—275
V.—Kadamvari (III)—By K. D. Sarkar ... ... 276—282
VI.—Peary Chand Mittra (II)—By Essem ... ... 283—291

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazin* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal: Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India". This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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THE
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No. 6—JUNE 1916.

OUT IN THE WILD.

Everyone who has been to Darjeeling has heard of Phalut. And well does the place deserve so universal an appreciation of its beauties ; yet few, according to the names in the Dak bungalo visitors' books, wherein one page is often enough for two year's entries, have made the trip out there. Those who have done so and been favoured with good weather, health, servants and ponies must count themselves amongst the world's fortunate ones. Add to all the natural beauties of the expedition, a very congenial companion and the knowledge that at the same time Calcutta is sweltering under the worst heat wave experienced for over forty years, then the memory of the trip becomes an oasis in the torpid and energyless life of the " Ditcher " which will materially assist him to hold, his office chair down until another opportunity presents itself for him to call on Kunchunjunga again.

The preparations are no small matter and demand considerable care and attention, for a break-down on the journey would indeed be a catastrophe. A dozen coolies, mostly women, a sirdar and his coolie, two syces and their coolies a cook and *his* coolie and a few rag tag and bobtail who are presumably the *coolie's* coolies

" Big things have little things,
Upon their backs to bite em
Little things have lesser things
And so ad infinitum."

The arrangements for the coolies and the provender were made by the proprietress of "La Roche" a nice quiet little house to stay at before and after the journey. Our ponies we got from Mr. Jones, the well-known horse dealer. He gave us two beautiful ponies, strong stout-hearted little chaps who all the time seemed to enjoy the journey as much as we did and capered about on the precipitous hill sides like mountain goats.

We were up in Darjeeling three days ; during which we took our fill of tennis rinking and other civilised energies ; when the information came that all was ready. We took 3 suit cases (one and a half each) a roll of bedding (no mattress) and the other coolies were loaded up with food, soda water, their own food etc., we took some champagne, brandy, Wincarnis, and the usual medicines, and *especially* vaseline in large quantities.

Plenty of under wear should be taken both thick and thin, and simply dozens of handkerchiefs, socks etc. Then besides the riding kit one starts out in, it is only necessary to take any old suit to lounge about the dak-bungalows after the day's march is completed and a hot-bath has been enjoyed. Tobacco is not very palateble up at 12000 feet and only a little need be taken. A Browning automatic pistol might be useful, although we only shot at trees etc. for practice.

We started from Darjeeling on April 25th about 11 A.M. our imposing cavalcade having gone some three hours before so that a hot tiffin might await us at the first stop, Jorepokri (7500 feet). The road, *via* Ghum, is rideable all the way and we had many exciting little gallops. Both ponies had done the trip before with the same syces and knew their way. We hesitated at a cross road just before we got to the dak bungalow, but our ponies suddenly set off at full gallop and solved the question by pulling up, at the bungalow. We arrived about 1-30 P.M., having done about 11 miles, and found our table with white napery and clean cutlery invitingly spread. The dak-bungalows are all very clean and comfortable, usually having two beds and bathrooms and a dining-room with a huge fireplace, for wood fires, and an ample verandah. Our sirdar or bearer was a Ghurka recently returned from Mesopotamia and proved himself invaluable. He easily outdid any Calcutta boy in the way and speed with which he unpacked everything, laid it out, and repacked it next day. Darjeeling is plainly visible from Jorepokri and the scenery is similar. Practically everything but cutlery is supplied at the bungalows up to Phalut and after that place when in Sikkim even cutlery is available. The beds all have canvas webbing and no mattress is required. The second day's march brought us to Toongloo (10,075 feet 14 miles from Jorepokri). About four miles of the road is too steep to ride, and we walked while the syces led the ponies. There our vaseline came in very useful for, knowing from volunteer experience that many miles down hill jams the toes up into the boots, we put about half a pot-full inside each sock and never experienced the slightest discomfort. The hill sides were covered with great forests of rhododendrons and magnolias, a splendid sight, the thickly wooded hill sides deriving an added beauty from an occasional floating mist that twined about the tree tops. In parts the hill sides are almost perpendicular and the "road" is merely a shelf or ledge. The sides present vast faces of naked rocks dipping abruptly down to form chasms or ravines where through masses of granite fragments numerous torrents force their roaring way. From Toonglu the snows seemed very close and the air was cold enough to keep us very comfortable beside a huge wood fire. We had champagne with our dinner here and both "slept very soundly." Next day, on the way to Sandukphu (12,930 feet, and 15 miles from Toonglu) we had again to walk half the distance owing to the precipitous declivities. But every inch was well worth it. The view from Sandukphu is unsurpassed for grandeur. Over 400 miles of the mountain range can be seen. A rock-bound wilderness of ice and snow with towering peaks, mountain ranges with white glaciers and black formless valleys, range east and west from Kinchinjunga (28,500 ft.) in Bhutan to where a hundred miles away in Nepal the peak of Everest (29,002 ft.) glitters in the morning sunlight. One seems to front a world of chaos, a rugged land of silent desolation but eternal grandeur. The mighty mountains, much the highest in the world, faded from a glowing warm pink to a hard clear white as the sun rose next morning and we gazed on the wondrous scene. A strong wind was blowing and a whole forest of bright red rhododendrons waved a solemn and beautiful greeting to the two happy souls who sat for two hours, entranced with a sight that obliterated all but God and a peace that passeth all understanding. The scene seemed to affect the cavalcade, our ponies were neighing and anxious to be off and the coolies were all smiles and sung their Sirdar's idea of, "It is a long way to Tipperary" as they shouldered their heavy burdens and moved off.

From Sandukphu to Phalut (12,850 ft., 12½ miles from Sandukphu) the first six miles is very beautiful, great pines waving about in the breeze, and the gradient permits one to keep in the saddle. In places the hill sides were littered with uprooted and charred trunks and there must have been some thunderstorms. We took our tiffin in a pretty shady spot where we could sprawl on the long grass. Our bearer had given us ham and beef sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, cold tea and brandy and soda.

Tiffin is always carried by the syces for one seldom gets far ahead of these indefatigable and lightly loaded syces though we often beat the cavalcade by three hours on a day's march. The exhilaration of the deliciously cool and sparkling air added to that produced by a little brandy and soda had an astonishing effect and we were fain to believe we had discovered the exlixir of perpetual life, *viz.* cool brandy and soda at 12,500 feet. The rest of the road to Phalut is nerve-trying. A sheer drop of 8,000 feet or so is not uncommon on one or both sides, and on breasting a ridge about five miles from Phalut the bungalow can be clearly seen away up above and the road traced out with its interminable windings and zig-zags. The ponies are best left severely alone here and no attempt should be made to *ride* them, just sit on the saddle with the reins fairly tight and let them pick their own path. The ponies break into gallops at most unexpected and unsuitable places and always take very short steep rises at full speed. We got quite expert at slashing off poppy heads or picking up dead leaves with our riding canes when going at full gallop. We noticed at Phalut that the ponies had some difficulty in getting back to normal breathing after their colossal exertions but we felt but little difference in the atmosphere, except a sort of mental exhilaration and grand physical fitness which the beautiful cool clean air may have emphasised.

The bungalow at Phalut is nicely sheltered and has quite a large enclosed verandah. The Chowkidar has lived there some 30 odd years and looks like it too! He had a wheezy cough that had troubled him for 20 years and asked for medicine. We gave him some of all we had namely quinine, kutnow's and vaseline. Not mixed of course. Phalut is nearly 12 miles nearer Kinchinjunga than Sandukphu and is the last "foothill." The glaciers and crevasses, and a huge icy plain on the sides of Kinchinjunga can be clearly discerned. We found lots of ice about here and in one sheltered spot some nice clean snow and indulged in vigorous snowballing for some time. Our coolies thought we were balmy, but nevertheless laughed uproariously if one of us got squarely hit. To the right of Phalut, when looking at Kinchinjunga, is Singalila, the summit of which is the highest point reached on the journey. There is a Tibetian prayer Pyramid at the very top and we sat with our backs against this to enjoy the grand views, meanwhile the coolies unshipped the Poles upon which their prayers (little pieces of white material) are tied, and after hoisting up nice clean "Prayer" proceeded to conclude the service with a weird incantation. We were favoured with cloudless skies and extraordinary visibilities all the way. We since heard that March and November are the best months.

Phalut to Dentam (4,300 feet, 20 miles from Phalut) in Sikkim is the hardest day's journey by far. First a ride of about a mile up to Singalila, then seventeen miles walking downhill and finally two miles riding along a river bed and up to the bungalow. The lowest altitude touched is some 2,800 feet only. The seventeen mile walk brings one down nearly 10,000 feet, and takes about five hours. We started off from snow and ice and finished with bamboo swamps, mosquitoes and the other Indian insect abominations, and the temperature varied from about 32° to over 100° in five hours.

There is one great consolation however, and that is owing to the slow work, the cooly cavalcade is always quite handy and almost immediately Dentam is reached hot tea and baths are ready to remove every trace of fatigue.

We took hundreds of "Battle Axe" Cigarettes to distribute to the coolies, usually giving them ten packets every evening after their work was done. These were much appreciated. The ease with which our men and women coolies dealt with their heavy loads was astonishing, each one carried about 60 lbs. apparently without effort, and the end of a day's journey invariably found them in exhuberant spirits laughing and singing and enjoying the cigarettes. Our guide was invaluable, told us when it was advisable to start, where to take tiffin, the temples to be seen and finally used to gather great handkerchiefs full of wild raspberries and strawberries which he very proudly placed on the dining table himself.

From Dentam to Pamiongchi (5,800 feet, 11 miles from Dentam) we followed a straight line through the valley, a riotous tumbling gurgling stream accompanying us for a few miles. All Sikkim is very beautiful, but the valleys with their quaint bustees and terraced cultivation strike one as being especially pleasing after the rugged grandeur of the mountains. Pamiongchi dak bungalow garden was full of lovely roses, nasturtiums and other English flowers and we filled all the receptacles we could find in the place. The snows are still plainly visible. Our ponies got almost covered with leeches when drinking at a small stream this day and we had a lovely time, on the narrow path, getting them off. We visited a Lamaserai or Buddhist monastery. The interior was not unlike a rough Christian church, the altar at the East with numerous candle sticks and vases of flowers. In the centre was a huge brightly polished brass image of Buddha, and the wall was papered with innumerable representations of the "Wise One." Two long rows of monks sat facing each other down the centre of the place and behind the Lama 'a band" of cymbals and drums.

At the entrance were hundreds of prayer wheels, like huge cotton reels on spindles, rudely decorated. Our cook and bearer industriously spun the lot. The monks do nothing but pray in a dull monotone, and do not attempt to teach or preach. We signed our names in the visitors book and after giving a few coins to the "treasurer" took our departure. They took us up some ricketty stairs and shewed us many rolls of parchment, our guide remarking "sub-chizen behtar hai," but we could not find out how old they were. On coming out we noticed a Karait (a very dangerous snake) on the footpath. Our cook leapt forward and despatched the reptile with his stick, whereupon the monks became very voluble and threatening, and we discovered they were very angry with the cook for his act of sacrilege. The cook defended himself, in a remarkably rapid, succinct passage which seemed to satisfy every body. At the foot of the hill we were shewn some tombs of past Lamas, the guide again remarking "Subchizen behtar hai," and we wondered if it meant books, wives etc. Then we set out for Runchingpong, (5600 feet, 13 miles from Pamiongchi) starting with a five mile walk down hill into the Rungneet river valley, only about one thousand feet above sea-level, where we found the heat very trying. We took our tiffin near a suspension bridge (for the road leading to Gangtok). "Suspension" is the correct word here no doubt, for the structure is only a few wires and bamboos and the traveller has the "suspense" when crossing it After tiffin we sat on a rock and dangled our hot tired feet in the cool stream. It was so delicious that we decided to go in properly, so after sending the syces on to wait for us, we stripped to our underwear and plunged in. We both had bright scarlet anti-tropical light underwear on, and this may have accounted for our freedom from the attacks of leeches, and we certainly must have presented a weird spectacle to any stray native. The ponies felt the heat very much also, and on the long climb up stopped every few yards to puff and blow in a very vigorous fashion. But we had our reward for the Rimchingpong garden was very beautiful, great bushes of sweet smelling roses, sweet williams, nasturtiums, sweet peas and passion flowers gave a wonderful display, and after our bath we roamed about here, yarning of the old country and what we would do on our next long leave.

Next day we set out for Chakung (5200 feet, 14 miles from Rimchingpong) and again had to go right down to cross the Rungneet, and bearing in mind our yesterday's experience we took towels and made a regular business of bathing in the cool, friendly old river. Chakung was the poorest of the bungalows and we could not make the chawkidar understand what we wanted at all, even "Peeneeker pani" failing until we got a glass and mimicked the action of drinking. We were the first visitors here for nearly 18 months. The chowkidar's pay was 3-8 per month, whereas Phalut's got 4-8 after his 30 years service. The Chakung man had only done 20 years, and so was not due an increase yet. The journey from Chakung to Darjeeling is the longest day's march, being just over twenty miles, and the caravan gets away about seven o'clock. Two miles ride, eight miles walk downhill, and ten miles ride uphill is a fair day's work, and one who can do the journey from Chakung without feeling fairly tired need not worry about his constitution. The road again winds down to the Rungneet, this time only 500 feet above sea-level and now quite a river. The heat in the valley is terrific and here we had our only misfortune, for some "careless ass" dropped the large bottle of cold tea and it was all lost. We rode on a mile to Singla Bazaar on the Rnngneet. Just as we were beginning to gasp with coursing and thirst, our indefatigable cook arrived with a great kettle of boiling tea, saying the syces had told him of our accident, and with characteristic energy he had laid himself out to remedy it. We voted him ten rupees *bukshеesh* and a regular high flown reference, both of which he got. Soon after this we sighted Lebong and at 4-30 P. M., we were going at full gallop along the cart road. Though we had enjoyed immensely the wild beauties of the last few days, the sight of a nicely laid tea table with enthusiastic friends to welcome us, had a peculiar charm of its own, and our return to civilization was not so disappointing an affair as we had anticipated.

We kept no record of the cost but believe about four hundred rupees covered all The ponies are five rupees a day each, the bearer three, the syces two, and then there is the grub and all the other coolies. However if it cost 200 each it was worth two lakhs at least (if you have got it).

In conclusion—here is a list of the places visited and other information.

From	Height	To	Height	Distance miles	Lowest altitude reached
Darjeeling	6800	Jorepokri	7500	11	6800
Jorepokri	7500	Toonglu	10075	14	6000
Toonglu	10075	Sandukphu	12930	15	8000
Sandukphu	12,930	Phalut	12,850	12½	10,000
Phalut	12,850	Dentam	4,500	20	3000
Dentam	4,500	Pamiongchi	5,800	11	1,750
Pamiongchi	5,800	Rimchingpong	5,600	13	1,000
Rimchingpong	5,600	Chakung	5,200	14	900
Chakung	5,200	Darjeeling	6,800	20	500

C. MELBOURNE JACKSON.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(XIII.)

"Can you tell us whether there is an inn hereabouts ?" enquired the chief.

"You will find one further on where the road bends, a fair inn, where they give the right stuff," said one.

The road now traversed the village, winding in and out, between brick and mud houses, homesteads and hovels, tanks and plantations.

"I should know the place. I visited it not long ago," blurted out the astrologer, eyeing round with a look of recognition.

"Are you well-known about here ? " asked the adjutant.

"Not a bit. I chanced to call at an inn somewhere here as I passed by," said he.

They had rounded a curve. A hundred yards away, standing slightly back from the road, shut in by a hedge, was an one-storied building. It was the village inn, the object of their immediate interest.

"I am sure, I turned in here," cried he.

After scraping a few tons of mud off their shoes the weary travellers aching in every limb stepped noiselessly in.

A long spacious room having a grocery at one end and sitting accomodation at the other, formed the outer division of the building. Co-extensive with it ran two parallel suites of inner apartments separated from it and from each other by the intervention of corridors. In the background lay a court, flanked by structures of mud. A high brick wall brought up the rear. The apartments however roomy had a shabby look. The niches were grimmed with the flare of candle, cobwebs festooned the ceilings, with cracks were the floors seamed and the window pannels were so full of rifts that through them sunlight was streaming in. Yet there were some pretensions to luxury superior to that of the ordinary village inns. The cots boasted downy cushions. There were stretchers and reclining chairs, polished benches and carved bedsteads. A few mirrors and oleographs relieved the monotony of the bare walls. There were indications also that the owner was driving a roaring trade, for the place was alive with the babel and bustle of men and women, men getting in and out, women shopping with baskets and babies in their arms. An appetising odour came from cooking pots bubbling and skirling in the kitchen inside.

At the counter sat a middle-aged woman, a magnificent specimen of womanhood, tall, stout and of splendid physique. One's first glance would convey the impression that she has had her day. Even now few people would pass her without a second look. Though not possessing the creamiest of skins she had at least the complexion of olive, not beautiful save for the beauty that comes with perfect health. The figure though not sylphic was elegantly graceful. In fine, she made an aggreable picture with her black tresses, a pair of limpid eyes, a nose straight but slightly blunted at the top and a sensitive mouth showing a row of white teeth when she spoke.

An old hook-nosed man of eighty, a shrivelled figure, with a shaven pate and palsied limbs was hobbling to and fro, catching each word of command she issued in shrill business tones. In contrast to her gay, careless air was the anguished expression of this undividual whose whole mien was one of dejection.

"I believe I am addressing Panna Bibee," was the astrologer's relevant opening.

"Oh yes, I am Panna," said she with a touch of surprise.

"Do I put a rude question if I ask whether you know me ? "

"Not in the least. I ought to know you I am sure, yet I do not," replied she searching his face with a puzzled look. For a moment eye held eye.

"Pardon me, I believe you saw me here before. I am an astrologer."

"Bless my soul, so you are," cried she, a joyful look of recognition broke over her face. "I cannot tell you how glad I am to meet you again."

The parted lips on which played a fitful smile told eloquently of her pleasure in seeing him.

The schoolmaster could scarce suppress an effusion of wit.

"The owner of a pretty face and a good figure has no lack of friends," said he in a low voice.

"I warn you, I am in no trifling mood," snarled the astrologer flushing at his bantering tone.

"Don't be cross, man, I was only joking."

"It was a silly joke any way, most ill-timed," frowned he.

"Gracious me, you take it more seriously than it deserves."

"Hush, you will create a scene," reproved the adjutant.

The observant eye of the woman did not fail to notice the little commotion.

"Who are these gentlemen ?" she asked the astrologer with one of her most engaging smiles.

"Fellow-travellers," replied he concealing their identity.

"You are welcome beneath this humble roof," greeted she, struck by their air and deportment. Her sharp eye took in the fact that there was something uncommon about them.

"I see from your face that you have not abated one jot in frankness," observed the astrologer complaisantly.

"I have not the heart to be less free with any one," said she in her free and pleasant way, a smile curled the corner of her mouth.

Next moment found the party occupying the seats in attitudes indicative of a keen sense of relief.

"What are you in a deuce of a hurry for ?" she taxed the octogenarian who was hobbling away from near the counter.

"For just a wash," answered he timidly.

"Nonsense, stay here, we have gents to deal with."

Without another word in reply he obediently turned back, seeming to have no power to resist her command.

"Look at me ?" said she.

His obedient eyes were instantly fixed in a wild stare upon her face.

"Call the waiter, see that he brings them water to wash their feet ?"

"I need a wash myself, feel so dry," complained he.

"I wish you were not so obstinate." Her tone was hoarse with passion.

"A confoundedly hard heart," he grunted to himself.

"What do you mean ?" She flung at him a questioning look.

"Whom should I mean but the waiter. The son of an owl is fooling somewhere", he saved himself.

"I lay a command upon you, go, look out." A sharp word of command pealed from her lips.

The old man hobbled out, stifling something that half-rose to his lips.

In a few minutes the waiter showed up and under a sharp reproof became elaborately attentive to the guests. The first item of oriental hospitality was gone through. The services of the smoking apparatus were next called into requisition. In no long time clouds of smoke were puffed upwards and the air became redolent with the odour of tobacco.

"Get oil and towel, be sure you look sharp," was her next command.

The waiter strode away. The old man took a position in the inter-evening space.

"Who is this antiquated old fossil, this locomotive mummy"? querried the schoolmaster, after taking a mental measurement of the wizened creature.

"That's my husband," replied she, "a capital fellow, does my cooking and cleaning. His weak point is that he jabbers, but this rather amuses me when I am alone. It is beastly dull to be all by one's self. I must fill out the time somehow."

A smile lit up her face. There was a touch of sweetness in it. Every detail of her presence from the soft tone in which she spoke to the glow on her cheeks all went to make up a pleasant personality.

"The husband is a great contrast to the wife, a false concord, a grammatical anomaly," observed he with a wise shake of the head.

"What gibble-gabble was that?" asked she with a half merry half serious look.

"Our friend has a funny way of speaking," said the chief looking amused.

"It is worse than rudeness to banter decent people with rough jeers," protested the astrologer angrily.

"Yes indeed, the remark was uncalled for. Her position is none the worse for the contrast." The chief spoke humourously and with a sly emphasis upon the words.

"Hers is the position of a nominative absolute," explained the pedagogue, "for between a dummy verb and a balmy subject there can be no agreement in mood, tense or person. To apply a figure of syntax she is to him a pleonism in life which the drivelling old idiot has no right to indulge in, as by antithesis they are not fitted to each other." There was an insinuating sneer in the tone in which he uttered the last words.

"I am afraid the dotard has caught the last words," muttered the adjutant laughing in his sleeve.

"I fear so too," he bit his lips.

It was some little time before the meaning of his words penetrated to the octogennarian's dull brain.

"What business is it of yours whether she and I are suited to each other or not ?" He turned upon the pedagogue with a frowning face.

"None," replied the latter dropping the tone of banter.

"Why then did you talk rot and rubbish, jackanapes ?" cried the imbecile in indignant protest. The angry flush had completely masked his face.

"Why not, a man has a right to say many things *per fas aut nefas* (I) about that which is none of his business," argued the other.

"Right be bothered—stuff and nonsense," rasped the wreck of humanity fuming and fretting. His eyes seemed to pierce him through and through.

"Tut, tut, no more catachresis (2). Mind, you are addressing a litoris perpotitis". (3). warned he snappishly.

"There is a demon in me over which I have no control when any one makes a fling at me" blared the other, shooting a menacing look over at him.

"I wish you held this demon of yours in complete subjection.' The adjutant broke in sneeringly.

"Don't be hot good fellow, he only gave expression to his views and sure any man has a right to do it." The chief interposed.

"Hang his views. People have always some scandal to talk about, but I never talk scandal myself."

He rattled on till his voice grated on the ears of its listners.

"Be quiet, can't you," hissed the hostess, placing her fingers on her lips in token of silence. "This is all dashed foolishness."

The old man quailed beneath her look.

"Gentlemen," said she turning her eyes upon her guests and endeavouring to put as much tenderness as her voice could convey

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(1) Right or wrong.
(2) Wrong use of words.
(3) A sonnd scholar.

into her tone. "You must not mind the old man, he has no sense, only blessed morphia keeps him alive."

' Why, I won't be bluffed to my face," protested he glaring at the pedagogue from under his bushy brows.

"Keep the bluff up when you are alone, don't make a fool of yourself," she rebuked, with a scornful curve of her lips.

"Had I my way his tongue should be rooted out," jabbered he, still smarting under the humerous raillery.

"Gentlemen," repeated she. "You must excuse an old man's garrulousness. He is mad. *I* don't mind his nonsense."

"If you don't mind we don't think why should we," said the chief smiling.

"That is sensible," she approved.

"What, I am mad and the jackass is sane and you indulge his silly nonsense. I will keep an eye on you both." The dotard turned upon her with a scowl. He became conscious of a sudden feeling of jealousy.

"The fool is queer at times," said she with a rippling laugh. "He would be jealous of anybody speaking about me." The sting of the words had gone straight to her heart but she tried to turn it off as a joke.

"There is a fellow hanging round here, a vile black guard, who ought to be drubbed. I will hire a man to slug him." He became more voluble in the fit.

' He means my foster-brother," said she to make light of the insinuation. "I had lent him money when times had been bad, so he gives me a look up now and then, but the fool worries over this." Her lips were blanched with rage but she dissembled it as best as she could being too well versed in social etiquete to allow her feelings to appear on the surface.

"Money-lending is humbug. Any one can see with half eyes that you shelter him," he blabbered sullenly.

"No more fooling." She stopped the words upon his lips with a lifted hand. "I have something of the bull-dog nature in me." Her eyes now changed its glassy look for one that seemed of fire. It appeared as if she could be very fierce indeed if he blabbed out what ought to be a closed subject between them.

The look made his heart faint, his brows contracted, his lips tightened.

"You must consider yourself a highly-favored individual that she does not mind your oddities," the chief was tempted to be a bit funny.

A flutter of the lids and the smiling eyes squarely meeting his was the only indication she gave that she had taken the words to be well meant.

The waiter re-appeared with the bathing requisities. A wash down the nearest tank and a good meal of sweets not to say of milk boiling hot from the chaldron revived the spirits of the party.

"We have chatted enough, it is time we drew her to the subject." The prince burst out with impatience when they were seated again.

The chief undertook to sound her.

"We would like a few minutes' conversation with you. Can you spare time for a few words," said he addressing her.

"Certainly if you wish it," replied she.

"Thank you, much obliged, I am sure."

"I will just ask my mate to keep an eye on the shop if you don't mind."

"Oh, of course, only don't be long."

Having made the temporary arrangement she drew a seat before them.

"We want you to do us a favour, will you ?" the chief asked softly.

"Any thing in reason. What is it."

"Will you please tell us if you received two females here last evening ?"

"Yes, yes, yes." replied she, after a pause, nodding her head with each repetition of the word. "They came with a blackman."

"When was it ?"

"After the drenching storm. What a rough night. I had just tumbled into bed when there came the sound of a cab stopping. My husband went out te see, I followed myself. As we opened the door we saw a cab. A blackman alighted from the dicky and booked a room for two females," answered she.

"What was the black man like ?"

"Man with a haggard face, the hair tossed in disorder about the forehead, swivel-eye, not good to look at, any way.

The description she gave of his appearance satisfied the prince about his identity.

"Who were the females could you say ?" A swift flash of thought brought to his mind that he must not appear too much interested in them."

"I am blest if I knew it."

"Did not the blackie tell you a word about them ?"

"All he said was that they were his master's daughters. There must be something in the back ground that he has not told me. But I will answer your next question before you ask it. I see it on your lip. They were coming from the town and going down some where in the interior. By the Heaven above, what beauty, what brilliant colouring ? I could see their wrists gleaming through the lace of their sleeves. The throat, arm and hair were all adorned with pearls.

"Did they speak to you ?" he asked lightly though a very real curiousity underlay the carelessness of his tone.

"Once or twice. What a generous loving nature, but they seemed to be in trouble. Something lay heavy on their mind I am sure. They ate little, had no sleep although I had made them a good bed in the room inside. The blackie who lay down just where I now sit was very troublesome. The screech-owl won't have my husband cough or sneeze, all the time his tongue went cackling."

"What time did they leave here ?"

"They rose early, bathed, nibbled a bit and cleared away."

"They can't be far in start of us," guessed the adjutant.

"We must lose no time." The prince faltered out with heart and head alike aching. The tone of his voice was plaintive.

"Which road did they take ? " interrogated the chief.

"Taking the first cab they drove off," replied she pointing to the stretch of the road westward.

"No more delay." The prinse became impatient, he rose up abruptly. His face grew expressive with painful interest.

With a liberal fare and with many thanks to the hostess the party strode out.

The possibility of securing a vehicle appearing dubious they decided on an application of their natural powers of locomotion notwithstanding that they were footsore and in spite of the school master's complaint that he was getting to be a blank verse for his feet were in no mood to rhyme.

Happily a bullock-waggon turned up, The surely driver was silenced with a round offer. In a couple of minutes they were its legitimate occupants and were swaying with its bumpy motion.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.L.

THE GOVERNMENT.

What does the Expression Mean?

The Government of India Act, 1915 (5 & 6 Geo. 5, C. 61), is the consolidated law relating to the government of India. It defines 'Local Government' but not 'Government of India.' The authority under the said Act vested with the superintendence, direction and control of the civil and military government of India, is the Governor General in Council, meaning, as explained in that Act, the Governor General in Executive Council. Sir C. P. Ilbert, for some time a member of that Council in charge of the Law Department, in his book "The Government of India" (2nd ed. 1907), says—"The Governor General in Council is often described as the Government of India, a description which is recognized by Indian legislation — X of 1897, S. 3 (22). That Indian law is the General Clauses Act, 1897, which is in operation from the 11th March 1897, the date of the assent of the Governor General. It defines 'Government of India' as meaning "the Governor General in Council or, during the absence of the Governor General from his Council, the President in Council, or the Governor General alone, as regards the powers which may be lawfully exercised by them or him respectively." Section 4 (1) of the said Act of 1897 takes back this definition with certain others to Acts made after the 3rd January 1868, from which date, it must be supposed, the Governor General in Council is the Government of India. According to the definition made, in 1897, in India, the Government of India is the Governor General in Council, or the President in Council, or the Governor General alone. This does not seem to be wholly consistent with the Parliamentary statute, the Government of India Act, 1915. That statute enables the Governor General to exercise certain powers independent of the Executive Council, and otherwise provides for the holding of that Council in the absence of the Governor General. But the act of the Council is, or is to be treated as, the act of the Governor General in Council. The statute allows that, in the absence of the Governor General, the vice-president, appointed by him, is to preside at the Council. In the vice-president's absence, the senior member takes the chair. What does the phrase 'President in Council' in the Indian Act, mean? Does it stand for any authority like the phrase 'Governor General in Council'? Or, is the President in Council only the chairman at a Council where the Governor General is absent? It seems that in the Indian definition, in the said section 3 (22), the 'Governor General in Council' is treated as a plural number. This is an inference from the word 'them.' In the Parliamentary Act, over and above the Local Governments, there are two authorities, emanating from one and the same person—the Governor General in Council and the Governor General. The President in Council is not any such authority. In this Act, 'Local Government' means 'a Governor in Council, Lieutenant Governor in Council, Lieutenant Governor, or Chief Commissioner.' Framed before the English Act, the Indian Act makes 'Local Government' to 'mean the person authorized by law to administer executive government in the part of British India in which the Act or Regulation containing the expression operates and to include a Chief Commissioner.' In the same Act, 'Government' or 'the Government' is defined simply to 'include the Local Government as well as the Government of India.' So, here, 'Government' is either the Governor General in Council, or the President in Council, or the Governor General, or the person authorized to administer executive government in any part of British India including a Chief Commissioner. It is to be noted that the word 'government' is requisitioned to explain the authority 'the Government.' Taking the first expression in the sense of governance, the coupling of the two expressions 'government' and 'the Government' is the coupling of authority and exercise of authority. This definition of 'Government,' like that of 'Government of India', applies to the Indian Acts made on or after the 3rd January 1868.

The definition of 'Government of India' in the Act of 1897 is the same as in the Indian Penal Code (Act XLV of 1860), which is in force from 1st January 1862. Thus, in matters, both civil and criminal, the same meaning rules. In the Indian Penal Code, 'Government' "denotes the person or persons authorized by law to administer executive government in any part of British India," which is the meaning given to 'Local Government' in Act X of 1897.

There is a distinction between the two definitions of 'Government' in the Penal Code and the General Clauses Act. In the Code, there is no express limit to 'the person or persons authorized by law to administer executive government.' The Act draws a line with 'the Chief Commissioner.' The difference is only apparent. For, the authorities assigned by statute for the government of India, are, as already stated, the Governor General in Council, the Governor General and the Local Governments, which last are the Governor in Council, Lieutenant Governor in Council, Lieutenant Governor and Chief Commissioner. These are the only persons authorized by law to administer executive government in India. To, directly or indirectly, extend the term 'Government' to agencies or subordinate services, is to start new Governments or add to the sanctioned authorities in disregard of the Imperial Parliament.

The Indian definition of 'Government of India' seems to be an echo of the English definition, in the Interpretation Act, 1889 (52 and 53 Vict., C. 63), of the expression 'Governor,' which, that statute says, "shall, as respects Canada and India, mean the Governor General, and include any person who for the time being has the powers of the Governor General." This definition, it is clear, recognizes the Governor General of India, but not the Governor General of India in Council, the superintendent, director and controller in the Government of India.

In the Indian Penal Code, operating from the 1st January 1862, as originally enacted, Chapter VI, including the ten sections 121 to 130, relates to offences against the State. There, the offences mentioned are against the Queen, the Governor General of India, the Governor of any Presidency, a Lieutenant Governor or a member of the Council of the Governor General of India, or of the Council of any Presidency. The additions to that Chapter, made in 1870, namely, sections 121A and 124A, introduced the expressions—'British India,' 'the sovereignty of British India,' 'the Government of India,' 'Local Government,' 'the Government established by law in British India,' 'the Government.' Act XXVII of 1870, incorporating the two new sections in Chapter VI of the Indian Penal Code, came after the General Clauses Act, 1868, which earlier Act defined the words 'British India,' 'the Government of India,' 'Local Government.' The General Clauses Act, 1897, however, explains the words 'the Government,' but neither the phrase 'the sovereignty of British India' nor the expression 'the Government established by law in British India.'

There have been amendments of the Penal Code following the definitions in the General Clauses Act and mystifying the Code, Sec. 124 A was added in 1870 and amended in 1898. In it, one of the punishments is imprisonment, without specifying its kind. In the sections immediately preceding and following that section, the imprisonment is 'imprisonment of either description.' This innovation in the Penal Code is due to the General Clauses Act, which defines 'imprisonment' as meaning imprisonment of either description as defined in the Indian Penal Code. Likewise, the imprisonment of Sec. 153A, added in 1898, is to be interpreted, under the General Clauses Act, as meaning of either description. The sedition of section 124A, as first constructed, in 1870, by the law member Sir James Fitz James Stephen, was "disaffection to the Government established by law in British India." In its reconstruction, in 1898, by another law member Mr. Chalmers, it is "disaffection towards Her Majesty or the Government established by law in British India." The Penal Code explains the word 'Queen' as denoting "the sovereign for the time being of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The General Clauses Act, 1897, says—'Her Majesty' or 'the Queen' shall include Her successors. In the first, the Penal Code, the sovereign is the sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In the General Clauses Act, there is succession of sovereigns but without territories. The King of Great Britain and Ireland is, however, since 1877, also the Emperor of India. In 1858, Queen Victoria assumed the direct government of India. Nineteen years after, in 1877, she assumed the title of Empress of India. In the present titles of the sovereign, India forms a part—a valuable addition. But the Emperor has no place in the Indian Acts or amendments thereof made since 1877.

Only 3 out of 59 definitions of the General Clauses Act, 1897, recognize by name the Indian Penal Code, adopting its meanings of —abet, imprisonment and public nuisance. Excepting these three points, the Act of 1897 is wholly independent of the Act of 1860. This liberty complicates, as already noticed in a particular matter, the smooth workin of the Code. A part of the Code—say, the offence, is to be interpreted by its own definitions, and a part, say, the punishment, by those of another, not an amending law, yet amending or overriding it, and nullifying the object of codification or consolidation.

Definitions are of two kinds. One begins with 'shall mean', the other with 'shall include.' The second is not properly a definition. It does not explain an expression, but only expands it, sometimes carrying it to illegitimate or extraordinary length. It has a tendency to include many words in one—shortening the dictionary, along with shortening the language of Acts. Besides the General Clauses Act, other Acts have and may have definitions of their own. The General Clauses Act, 1897, is no settler. Indeed, in its own words, while consolidating, it extends the General Clauses Acts of 1868 and 1887. There is no end to the extension or amplification of meanings of words or expressions. In this labarynth, one easily loses one's way, halting at a wrong point.

Act XXVII of 1870 (25th November 1870) which added section 124A (exciting sedition) to the Indian Penal Code, also strengthened that Code by four other substantive offences—sections 121A (conspiracy to wage war), 225A (sufferance of escape from custody), 294A (keeping lottery office), and 304A (causing death by negligence). The punishment for each of these five offences includes imprisonment. It is curious that, while imprisonment in the four new sections 121A, 225A, 294A and 304A is expressly described as imprisonment of either description, the imprisonment in the other new section 124A is not so explained. There, it is only imprisonment. The punishment awarded under this section has always been rigorous. This means that imprisonment of section 124A may be, as noted before, of either description under the General Clauses Act. How to account for the distinction in one out of the five additions ? This difference made in 870 and repeated in 1898, may rightly supply an argument that imprisonment as a punishment for sedition is not to be rigorous imprisonment. There must be a reason for the departure in this matter by Sir James Stephen. What is that ? How to bring out the intention ? A plain and obvious method is to reckon imprisonment as only of one kind, as mere detention—simple not rigorous imprisonment. It will not be proper to impute a sinister motive to keep the Council in the dark. A rational explanation for the distinction is to suppose that the Law Member and with him the Council purposely separated the imprisonment of section 124 A from that of the other four sections framed and made law at the same time, by the same Act, by the same Law Member and the same legislative Council, formed of the same members.

It is likely also that the Law Member kept to the Code in prescribing 'imprisonment' in S. 124A. Section 305 of that Code, existing before the General Clauses Act, 1868, has, as one of the punishments for abetment of suicide of child or insane person, only 'imprisonment,' not of either description, nor simple, nor rigorous.

While enacting S 124A, Sir James explained to the Council, that he had simply copied it from a clause framed by the Law Commissioners for the Penal Code and not incorporated in it, why he could not find out. The clause suggested only simple imprisonment as a punishment. In his reproduction, the Law Member dropped the word 'simple' to introduce a double form for interpretation of the Indian Penal Code.

Act XXV of 1867—An Act for the regulation of printing-presses and newspapers --defines 'British India' and 'Local Government.' For the purposes of that Act, 'British India' means the territories which are or shall be vested in Her Majesty or Her successors by the statute 21 and 22 Vict., Cap. 106, other than the Settlement of Prince of Wales' Island, Singapore and Malacca. And in every part of British India to which this Act shall extend, 'Local Government' shall mean the person (or persons) authorised by law to administer executive government in such part, and includes a Chief Commissioner.

The Indian Official Secrets Act (XV of) 1889 (amended by Act V of 1904) makes its own definition of 'His Majesty' as including any department of the Government. It directs—any reference to a place belonging to His Majesty includes a place belonging to any department of the Government, whether the place is or is not actually vested in His Majesty. In this Act, a department of the Government, is the same as, or not separable from, 'His Majesty.'

The Indian Press Act, 1910 (I of 1910), uses, without defining, the expression 'the Government established by law in British India.'

The expressions 'the sovereignty of British India' and 'the Government established by law in British India' have yet to be defined. In the absence of any statutory interpretation, everyone is free to give each a possible meaning. The first may be the supremacy or suzerainty of the British in India or the British portion thereof. What is the meaning to be attached to 'the Government established by law in British India,' or what is meant by 'Government established by law'? It cannot possibly be the same as, but must be something other than, 'Government,' 'Local Government' or 'Government of India,' each of which three has been defined and is always personal, one being included in the other. It is a reasonable inference that, coming after, the new phrase is intended to qualify or explain the older ones. The expression 'Government established by law' is, probably, to be traced to the Government of India Act, 1833, (3 and 4 Will. 4, c. 85) (28th August 1833). That statute created the Government of India, investing the superintendence, direction and control of the whole civil and military government of all His Majesty's territories and revenues in India in a Governor General and Counsellors, to be styled 'the Governor General of India in Council.' It also empowered that authority to make, within certain limits, laws for all persons, places and things, such laws having the force and effect of an Act of Parliament. There was the further direction for a Law Commission, who, under the style of 'the Indian Law Commissioners' were to advise what laws were required or would be proper. A system of government based on, maintained by, and administered according to, well considered laws, may fitly be called the Government established by law in British India. It is the administration to which nothing but law is the guide. So far back as 1775, Sir Elijah Impey, the first Chief Justice in Bengal, had said :—

"The protection of the laws is the only constitutional protection that can consist with a free government. Protection by power only, is capricious ; it may shelter the guilty as well as the innocent."

J. C. DUTT.

RAM GOPAUL GHOSE.

(II.)

In 1830, when Ram Gopaul Ghose was a student in the Hindu College, the General Assembly's Institution was opened by Alexander Duff. He was the first missionary of the General Assembly's Church of Scotland. He did splendidly as a teacher and missionary. At the same time he gave an impetus to English education in the country. His school soon rivalled the Hindu College if it did not actually eclipse it. Duff had a handful of associates drawn from the best young men of educated Scotland. Soon enough it had many branches in Calcutta and outside of it. Thus the van of education was run over different parts of Bengal sprealing education broadcast.

In that year, 1830, on the 15th November, Ram Mohun Roy embarked for England to represent the claims of the Emperor of Delhi, a descendant of Timur. He did not live to return, but had succeeded in obtaining for the Emperor, from whom he received the title of Raja, an additional allowance of rupees three lakhs. In England, Ram Mohun was also otherwise active and freely mixed with the learned as well as with the politicians and made himself familiar with the agitatiion for the reform of Parliament. He was the first educated Bengali of high caste and position to cross the *Kalapani.*

George Smith, in his biography of Alexander Duff, writes :—"Ram Mohun Roy died in 1838, declariug that he was neither Christian, Mahomedan nor Hindu. To the last he preserved his caste, that he might secure his civil rights of property and inheritance and retain his nationality. His best biographer pronounces him 'a rcligious Benthamite'."

It was not till 12 years after that another great Bengali, Ram Mohun Roy's friend and disciple, Dwarka Nath Tagore, visited England and made himself conspicuous not only iu England but in Europe as well. He was received by most of the crowned heads, the political and religious parties including the Pope. It is a matter of regret that Ram Gopaul did not follow the examples of Ram Mohun Roy and Dwarka Nath Tagore in this direction as he had followed them in other matters of advancement of his country.

Apparently, his means and regard for his mother stood in his way. When he was in a position to start for England, his health had broken down.

A great movement for the benefit of the educated young men was begun in College Square in the house of Duff, the present Albert Hall. It was a series of lectures in English by Duff, T. Dealtry, John Adam and James Hill. Dealtry was chaplain of the Old Church, who succeeded Corrie first as Archdeacon of Calcutta and then as Bishop of Madras. Adam was his fellow-student at St. Andrews, and was then of the London Missionary Society. Hill was the popular and able pastor of the Union Chapel, in which Christians of all sects gathered on the first day of every year for Catholic Communion after the fashion too rare in divided Christendom.

The managers of the Hindu College were alarmed and issued orders prohibiting the students of the College from attending societies for political and religious discussions. The order had little effect. The students had the support of the European community. The series, however, was not completed. Duff's eloquence drew round him the highest Europeans, the most respectable East Indians and Hindus and men of all religious opinions, including non-believers. Duff received his opponents as friends and tried to convince them by his teachings in the most kindly way. In this assembly Ram Gopaul had the advantage of studying eloquence from one of the greatest of English preachers and speakers of world-wide fame that had ever set foot on India. He had also the opportunity of reading the Bible with Duff to form his own opinion of the Christian religion and the excellence of the Bible. During this time also small debating societies began to multiply and Ram Gopaul was active in them. He had meetings too of his friends in his own house.

This was also the period for Indians to start newspapers. The first three were the "Reformer," the "Enquirer" and the "Gyananeshan." The first was edited by Prosono Coomar Tagore, ventilating the ideas of Ram Mohun Roy and his friends. The "Enquirer" was conducted by Krishna Mohun Banerjee (the Rev. K. M. Banerjee) who was then almost in the arms of Christianity. The "Gyaneshan was in charge of Russick Krishna Mullick in association with Ram Gopaul. The first two journals were wholly in English and the other a diglot, in English and Bengali.

In 1831, when Ram Gopaul was in search of an employment, Montifeore Joseph, a Jew, came to Calcutta for trading. He had an introduction to Thomas Anderson of the well-known firm of Colvin & Co., whom he also asked for an educated Indian for an assistant. Anderson who had known Ram Gopaul in the Academic Association as a bright boy, and was well spoken of by David Hare, recommanded him. Joseph at first sight formed a good opinion of Ram Gopaul for his handsome appearance, intelligence and affability of manners. He was also impressed with his report on the produce and manufacture of the country for which he had asked him as a test of his capacity. Ram Gopaul was taken by Joseph on Rs. 50 a month as assistant to his banian, Hurry Mohun Sircar of Colootollah. Previously, his father had secured for him a job at Rs. 12 a month which he refused.

Within a few days, Joseph sent Ram Gopaul to Dacca to purchase safflower. The journey to Dacca in those pre-railway and steamer service days was tedious and not safe. His parents were alarmed as he was the only son in the family. But he consoled them with his future prospects.

At Dacca he made friends with the chief traders. He made a bargain which brought good profit to his master. Since then he was in the entire confidence of Joseph. Sometime after Joseph, for improving his business, left for Europe and Ram Gopaul in sole charge of the business. Joseph on his return found it in a more flourishing condition.

Joseph had his office in Grant's Lane, a byelane of Bentinck Street, where all the great shops of Calcutta were located.

In 1835, M. Joseph joined T. S. Kelsall. This partnership continued till 1839. Both Kelsall and Joseph were anxious to secure the services of Ram Gopaul. But he, though unwilling to leave his old master, went over to the other on the advice of A and B. Colvins and T. Anderson, leading English merchants of Calcutta.

In 1840, Kelsall took O. Potter as his partner. This partnership did not last for more than two years.

In 1833, when the East India Company ceased to be merchants, a remarkable Bengali, Dwarka Nath Tagore, established for the first time, a firm in association with Englishmen under the name and style of Carr, Tagore & Co. They worked coal mines at Raneegunge, filatures at Kamarkali and indigo factories at Sealdah and in other parts of Bengal. Dwarka Nath died in 1846 in his second visit to England. The firm went into liquidation, the liquidators being R. C. Jenkins, F. R. Hampton and Rama Nath Tagore, afterwards Maharaja Rama Nath Tagore, C.S.I., Dwarka Nath's brother.

The year 1833 was also one of great commercial distress. Great agency houses fell which had existed over half a century. The fluctuations to which the government loans were liable induced many persons to invest their capital or their savings in the houses of agency established in Calcutta. The command of money induced these houses to enter into ruinous speculations, which brought on the crisis. One house after another became bankrupt, until the last failed in January 1834. The first to fall was Palmer & Co., in 1830. These failures involved the public in a loss of sixteen crores of rupees, not two crores of which were realised from their assets. The distress was so great that many were reduced to beggary. This taught a lesson and the greed for money on speculation was temporarily checked.

In 1838, while deep in business, Ram Gopaul with his friends Tariny Churn Banerjee, Ramtonoo Lahari, Tara Chand Chakravati and Raj Kristo Dey, founded the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge. The invitation began with the words:—

"Countrymen—Though humiliating be the confession, yet we can not, for a moment, deny the truth of the remark so often made by many able and intelligent Europeans, who are, by no means enimical to the cause of the native improvement, that in no one department of learning are our acquirements otherwise than extremely superficial. We need only examine ourselves in order to be convinced of the justice of the remark. After the ground work of our mental improvement has been laid in the school, (and a school tuition seldom does more), we enter into the world and never think of building a solid superstructure. The fate of our Debating Associations, most of which are now extinct, while not one is in a flourishing condition, as well as the puerile character of the native productions that appear in the periodical publications, are lamentable proofs of this sad neglect. If a tree is to be known by its fruits, where, with but one or two solitary exceptions, are the fruits to which we can point with pride and satisfaction, as manifesting any degree of intellectual energy or extent of learning?

We have ever sincerely regretted the want of an institution, which should be the means of promoting frequent mutual intercourse among the educated Hindus, and of exciting an emulation for mental excellence. There is at present no occasion whereby we are ever called upon to congregate on an extensive scale, for the purpose of mutual improvement, and whence we may receive impetus for applying ourselves to useful studies. Is it then not desirable to unite in such a laudable pursuit, by which the bonds of fellowship may be strengthened, the acquisition of knowledge promoted, and the sphere of our usefulness extended ?"

Ram Gopaul was to open it, but could not, on account of the death on that day of his only son. The society lived for five years. The subjects discussed were—history, poetry, language, the social condition of various classes of the people, topography, metaphysics, a few popular topics connected with anatomy and physiology and similar subjects. If Ram Gopaul did not read any paper, his interest in the society never flagged.

In 1842, Ram Gopaul Ghose was a partner of Thomas Suddon Kelsall and W. S. Kelsall in the firm of Kelsalls and Ghose. They had their office in 44, Clive Street and 15, Lall Bazar Street. At this time there were seventy-one British merchants and agents as recorded in the Bengal Directory of that year. Of these, four were Indian or had Indian partners, namely, Carr, Tagore & Co.; Kelsalls and Ghose; Ramnarain Roy & Co.; and Rustomjee Cowasjee. Of the remaining sixty-seven, the principal thirteen were—Colvin, Ainslie, Cowie & Co.; Coekerell & Co.; Fergusson Brothers; Gillanders Arbuthnot & Co.; Gisborne & Co.; Hamilton and Co.; Jamiesson & Co.; Leach, Kettewell & Co.; Lyall Matheson & Co.; Macintyre & Co.; Mackillop, Stewart & Co.; R. Stewart & Co., and Watson & Co. Of these only two—Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co. and Hamilton & Co. still exist. But the present Hamilton & Co. is not an agency house. There were twenty-five Indian agents and ship captains' banians. Of these, the leading ones were—Ausotosh Dey; Cally Kincar Pallit; Deb Narian Dey; Hurrish Chunder Bhose; Mohesh Chunder Dass; Muddon Mohun Uddy; Madub Dutt; Mutty Lall Seal; Prawn Kissen Law; Raj Kissen Mitter; and Rajnarian Dass. Of these, again, Ausotosh Dey, Madub Dutt and Mutty Lall Seal were the richest. Prawn Kissen Law & Co. are now one of the richest firms in Calcutta.

Asutosh Dey was the eldest son of Ram Dulal Dey, who, by remarkable industry and sterling honesty, rose from an insignificant position to be one of the richest men in Calcutta. Mutty Lall Seal made his fortune by diligence and intelligence and established the Seal's Free College which still exists. He was a friend of Ram Gopaul. His son Hira Lall Seal had great respect for his father's friend. Madub Dutt was another rich man of Calcutta best remembered for his murder at Chinsura, which is still a mystery. Prawn Kissen was father of Maharaja Doorga Charan Law, Shama Churn Law and Joygobind Law and grandfather of Rajas Kristo Dass Law and Hrishicase Law. Prawn Kissen was a friend of Ram Gopaul, whom he used to consult in matters of business. Maharaja Doorga Churn had great respect for Ram Gopaul and sought his advice. The brothers Shama Churn and Joygobindo were friends of Ram Gopaul's nephew Bijoy Chunder Bose and his son-in-law Beer Chunder Mitter, whom they would often visit. The ladies of the Law family would come to Cassipore to Ram Gopaul's garden for their bath in the Ganges on auspicious occasions, where they would meet the daughters of Pran Nath Chowdry, the Zemindar of Satkhira.

To give an idea how Ram Gopaul conducted business at Kelsalls and Ghose, I quote the " Calcutta Review:"

"In consequence of good connexion made in England, the firm did business to a large extent and very successfully. The godowns always contained metals and piece-goods worth no less than sixty lakhs of rupees. The real working man of the house was Ram Gopaul, and it was then something novel to see a native of Bengal occupying a high position in the firm, ordering his English assistants to carry out his directions in the different stages of a ramified business in a large counting house. It was, we repeat, a sight to see a Hindu correcting drafts of letters prepared by English assistants, and giving those assistants clear directions as to what they were required to do in the correspondence and other departments."

George Smith in his life of Alexander Duff gives an account of the time, thus :

"He (Ram Mohun Roy) stood at the head of the leading Hindu families of Calcutta at the time of Duff's appearance there. After winning the gratitude of the Government as "dewan" or principal native assistant to the Collector of Rungpore, he had settled in the city in 1814. Others worthy of note were Dwarka Nath Tagore, of the mercantile firm Carr, Tagore & Co. ; and his cousin Prosonno Coomar Tagore, great land-holder and lawyer. Ram Komul Sen, already alluded to, was "dewan" of the Bank of Bengal. Russomoy Dutt was at that time "banian" or broker to Messrs. Cruthenden Muckillop, and afterwards honored Judge of the Small Cause Court. Rajah Radha Kanto Deb was the head of the orthodox party. Ram Gopaul Ghose was a member of the firm of Messrs. Kelsall, Ghose & Co. These were the principal speaking native gentlemen, the most active in the education of their country, the reformers before that reformation of which the young Scottish Missionary became the apostle.

"How did these men and other respectable Bengali families got their English, such as it was, before the educational as well as spiritual revolution begun by Duff ? First, a keen self-interest drove them to find it at the hands of Eurasians, Armenians and English adventurers. The Government which had ignored and even opposed the English education of the natives, was forced by Parliament to patronise it. Then a very few of the missionaries at that time in Bengal lent their aid. But all proceeded on the same mechanical utilitarian, and routine system which marked English schools till the days of Lancaster and Bell."

Ram Gopaul paid attention to sugar which was protected by a differential duty. Export of sugar from Mauritius and West Indies was small. He had visited all sugar districts. He had been to Ghattal and Cossimbazar and other places for complete knowledge of silk industry. Saltpetre was another subject of his study, as it was one of the most important articles of export.

Ram Gopaul Ghose was more fortunate than Owen Potter. His partnership with T. S. Kelsall continued for more than double his period, to May, 1847. They were fast and good friends for fourteen years. It appears from a letter of Ram Gopaul, dated 17th July, 1848, that when the deed of dissolution was signed by Ram Gopaul, T. S. Kelsall shook hands with him with tears in his eyes and put a diamond ring on his finger as a token of friendship. He had also from Kelsall alone and jointly from him his wife and his brother W. S. Kelsall, other presents --such as, a shawl, a horse and an atlas.

The dissolution of partnership was no dissolution of friendship. But "constancy lives in realms above." In fourteen months,

"They parted ne'er to meet again !
They stood aloof, the scars remaining ;
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder."

It seems, the difference arose on some items of accounts which T. S. Kelsall thought, R. G. Ghose had left unaccounted for. Ghose tried to explain and employed a friend John Cowie, a respectable merchant, for the purpose. The bitterness grew and Kelsall refused to show his accounts to Ghose or to any of his men. Cowie had no choice but to retire.

The situation was reduced to—

"And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Kelsall was willing to withdraw his objectionable remark but not the charge of dishonesty. Ghose returned the presents he had received, remarking that "it is impossible for me any longer to retain your presents. I cannot use them ; it would be painful even to keep them. They were valuable only as tokens of regard and friendship. The gilt is now off, the charm is gone and the things are reduced to their money value. It affords me, therefore, a great relief to return the worthless pelf."

Four or five years after the rupture, for a time, two severed friends lived, at Cossipore, as neighbours but perfect strangers.

P. N. K.

KADAMVARI.

III.

(iii) "When we two were thus conversing the youth came up to us and put in smilingly, 'Fair lady, it's no use making anxious inquires about me. But as this *Parijat* so well befits your superb beauty, do you kindly accept it, I beg of you.' Speaking in this strain, he took the nice flower from his ear and put it on mine with his own hands. I was as if electrified with an ecstasy as he touched my cheek. He did not perceive that his rosary dropped down from his hand. No sooner did it touch the ground, than I seized hold of it automatically and put it round my neck.

(iv) "At such a point the lady, who held my parasol, put in appearance there and interrupted saying 'Dear princess, the queen has finished her bath and is waiting for you. So you should make no delay here. Please come on quick.' I felt annoyed thus to be constrained to tear myself away from Pundarika. I took a few steps onwards with a heaving heart, when he called me from behind and exclaimed, 'Sylphine charmer, you are leaving with my rosary. Please return it to me and oblige.' But I was so profoundly lost in thought that I handed over my own mono-stringed necklace to him through mistake. He, too, was so vacant-minded that he took it for his own paternoster. While thinking of his lovely face, I hastened home with my mother. Even in the palace, it would steal softly into my heart every now and then. I grew sadly helpless. I tried my utmost to force myself into calmness but my mind defied all control. The lady named Taralika, who accompanied me to the tank, was my bosom friend. Through sheer impatience I gave myself away to her. She consoled me in more ways than one, but alas ! my heart seemed a proof against all comforting devices. It takes time to repair the embankment which has once given way.

(v) "In the afternoon, as I kept couchant resting my head on my hand, Taralika came in and said, 'Dear princess, one of the young saints, whom we met to-day near the tank, stealthily came at the backdoor of our palace and gave me a letter with the instruction that it should be made over to you only. Here it is.' With a touch of eagerness, I took the letter from her and went through its contents. Most anxiously did I ask, 'Taralika, how did you meet him? What did he say about me? How long was he with you?' Taralika added that after she had gone to the backdoor of the palace on some business, she suddenly met him there, that he said nothing about me but only instructed her curtly to deliver the epistle to me. That day passed with me very tediously. At about sunset, Taralika again burst into my boudoir and announced Kapinjal. I was so completely engrossed in a moody reverie that I could not catch her words. At last she touched me with her fingers saying that Kapinjal wanted an interview with me, and the spell was broken. My heart danced with unspeakable joy when I realised her words. Then I asked her to show him in. Presently he appeared I bowed down to him and offered him a seat. On his occupying it, I most politely asked him the reason of his visit. He answered, 'Benign lady, ever since you left us on the bank of *Achhoda*, my friend has gone almost mad for you. He has been shedding tears and heaving deep sighs most painfully. He does not speak with me freely but gazes upon me with vacant eyes. Truth to tell, tears come into my eyes when I look at his countenance which now appears white as a sheet of paper. You alone can pour down balm into his wounded heart. So I have come to you for help. Please do what is meet and proper'. I blushed and my heart bled to hear all this. I could not make up my mind what to say. Myriads of thoughts crept into my mind but I was not able to give vent to my feelings. My tongue, clove as it were, to the roof of my mouth. Finding me in such a dilemma, Kapinjal got up and hurried away saying, 'Do what is proper indeed.'

"The sun sank down leaving the world to darkness. I then sent for Taralika. As she came in, I asked weeping, her sage advice as to what course I should adopt under the circumstances. She returned in a faltering voice, 'Ever-beloved princess, I can no longer bear the sight of your tear-bedimmed eyes. Send me rather to the idol of your heart to bring him here or yourself may go to him if you so like.' The ardent affection proved indomitable and and after a long waveringness I made up my mind to set out before day-break. At dead of night when all the world was solemnly calm and quiet and all beings were locked in the arms of sleep, I dressed myself and stole out with Taralika. I walked on anxiously till I found myself near the tank, *Achhoda.* I was washing my feet in the water of a fountain when a faint cry from the western side came floating to my ears. My entire frame began to shake through a vague fear. I ran to the direction as fast as my legs could carry me. On reaching a spot I perceived that the youth, for whom I had left the palace, was lying motionless on a mossy bed in a bower of creepers and Kapinjal was shedding tears. Seeing me there, he broke forth into crying more piteously than ever. In utter grief he ejaculated. 'Oh! I am, undone!' And then, then only did I realise the situation. My head turned giddy and I soon fell into a swoon. I know not how long I remained in that state; when I came back to my senses, I felt that Taralika was sprinkling water on my face. Gradually everything came vividly to my mind. Tears began to course down my pallid cheeks—Taralika made various efforts to comfort me but to no purpose. I was distracted with grief at the thought of my lover's death."

CHAPTER III.

1. When Mahasweta was thus reciting her story, a sudden faintness came upon her. She would have fallen to the ground but for Chandrapida who held her up in his arms and fanned her with his scarf made of bark, and she was presently restored.

2. She gave a sigh of relief and went on, "O Prince, when I found to my utter disappointment that all my fond hopes were nipped in the bud, I was determined to put an end to my wretched life. But lo! suddenly a human form descended from heaven and snatching away the dead body of my lover from Kapinjal got up into the firmament saying, 'Mahasweta, don't commit suicide—you will again meet Pundarik in the fulness of time.' I was terror-stricken at the strange occurrence. I asked Kapinjal what it meant. He paid no heed to me but flew after the stranger like a half-crazed fellow! I fixed my eyes upwards on them. In the twinkling of an eye, they disappeared amidst the clusters of stars. All now seemed a void to me. I was quite at a loss to decide what I should do. Taralika observed, 'I am almost petrified to witness this miracle. But I flatter myself what the wonderful being has just predicted will come

to pass. So please give up the idea of an uunatural death and await the return of Kapinjal.' Having no other alternative, I accepted her proposal.

3. "Meanwhile the day dawned. I finished my bath in the tank. But, all on a sudden, a strong stoicism sprang up in my mind. As fate would have it, I took to the life of an ascetic with a gourd-shell and the rosary of my love. Since then I have been living in this immense forest as a hermit. Upon hearing of my fate, my parents came to me and consoled me as best they could and asked me to return home; but they could not dissuade me from my purpose. Now none but Taralika lives with me. There can be no one more wretched than myself and I believe there was no end of my iniquities.. It would be a sin to address or even look at me."

4. So saying, she covered her face with her hands and set up a loud dismal screaming. Chandrapida was highly aggrieved for he felt it was himself who had induced her to rake up the sad past. So he solaced her, and there was a pause. A few minutes later, he broke silence enquiring, " Reverend lady, where's your Taralika ?" "Dear sir," returned Mahasweta, "I have a most intimate friend named Kadamvari, who is the daughter of Chitraratha, the king of the *Gandharvas.* Hearing that I have taken the vow of austerity, she pledged herself to celibacy for so long as I should lead this sort of miserable life. Her parents are very sorry to hear of her dogged determination. This morning, they sent a man to me with the request that I should offer them advice as to what they should do in this matter. Accordingly, I have deputed my Taralika to beseech Kadamvari not to disobey her parents in this matter."

5. Now, the night was far advanced. The moon shone forth in regal splendour on that beautiful place. Mahasweta felt sleepy. She laid herself on a bed and dropped off into slumber. Chandrapida, as well, worn out, occupied a separate bed. At the peep of dawn, they both rose and performed their morning duties. Presently Taralika presented herself before them in company with a *Gandharva* of the name of Kayuraka.

6. Advancing a little forward, Kayuraka said to Mahasweta, "Our princess won't listen to your request however worthy it may seem. The king has sent me here to take you to the palace. Do you therefore come with me and try your winning persuasion to her relentment." Mahasweta pondered deeply for a time and then

replied, "Kayuraka, go back to the palace and tell the king that I shall be there within half an hour." Kayuraka saluted her and went away.

7. Mahasweta said to Chandrapida, "Know sir, that Hemkuta is a very charming place and is worth seeing. If you mind visiting it, you can accompany me and passing the night there return to your camp to-morrow morning. What do you say to this ?" Chandrapida agreed and they set out for the kingdom of the *Gandharvas.*

8. A short while, and they reached the palace of Hemkuta. A warder led them to the chamber of the princess. Kadamvari, was then seated in the midst of many friends and parasites. At their approach, she got up and cordially greeted her friend. But she was seized with a murky surprise at the sight of a stranger in her room, but this was dispelled as soon as Mahaswata introduced him to her with the remark, "Sororal friend, he is the son of the great King, Tarapida, and his name is Chandrapida. He had strayed to my hermitage while ahunting. As he expressed a desire to visit this capital, I have brought him here."

9. A thrill flitted through her as Kadamvari looked the prince full in the face. She seemed gradually to lose herself in the thought of his transcendent beauty which cast a spell on her heart. While parleying with Mahaswata, she stole many a wistful glance at the delicately fair features of Chandrapida. As for the latter, he too, was smitten with love, as his eyes swept over the debonair and winning figure of the princess. The eagle-eyed Mahasweta marked all this well and chuckled to herself—she could easily perceive what was uppermost in their minds. Incidentally, she said, "Amiable Kadamvari, the illustrious prince is the guest of a highly accomplished hostess whom it well behoves to do the honours of her palace by at least an offer of betels." "Sweet friend," replied Kadamvari thus betraying her love, "immensely happy should I indeed feel to be able to treat him to any good cheer, but how to disarm delicacy—there is the rub. I would therefore rather ask you to favour me with your agency for the nonce." "But wouldn't it," rejoined the hermit smiling, 'look odd,—a guest occupying the place of a hostess especially while herself is present ?"

10. Thus defeated, Kadamvari had nothing for it but to hold out her hand almost trembling with maiden bashfulness to offer betels to the prince who failed not to gratify her with a thankfully

affectionate acceptance. Meanwhile, the queen of the Gandharvas having sent for Mahasweta, she asked, " Dear friend, where will our noble guest stay during my absence ?" "To be candid," whispered Kadamvari, "I have yielded up my soul, heart and everything I have to the prince. He is all in all here. He can remain wherever he likes." Upon this, Mahasweta rejoined, " Well, then our prince, Chandrapida, will wait in the temple erected over this palace." "Be it so" returned Kadamvari, "I have no objection to it." Now Mahasweta wished good night to all of them and stepped out to see the queen.

11. Accordingly, Chandrapida went up to the temple and remained there for the night. In the morning, he got up along with the sun-rise and took a reluctant leave of Maheswata and Kadamvari. Indeed, his heart ached to part with them but there was no help for it. However, Vaisampayan and Patralekha were transported with delight when they found him again in their midst. They two put many anxious querries to him and he, too, made suitable replies to them. Quite weary with the thought of Kadamvari that weighed upon him like an incubus, he passed the day and night irksomely.

12. The next day, Kayuraka came to his camp and observed with a salutation, "Great prince, Mahasweta wishes to see you again. She would feel gratified if you would be graciously pleased to visit our palace once more." Chandrapida, thereupon repaired to the capital of the *Gandhtarvas* with Patralekha. There he whiled away some happy hours with Mahasweta and Kadamvari and, in the afternoon, came back alone to his camp having had to leave Patralekha behind at the urgent request of Kadamvari. Here he found a messenger from his father who saluted him and handed over a letter. It ran thus, "My dear son—it is long since you left the palace. I am very anxious for you. Come home without any further delay. I hope you will not do otherwise." Then and there he decided to return. He entrusted all soldiers and tents to the care of Vaisampayan and requested him to strike the tents and start for home without loss of time. He, then, enjoined Meghnad, the son of Balahaka, to follow with Patralekha immediately on her return. After making all arrangements, he set out for Ujjayini with a small retinue.

13. On he went and on, till at dusk, he found himself in a plain

where no human habitation but a temple was discerned. There he bivouacked under a lofty tree, and at the very cock-crow, he got ready and resumed his journey. Thus, after some days, he reached Ujjayini safe and sound. The town turned into a scene of gaiety at the advent of the prince. The King and the Queen were exhilarated with ineffable delight as they saw their dear son after an absence of many years. After the greetings were over, Chandrapida repaired to his own palace, Srimandap. But, there, the bewitching face of Kadamvari would ever and anon usurp his mind to his great discomfort.

14. A short time later, Patralekha arrived at the palace with Meghnad. Full of anxious thoughts, he enquired with obvious eagerness, ' Patralekha, what's the news of the princess Kadamvari ?" She replied, " Oh prince, Kadamvari has been passing her time very heavily since you left her. She would almost always sit down as motionless as a statue resting her head on her hand and sob uninterruptedly. One day she hinted to me that your image has made an indelible impression on her heart ; to be brief, her mental uneasiness now knows no bounds." Chandrapida looked quite disconsolate to hear her words. At that time, a porter came in and told him that the queen wanted to see them both. So they made for her apartment.

K. D. SARKAR.

PEARY CHAND MITTRA.—III.

The Chairman, Maharajah Narendra Krishna, in opening the proceedings said they met there to express their deep and heartfelt sorrow at the death of their late lamented friend, Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He after completing his education in the Hindu College, entered the arena of politics and other spheres of public usefulness. Later on in his life, he entered into commercial enterprises in which Dame Fortune at first smiled on him. She did not continue to lavish her favors or to look upon him with a continued fond eye. His literary abilities brought him prominently to the notice of the public and his many able speeches and writings on important subjects connected with the welfare of their country attracted the attention of the Government which honoured him with a seat in the Bengal Legislative Council and they could remember with pleasure the sound sense he always displayed in that august assembly. He was a frequent contributor to the journals published in Calcutta, and his writings were generally admired by the reading public. As a member of their Association and as Secretary to the British India Society, he made himself very useful. He held almost all the honorary offices created by the Government in the interests of the country and in all these he greatly distinguished himself. His sympathising soul not only prompted him to seek welfare of his fellow countrymen, but induced him to prevent the sufferings of the brute creation of this city. He said, they would not be true to themselves if they allowed his memory to remain nnhonoured. He, should, therefore, commend this to the prominent consideration of the meeting with a view to adopt measures to perpetuate his name in a suitable manner, (hear hear).

The Rev. Dr. K. M. Banerjee in moving the first Resolution :—

"That this meeting desires to express its sorrow at the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra, who had proved himself eminently useful to the country by his zealous devotion to public business, by his valuable contributions to Bengali literature, and by his services connected with the intellectual and moral advancement of the people, and the protection of dumb animals."

Said, that he believed it was almost needless to add to the evidence that had already been adduced, with a view to convince the assembly, that the Resolution merely recorded dry facts. There was nothing in it to justify the belief that it was simply bombast. But if it was a genuine expression of opinion it would be simply supererogatory to say much in eulogy of the late gentleman, as every one in that Hall was fully aware of the great good which had been done by the late Babu. They met to express their sorrow for his death, and who did not feel sorrow for the death of a man like Peary Chand Mittra? By Natives and Europeans alike he was held in honor. Therefore who could demur to the exhortation that they should express their sorrow?

After what the Maharajah had said it was unnecessary for any one to say anything more, but in-as-much as he had been intimately acquainted with the man whose memory they had assembled to honor, he would dilate on the history of the late Babu, speak of his great virtue and the pecuniary sacrifices he had made for the purpose of advocating the cause of his countrymen. The late Babu Peary Chand Mittra was born to be a public man. When he was a boy, his great desire was to impart instruction to those about him, who either did not or could not attend school, and the speaker personally remembered how the lower rooms of his private residence were filled with boys who came to take instructions there. In that school they could see the germs of the spirit which afterwards developed. The speaker then alluded to the self abnegation of the deceased, how he had never sought for public employment. He might have obtained one of the highest uncovenanted appointments under Government if he had desired it, but his ambition lay in another quarter, and that was to ameliorate the condition of the people, and he knew if he were a Government employee he could not fight his battle independently. He must be taken to have been one of the most popular men of the age, as his devotion to his country made him blind to his self interest. He was one of those men who worked not for the purpose of show, but to do work in stealth, and the one object he had steadily in view was to improve the morals of his fellow countrymen, to assist the poor and to educate those who had not the means to pay for the same. The question of female education occupied his mind, and he projected different plans to promote it. He founded the British India Society. Lastly, to crown all, he had devoted a good deal of his time in lightening the burden of dumb animals and preventing their being illused. His name would be commemorated with the late Mr. C. Grant who had fought the battle on behalf of the dumb animals. He had been the only man, as far as his experience went, who had published a Bengali novel, which was certainly a mouthpiece, for he had not seen another production of the kind in India. Though it was very severe and struck at the root of the evils which existed, at the same time, there was nothing scurrilous in the pages of the book. He was one of those men who venerated David Hare and reformers of that kind. They would also remember him as the humble Librarian of the Metcalfe Hall on a very small stipend which was the main support of him and his family. It was to him that all the credit was due when that institution was in a flourishing condition with a room for subscribers and another for the poor who were unable to pay for the reading of the daily papers.

Mr. J. C. Murray (of Messrs. Kettlewell Bullen & Co., formerly President to the Bengal Chamber of Commerce,) who seconded the Resolution was glad for having had an oppertunity to do so. After the eloquent speech of his friend who had preceded him there was next to nothing left to him to say except that India was at the time mourning for the loss of two of her greatest men, Keshub Chandra Sen and Peary Chand Mittra: the question would be which of the two was the greatest. While Keshub Chandra Sen raised up religious feelings or rather religious feuds, Peary Chand Mittra worked in a lower sphere. The one—Babu Peary Chand Mittra—worked for the masses, the ignorant people, the other Babu Keshub Chundra Sen addressed himself to the higher and more educated classes of the community. Peary Chand Mittra in Bengali literature was the Charles Dickens of Bengal (applause). The speaker knew him in private business, and he could say, without fear of contradiction, that he had never known a more fair-dealing honest man. It was for his honesty and devotion to the people of India that he would be remembered. (hear, hear).

Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore supported the motion by reading a speech which was in Bengali.

Rev. K. S. Macdonald also supported the motion. On being put to the meeting, the Resolution was carried.

Babu Joy Kissen Mukherjee in moving the second Resolution,—"That a portrait or a bust of the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra be placed in some public institution with a view to perpetuate his memory, and that subscriptions be invited for that purpose,"—expressed his gratification at the demonstration, and hoped that before they separated they would have shown their greater appreciation of the services of the deceased to the public by carrying out the objects of the Resolution which he had the honor to propose.

Mr. O. C. Dutt, Vice Chairman, Calcutta Corporation, seconded the Resolution, by reading an English speech.

Mr. Robert Turnbull, the popular Secretary to the Corporation, supported the motion. He said that it was with feeling of sorrow mingled with gratification, that he did so. Among the numerous valued and intimate friends which it was his good fortune to have among the native community, Babu Peary Chand Mittra was one of the oldest. The many valuable services he so unostentatiously rendered were all well known to them, and had already been so fully dwelt upon, that he needed not take up their time by expatiating on them. Ever thoughtful of others, he was not unmindful of the comforts of dumb animals, and the many water-troughs which had been erected in the principal thoroughfares of Calcutta were standing monuments to his name. Living he was loved, esteemed, and respected by all who knew him. Dying he had left behind him a name which could be cherished by posterity and the gap in their ranks would never be filled up.

Dr. D. B. Smith also supported the Resolutions. He said that all ought to appreciate good men regardless of nationality, and holding that opinion and knowing as he did that his friend the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra was a very good man with many fine traits of character, he was extremely glad that he had been able to attend the meeting, and he should have had much pleasure, if he could co-operate with those present in carrying out the objects which the meeting had in view. He had known the deceased for about twenty years and could concur with those gentlemen who had spoken in bearing testimony to the beauty of his character. It had been his painful duty to attend him and during those days he had displayed a great gentleness of character and an amount of patient fortitude which even medical men seldom witnessed. When the speaker looked around that room he saw some very interesting and valuable and well executed portraits of men who had been highly honored by them, and he would be very pleased, if by and by he could see in one empty space a well executed likeness of their deceased friend.

The Resolution was also supported by Mr. Maneckjee Rustomjee, Babu Jodoolall Mullick and Babu Norendra Nath Sen.

Babu Shib Chunder Deb moved the third Resolution which was as follows :—

"That the undermentioned gentlemen do constitute a committee for the purpose of carrying out the foregoing resolution. Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore, K.C.S.I., Maharajah Narendra Krishna Bahadur, Babu Joy Kissen Mookerjee, Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, C.I.E., Hon'ble Doorga Charan Law, Rev. Dr. K. M Banerji, Mr. J. C. Murray, Mr. R. Turnbull, Mr. W. Swinhoe, Nawab Abdool Latif Khan Bahadur, Haji Noor Mahomed Jackariah, Babus Peary Mohan Mookherjee, Narendra Nath Sen, Shishir Kumar Ghosh, Dwijendra Nath Tagore, Surendra Nath Banerjee, Shib Chunder Deb, Mr. Maneckjee Rustonjee, Babu Jodu Lal Mullick, Rai Kanai Lal Dey Bahadur, Hon'ble Kristo Das Pal, with Babus Girish Chunder Ghosh and Radha Roman Mitra as Joint Secretaries."

Babu Ramtonu Lahiri seconded the Resolution in a speech.

The Rev. C. H. A. Dall in supporting the Resolution remarked that next June would make thirty years from the happy day where he first shook the hand of Peary Chand Mittra, and from that moment, he found that he had a brother man by his side (applause). The highest development of human character was simplicity and that Babu Peary Chand Mittra preserved it in an eminent degree (applause). Haji Noor Mahomed Jackaria also supported the motion.

Babu Kunjolal Bannerjee proposed a vote of thanks to the chair, which being seconded was carried. The meeting then separated.

In talking of this meeting the Hindoo Patriot of 4th February wrote as follows :—

In the revival which has taken place in India we are rightly following the example of Europe and America in preserving the memory of our great men. That is the best way to teach our young men to follow a high standard of public life. During last week public meetings were held for the purpose of perpetuating the names of two of our distinguished pnblic characters, who have been lately gathered to their fathers, we mean Babu Peary Chand Mittra and Babu Keshub Chandra Sen. The first meeting was held at the Hall of the British Indian Association on Monday last attended by representatives of all classes of the community and presided over by Maharajah Narendra Krishna.

The most interesting features of these two meetings were the cheerful testimony borne by leading European gentlemen to the worth and character of the lamented deceased.

(Here the speeches of some European gentlemen in both the meetings were quoted).

We will not quote the remarks of the native speakers, because their testimony might be attributed to national partiality. The part which the European community through some of their leading men have taken in doing honor to two of our eminent men is to our mind a most gratifying one. After the hurricane of the Ilbert Bill agitation little did we expect that European gentlemen would come forward to bear personal testimony to the talents, virtues and services of Indian public men, but we have been agreeably taken by surprise. May the influence of men like Peary Chand Mittra and Keshub Chunder Sen who laboured in the cause of their country, tend to unite the East and West in a common and durable bond of thought, sympathy and action is our heartfelt prayer.

At a meeting of the Committee held on 28th November 1884, the following persons were appointed an Executive Committee for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the meeting:—Maharajah Narendra Krishna Bahadur, President Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore, K.C.S.I., Robert Turnbull Esq., Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore, Hon'ble Peary Mohan Mookerjee, and Doctor Rai Rajendralala Mittra.

The Committee raised Rs. 3492-2-0 as subscription from the friends and admirers of the deceased. The following is a list of contributors:—Maharsi Debendra Nath Tagore Rs. 1,000, Babu Gobind Chand Dutt Chowdhury Rs. 120, H. H. the Maharajah of Burdwan Rs. 100, H. H. the Maharajah of Coochbehar Rs. 100, H. H. the Maharajah of Emacollum Rs. 100, Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohan Tagore K.C.S.I. Rs. 100, H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore Rs. 50, Moharanee Surnomoyee of Cossimbazar Rs. 50, Rajah Rajendra Mullick Rs. 50, Hon'ble Doorga Charan Law C.I.E. Rs. 50, H. W. I. Wood Rs. 50, J. C. Murray Rs. 50, W. H. Cogswell Rs. 50, Robert Turnbull Rs. 50, H. F. Brown Rs. 50, J. J. J. Keswick Rs. 50, Haji Noor Mohamed Jackaria Rs. 32, Kumar Inder Chunder Singh Rs. 32, Kumar Monohorlal Roy Rs. 32, Rajah Purna Chunder Sing Rs. 30, Maharajah Narendra Krishna Rs. 25, Rajah G. N. Gyputtiras (Madras) Rs. 25, Babu Cally Kissen Tagore Rs. 25, Jodulal Mullick Rs. 25, Hon'ble Justice Nanabhai Hari Das (Bombay) Rs 25, Babu Joy Kissen Mookerjee Rs 25, Cowasjee Edwaujee (Port Canning) Rs. 25, H. H. Maharajah of Bettiah Rs. 20, Babu Shib Chunder Shome (Chinsurah) Rs. 20, Babu Mokkoda Das Mitter (Benares) Rs. 20, Babu Narendra Nath Sen Rs. 20, Babu Bhola Nath Dutt Rs. 20, Babu Mahatab Chunder Mullick Rs. 20, Sirdar Khan Bahadur Pudmonjee Pestonjee (Poona) Rs. 20, Kumar Baicunto Nath De (Balasore) Rs. 20, Hon'ble K. T. Telang (Bombay) Rs. 20, Rajah of Talchar Rs. 20, R. B. Major Rs. 20, W. Pigott Rs. 20, A. Smallwood Rs. 20, J. G. Mengens Rs. 20, F. Barrow Rs. 20, Dr. Geo. King Rs. 20, A. R. McIntosh Rs 20, C. T. Davis Rs. 20, Rustomjee Sethna (Bombay) Rs. 15, Hem Cunder Gossain (Serampore) Rs. 15, Mohendra Nath Bose Rs. 10, Shib Chunder Deb (Konnagore) Rs. 10, Dr. Rajendralala Mittra C.I.E., Rs. 10, Dr. K. M. Bannerjee C.I.E., Rs. 10, Ram Das Sen (Berhampore) Rs. 10, Kumar Surendra Krishna Rs. 10, Rev. C. H. A. Dall Rs. 10, Rev. J. Robertson Rs. 10, J. C. Orr Rs. 10, W. Swinhoe Rs. 10, E. W. Kellner Rs. 10, Col. W. Gordon (Howrah) Rs. 10, A. W. Croft M.A., C.I.E., Rs. 10, C. H. Tawney M.A., Rs. 10, Small Contributions Rs. 641-2-0—Total Rs. 3,492-2-0. Of this sum Rs. 69-9-0 was uncollected. The Committee entrusted to Signor E. E. Geflowsky for the execution of the marble bust for 170 Guineas or £178-10-0.

When the bust was finished the London Daily News wrote as follows:—A bust in marble of Babu Peary Chand Mittra, Vice President of the Agri-Horticultural Society of Bengal, has been placed in one of the Committee rooms of the India Office, on exhibition for a few days before being despatched to Calcutta, where it is to be permanently placed, by order of the Municipality in the Town Hall. It is pronounced by those to whom Babu Peary Chand Mittra is personally known to be a speaking likeness, and it certainly is an admirable wrok of art, the difficulties presented by the subject having been overcome in a manner which reflect the highest credit on the sculptor, Mr. E. E. Geflowski of Bruton Street. It is understood that Indians and Anglo-Indians interested in the bust will be allowed to inspect it on presenting their cards at the India Office. Mr. Geflowski's well-known bust of Doctor Stolicazka, for which he was commissioned by the Government of India, was similarly exhibited at the India Office ten years ago, and since then he has executed several public busts and statues of Indian and Anglo Indian celebrities of Calcutta and other cities in India, including the busts Cavagnari, General Roberts, and Doctor Goodeve, and the statues of Rajah Kali Krishna, Maharajah Roma Nath Tagore, and H. H. the Maharajah of Mysore.*

The ceremony of unveiling the bust took place on 5th January 1886 at the Town Hall, in the presence of a large gathering of European and native gentlemen:—The Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and Lady Thompson, Maharajah Narendra Krishna, Raja Sarat Chandra Singh, Kumar Surendra Krishna, Rai Kanai Lal Dey Bahadur, R. Turnbull, F. G. Marsden, B. L. Gupta, Doyal Chand Dutt, H. L. Harrison, Durgagati Banerjee, Doctor Jadub Krishna Sircar, Lal Madhub Mookerjee, O. C. Dutt, H. J. S. Cotton, Maneckjee Rustomjee, H. M Rustomjee, G. Kellner, C. T. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Leon, Honble Peary Mohan Mookerjee, H. G. Reynolds, Doctor Rajendra Lala Mittra, Boicunto Nath Bose, Kumar Monmotho Nath Mittra, Kali Nath Mitter, Pran Nath Pundit, H. G. Wentgens, Radha Romon Mitter and Grish Chandra Ghosh Honorary Secretaries

In requesting the Lieutenant Governor to unveil the bust, Maharajah Narendra Krishna said:—Your Honor and Gentlemen,—This covered bust represents the likeness of our late esteemed countryman, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, who, after receiving a liberal education in the late Hindoo College, engaged himself in commercial pursuits instead of seeking Government employ, in which from his talents, he could have risen to eminence. He became Secretary to the Calcutta Public Library, where he studied the best standard works on literature to improve his mind. He was thus able to contribute valuable articles to the leading newspapers of the day and to the Calcutta Review. He was a member of the Bengal Council and an Honorary Magistrate of Calcutta, the duties of which appointments he performed with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the public. He took an active part in the prevention of cruelty to animals, and was connected will all the societies formed to promote public interests and humane objects. He was a good Bengali scholar, and wrote several books of amusements in that language. I have given a brief account of his public career. He also led an exemplary private life. Soon after his death, his friends, admirers and the public in general held a public meeting, at which it was resolved to erect a bust in honor of his memory. The bust was executed in England by an eminent sculptor, and I have now the honor of asking your Honor, on behalf of the Committee, to unveil it.

---

* Appeared in the Indian Mirror, 3rd September, 1885.

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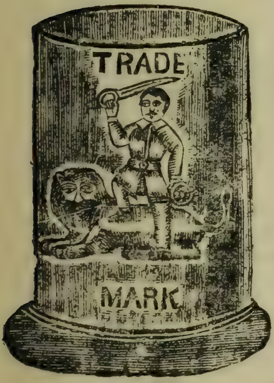

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A MONTHLY REVIEW.

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JULY 1916.

Pages.

I.—Anglo-Indian Epitaphs—
By F. H. Skrine ... ... 292—296

II.—The Toshakhana Regalia—
By B. A. Gupte Rai Bahadur ... ... 297—302

III.—Peary Chand Mittra (IV)—
By Essem ... ... 303—317

IV.—Kadamvari (IV)—
By K. D. Sarkar ... ... 318—322

V.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (XIV)—
By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 323—339

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C. S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Pal : Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. 'Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India". This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14 1887

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No. 7—July 1916.

ANGLO-INDIAN EPITAPHS.

In acknowledging the late Sir William Hunter's gift of his volume of essays, entitled "Some Calcutta Graves," Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote:—"There is marvellous fascination in that Park Street cemetery, where the used-up machinery of Empire is laid away." Epitaphs are, indeed, interesting, even when they record the bare fact of an obscure existence. We instinctively compare the dates graven on a tombstone with landmarks in our own career; we endeavour to reconstruct a vanished life from the vague hints which it sometimes conveys. Funereal inscriptions are a strange medley of pathos, fortitude, selflessness, vulgarity and vanity.

The older Anglo-Indian epitaphs are more intensely human than those of our country churchyards. They were composed at a time when hygiene was little understood, and the healing art, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. British exiles went in daily fear of perishing by some mysterious disease, and knew that the fate of friends cut off in the heyday of youth might soon be theirs. It was only natural that the feelings aroused by an abnormal environment should find vent in many an epitaph.

In 1851 a remarkable collection was published by Messrs. Holmes & Co., of Cossitollah Street, Calcutta (still in existence, I believe), who were only too well known as undertakers to the last generation of Anglo-Indians. Their "Bengal Obituary" has rescued from oblivion many hundreds of epitaphs which have since perished by time, weather, and neglect. The oldest are to be found in the precincts of St. John's Church, which was built in 1783-7 in the midst of Calcutta's original cemetery. In 1802 its churchyard was covered with ruinous masonry; and public opinion compelled the governing body to set it in order. Job Charnock's mausoleum was still intact. It exhibited a Latin epitaph recording the founder of Calcutta's "return to his eternal home, after prolonged wanderings in foreign soil," on January 10, 1692. Around it the churchwardens of 1802 ranged such tablets taken from other tombs as were still legible. Amongst these is one dated 1717, singing the praises of Mr. William Hamilton, a surgeon whose professional skill was employed in order to secure important commercial privileges for his fellow-countrymen. "His memory ought to be dear to this nation for the credit he gained the English by curing Ferruckseen, the present King of Industan, of a malignant disease." Another inscription recalls the bad old days when members of the "Settlement" used to meet after the rainy season under a huge banyan tree on the Calcutta Maidan—uprooted in a cyclone in 1864—and congratulated each other on their escape from St. John's Golgotha. It commemorates an eminent supercargo named William Livesay (much lamented by those who knew him), who lost a young wife and three children in as many years, and, "after sorrowing some time for his said family," died at the age of forty in 1719.

Another monument furnishes a complete biography of Mrs. Frances Johnson, who was an exception to the multitude of men and women reaped by Death's sickle in their prime. She married at thirteen, and had buried two husbands ere her nineteenth year was reached. The third was Mr. William Watts, chief of the company's mercantile establishments at Murshidabad. Luckily for themselves, the young couple were great favourites of the Begum of that ilk, mother of the Nawab Suraj-ud-Daula. When he rose against the English in 1756, Mr. Watts was thrown into prison, but his wife received shelter in the Begum's zenana. By her protectress's intercession she obtained an order for his release from the despot, who had sworn to exterminate every British subject in his dominions. In 1760 the Watts family retired to Europe, where their eldest daughter, Amelia, won the heart of the Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, and became the ancestress of the Earls of Liverpool. Mrs. Watts returned to Calcutta after her husband's death in 1769, and made a fourth plunge into matrimony, this time with the Rev. William Johnson, principal chaplain at the Presidency. But she declined to follow him when he retired to Europe, preferring to spend the long evening of her days in the Indian metropolis. Mrs. Johnson was evidently a strong personality, abounding in wit, wisdom, and common-sense. Her house was, perhaps, the only instance on record of a Calcutta *salon.* When she joined the great majority in 1812 at the more than mature age of eighty-seven, her funeral was attended by the Governor-General in a coach-and-six, and all the local notabilities, including Sir Henry Russell, of the Supreme Court, who is known to fame as Sweet Rose Aylmer's uncle.

After the saving mercy of Plassey, Calcutta grew apace; and St. John's Churchyard became inconveniently overcrowded. In 1767 another was consecrated in the southern suburbs, which long afterwards became known as the Park Street Cemetery. It is a perfect mine of information regarding Anglo-Indian life of old-time, and some of the earlier epitaphs richly deserve quotation. Readers will note their stilted phraseology, evidently modelled on Dr. Johnson's sonorous periods, and the poor quality of the attempts at versification.

Captain John Grant, 1782:—"The sweet companion and the friend sincere need no Mechanic help to force the tear; In heartfelt numbers never want to shine, 'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine."

Hon. Lockhart Gordon, youngest son of the Earl of Aboyne, Judge-Advocate of Bengal, 1788:—"His mind was great, his knowledge and talents eminent, his form beautiful; he joined fortitude to an exquisite sensibility, and was an affectionate husband, a fond father, and a zealous friend."

Mr. John Swift, mariner, 1791:—"Happy is he, the only happy man, Who out of choice does all the good he can; Who business loves, and others better makes by prudent industry and the care he takes. God's blessing here he'll have and man's esteem; And when he dies his works will follow him."

The Hon. John Hyde, Judge of the Supreme Court, 1791:—"A model of unexampled yet cautiously concealed charity."

"Hon. Rose Whitworth Aylmer," who departed this life March 2nd, A.D. 1800, aged 20 years. What was her fate? "Long, long before her hour Death called her tender soul by break of bliss, From the first blossoms to the buds of joy. Thus few our noxious fate unblasted leaves In the inclement clime of human life." This doggerel contrasts strangely with Walter Savage Landor's haunting verses beginning, "Ah what avail the sceptered race, Ah what the form divine; What every virtue, every grace? Rose Aylmer, all were thine," which keep her memory for ever green.

Edmund Morony, 1800:—"He was gifted with an excellence of heart, an urbanity of manners, and a benevolence of disposition which seldom came to the lot of man; and his virtues had so endeared him to his friends that it is only when memory shall fail to record them that they can cease to regret his loss."

Mrs. Mary Arthur, 1803:—"A more benign and amiable spirit never winged its way to heaven."

Laurence Gall, 1806:—"Of misfortunes, my good friend, you have had a certain portion—pass that by. You have been a very, very good son, as kind a brother, a tender, affectionate husband, one to be reckoned among the best of fathers, a faithful friend, a humane benefactor, and strictly honest man. This is Laurence Gall's tomb, consecrated by his sons and daughters as a testimony of filial affection, which has superseded all other duties. It was thy fate, O Gall, to live long enough to see thyself neglected by friends who ought to have served thee. To thee and thine fortune has not been kind."

Charles Weston, 1809:—"He departed this life at 78, after a career of unostentatious benevolence and charity seldom equalled and never exceeded in British India. By wise and economic management of a fortune far from enormous he was enabled to pour forth streams of bounty and mercy. He manifested a grateful mind by cherishing in old age his former benefactor and employer, Governor Holwell."

Mrs. Margaret Gibson, 1810:—"Gentle, ingenious, and good."

Anna Maria, wife of Ebenezer Thompson, 1817:—"She departed this transitory life, almost without a warning, at the early age of 20, leaving four helpless children, a disconsolate father, and a truly affectionate husband to deplore her irreparable loss. Yes, my Anna, thy breast was the mansion of goodness, and you suspected no evil in others; your prudence of management was an honour to me, and I heard your praise with secret delight. Happy thy Eby who made thee his wife, and happy our dear babies who called thee Mamma." We gather from dates on this monument that

Mrs. Thompson was married at fourteen, and had given birth to five children ere she was out of her teens!

Thomas Richardson, Bengal Civil Service, Magistrate of the 24 Parganas, and Superintendent, Alipur Gaol 1834:—"Unhappily murdered by the convicts under his charge while engaged in the exercise of his official duty." This tragedy was still remembered when I reached Calcutta in the early seventies. Mr. Richardson excited a mutiny in the jail by withdrawing the privilege which the prisoners had enjoyed of cooking their own rations. An organised attack was made during his morning visit, and the mutineers improvised a deadly weapon of offence by inserting their fists in the small brass water vessels—*lotahs*—which each possessed. With these the luckless magistrate was pounded to death.

Such are a few, taken almost at random, from the native and curious epitaphs which were once to be read in Calcutta cemeteries. They are an unconscious protest against the oblivion that awaits us all; perchance they afford a key to the enigmatic couplet in Gray's *Elegy*:—

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries:
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

F. H. SKRINE.

*THE TOSHAKHANA REGALIA.**

USED AT THE INDIAN DURBARS.

1. *The umbrella* is a very important State appurtenance. The King of Burma was the Lord of the White umbrella and the Lord of all the umbrella-bearing chiefs. There is (1885) a very formidable etiquette of Umbrellas. None but the King of the white elephant may have a White one. The King had eight umbrellas about him, all at once seven feet or more across, and elevated on twelve feet poles. Englishmen who unwarily expanded shades with white covers expiated the heinousness of their offence with nothing to shelter them from the avenging rays of the sun kindled to unwonted anger by bad language. Next in estimation to the white umbrella, are (1885) the yellow specimens seldom conferred on any except queens and princesses who are in special favour. Golden umbrellas fall to the lot of the Princes of the blood royal, eminent Statesmen, Generals, tributary Chieftains and distinguished provincial Governors. Then come in their gradations red, green and brown silk covered umbrellas, with deep fringes or without them and all of the most portentous width and elevation. All Officials attached to the court are allowed to signalize their distinction by varnishing their Umbrellas black inside. The most distinguished may carry their umbrellas as far as the Palace steps, but there this sign of dignity must be left. Common people are not to use their ordinary umbrellas near the palace stockade and must certainly lower them when they pass any of the gates (1): In India proper, His Highness Kolhapur Chhatrapati Maharaja's name means "the Lord of Umbrellas," a title highly valued by the Marathas who hold that it belongs only to the descendants of Shivaji. In Badger's Varthema (p. 150), it is said that the standard of the King of Calicut was an umbrella. In Jones' Crowns and Coronations (p. 442) mention is made of the fact that an

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* Of these the umbrella, the peacock feather brush, the *chauri*, the elephant-headed club, the mace, the gold carpet, the state chair, the spears, the *atar-dan*, and the *pan-dan*, have been adopted, and kept ready at the Government of India Toshakhana, in the Foreign office, and used as occasion arises.

(1) Sir James Campbell, Compiler, Bombay Gazetteer.

umbrella was held over the King in Egypt, Assyria, and Persia. In Chamber's Book of Days (p. 241) it is said that the Assyrian umbrella was fringed with tassels and its top adorned with flowers, with a long streamer of silk on one side. A white umbrella was held over the King of Ceylon at his Coronation. (Jones' Crowns and Coronations, p. 442). In China (says Gray in his China Vol. I, p. 375) the umbrella is a token of rank. State umbrellas of the first and second order are adorned with the figure of a guard. In Africa (Burton's Visit to Dahomey, Vol. I, p. 43 and p. 315) umbrellas are used only by men of rank. The king of Dahomey is accompanied by four white umbrellas, besides parasols which are waved like fans. Yule's Cathay tells us (page 81) that gilt umbrellas formed part of the show of Roman Catholic dignitaries. Pope Alexander III. allowed the Doge of Venice, to have an umbrella borne before him. (Jones' Crowns, p. 42).

The circular flat sunshade in silk or gold cloth carried in Hindu processions is called *abdagir* and is equally held in high repute as a sign of dignity or veneration. Among the Chandraseni Prabhus of Bombay and Deccan, if an *abdagir* is not sent to a bridegroom's mother with every ceremonial invitation during the marriage of her son, great insult is taken.

2. *Peacock feather brush (Morchel).* The *Morchel* is a sign of Royalty. A pair of them is held on each side of a King or Prince Royal. Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu, wore a peacock feather in his crown as a sign of Divine Power. Mayurdwaj (*lit.* one with a peacock on his flag) was the royal title of ancient Maurya dynasty. The eye of the feather gives it a special virtue against the *Evil Eye* (2).

Among the Romans, the peacock's feather was sacred to Juno. Peacock is the charger of Saraswati, the Goddess of Knowledge, as well as of Kartikeya, the Commander-in-Chief of the Gods—the son of Shiva. The White peacock was the sign of Burmese royalty, and the peacock throne of Delhi is considered the emblem of an Emperor. But I was told in England by a lady of 80, in 1886, that the peacock's feather was deemed unlucky in that country. She was my grandfather's landlady, and, as a mark of esteem I had sent her a few presents and crowned them with peacock fans, from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition where I was working. But to my regret

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(2) Dennis' "The Cities of Etruria."

I heard that I could not have committed a more serious blunder. The guardian peacock-eye of India and Rome has lost its virtue in Christian England.

3. *Flags and pennons* are symbols of power and veneration. Every temple has a flag. The gold-cloth flag was specially granted to distinguished generals in the Maratha army, when they were enlisted as Sardars. For instance :

Jari patkyache nishan Tatya Hari pantala Sardari (a ballad) literally, Tatia Haripant Phadke was honoured with a badge of Sardar-ship in the shape of a golden flag.

4. *Glass mirrors.*—As glass scares away spirits, an elephant *zul* in a Raja's procession is sure to have bits of glass mirrors somewhere to protect him. The Chinese doors have round looking-glasses with curved frames (3). In Japan, the mirror is a great article of worship (4). The Indian *phulkari* is studded with bits of silvered glass to protect the wearer from evil spirits.

5. *Shing (blowing horn).*—It is a symbol of royalty and power. It scares away spirits and is blown at the lucky moment in Hindu marriages. Naris, a Persian lord, had horns on his tiara ; so also the Assyrians (5). A small horn called Corniculum was worn on a Roman helmet as a mark of honour (6). The Roman horn of plenty is still a Freemason's symbol (7).

6. *The lion-faced club.*—The *Sinha-mukha* or *Kirti-mukh* at the end of the club is a sign of Royalty combined with Justice. A Simhasan means a royal throne in India.

7. *The Gold-mace.*—Sanskrit *Kanak-danda* is also a symbol of authority and honour. The hereditary Phadnis of Dewas, in Central India, holds *Kanak-danda* as a title of honour among the Chandraseni Prabhus. Kings and Princes Royal could alone be allowed to have Chopdars carrying a gold stick. Gold is a scarer of spirits. According to Manu, before its umbilical cord is cut, the Hindu male infant should be fed with honey and butter from a golden spoon (8). A seven-branched golden candlestick stood in Moses' tabernacle (9).

(3) Gray's China, Vol. III, p. 44.
(4) Reed's Japan, Vol. I, p. 50.
(5) Jones' Coronation, p. 4.
(6) Smith's Greek and Roman Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 543.
(7) Mackay's Freemasonry, p. 15.
(8) Burnell and Hopkin's Ordinances of Manu, p. 20.
(9) Joseph's Antiquities, Vol. III, p. 6.

Golden lamps hang in Christian churches (10). The silver stick was granted as an honour to Sardars. The Chopdar is a herald.

8. *The conch shell (Shankh).*—Spirits are terribly afraid of the conch shell (11), the brother of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth. At Junagad, in Kathiawar, armlets of conch shell are or rather were made and worn as armlets (12) The figure of *Shankh* is often drawn on the temples of an elephant harnessed for a procession to protect the rider (the Prince) from evil spirits. It is blown as a welcome. As a signal, its blast indicates the opening of a military review in Gana (13).

The *Dava-Shankh* is one with its volutions from right to left. It is considered very lucky in India. It is presented to royal guests as a loyal gift.

9. *Bells.*—Bells protect people from spirits. Elephant-*zuls* have often small bells attached to them. Spirits fear the bells, but they welcome Gods and are hung in temples. The Madhava Brahman women of Dharwar wear small golden bells (14). A bell is rung at Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, as a security against spirits (15). The Jewish high-priest's robe was adorned with a row of golden bells (16). Bells are consecrated in Russia (17). When Isabella of Spain (1474) was proclaimed queen, bells pealed (18). The coronation of English kings is announced by the firing of guns and the ringing of bells (19).

10. *The Gold carpet (Kin-khabi* or *Karchobi).*—The cloth of gold is spread only in front of the throne. The most honoured guest is alone received on it. All other visitors in a Darbar should not step on it, but pass by it, either to the right or left, according to rank; but without turning one's back to the

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(10) Middleton's Conformity between Popery and Paganism, p. 145.

(11) Turbinella Pyrum.

(12) Kathiawar Gazetteer, p. 261.

(13) Mrs. Gray's Fourteen Months in Canton, p. 314.

(14) Bombay Gazetteer, Vol. XVIII, p. 167.

(15) Leslie's Early Races of Scotland, pp. 503 and 504.

(16) Mackay's Freemasonry, p. 135.

(17) Mrs. Romanaff's Rites and Customs of the Graeco-Russian Church, p. 273.

(18) Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. I, p. 307

(19) Jones' Crowns, P. 347.

princely host or the royal guests. He must on no account show his back to them.

11. *Flowers.*—Flowers are lucky all over India. They are thrown over brides, bridegrooms, deities and high guests (20). Catholic churches are installed by being crowned with flower chaplets (21). The Beni-Israil bridegroom is covered from head to foot with flowers (22). In South India, men wear them in their turbands and the women in their hair (23). Golden flowers are thrown when a great man passes through a city.

12. *The Chauri* (*fly-flap*).—It is a sign of authority. One with a gold handle indicates Royalty, but the origin is traced to the belief that hairs captures spirits (24). The chauri is 'waved' with the object of gathering together all the evil spirits hovering about a person. The yak being a cow, its tail is considered sacred.

13. *Nazars*—Gold and jewels are auspicious, and if a *nazar* is offered to a Prince it should not be refused, but touched with the hand and handed over to the *Chopdar* or some *Sabnis*—a Darbar official, whose business is either to restore it to the *Javahirkhana* of the host, or to send it to the *Toshakhana* of the Imperial Government. The Sanskrit text runs :—

Rikta panirna pashyeta Rajan, devatan Gurum, i.e., the Raja, the godlings and the religious preceptor should not be visited with an empty hand.

14. *State Chair*—The original significance of a chair is a throne (*thronos*, a chair). It should have lions for its supports. The chief Imperial Guest's state-chair should be higher than those intended for others, or should be drawn a few inches in front of them. It should be of gold or at least of silver.

15. *Pankha or Punkhah.*—A fan is also a sign of royalty, as is said in Raghuvans, Vol. VIII, 40 and 62. *Nripater.vyajanadibhistam nunude. i.e.*, A king should be cheered up with fans with a view to drive away depression.

16. *Spears.*—Long spears are used by orderlies as a safeguard against elephants in case they get restive, but short spears with

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(20) Bombay Gazetteer, Vol. XVIII, p. 132, p. 146, Vol. XXI, p. 115, Vol. XXII, p. 155.

(21) Bombay Gazetteer Vol. XXII, p. 387.

(22) Op. Cit. Vol. XVIII, p. 519.

(23) Duboi's Vol. II, p. 353.

(24) Dyer's Folklore, pp. 168 and 170.

long heads, called *ballam*, and adorned with tassels, are carried in front of a Raja as symbols of authority.

17. Betel leaf, with mace, cloves, cardamoms, &c., form a *tambul* which is an auspicious offering. They should be covered with gold when offered to Royalty, and with silver when offered to Sardars. One in the lower grade has to rise in receiving or in offering *tambul*, but when the host rises every one present must rise until the distribution is over. The host should offer it first to the guest or visitor, sitting or standing according to rank, and to others either the Minister or the Court official Sabnis has to distribute the *tambul*. It is followed by garlands and *attar*, and is a signal for departure. The shape of the *tabak* or silver-plate holding these materials generally resembles a lotus or has a design of lotus in the *repousse* work, the *chauphula* or cardamom-box is either lotus-shaped or mango-shaped. Lotus flower and mango, are both auspicious. Modern innovations have resulted in the introduction of fantastic shapes, such as of a crane in the *Gulab dan* or a European spray-producer, but they undermine the gravity and sanctity of the Darbar.

B. A. GUPTE.

PEARY CHAND MITTRA.—IV.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor then rose and said :—

Gentlemen,—I attend here to-day at the request of my friend Maharajah Narendra Krishna, who is the Chairman, I believe, of the Committee of gentlemen formed for the purpose of erecting this bust to perpetuate the memory of Peary Chand Mittra. Peary Chand Mittra died in November 1883, a little more than two years ago, and a contemporary record, speaking of the sorrow with which his death was received by the people generally of this great city described him, as a literary veteran, a devoted worker, a distinguished author, a clever wit, and an earnest patriot. That, briefly, was the life and career of the man in whose honor we are assembled here to-day in this hall. The Maharajah has anticipated me in much that I could have wished to say with regard to the details of that life, but the one prominent point which strikes me is, as the Maharajah has said, that he rose to this success and eminence, and secured the esteem and regard of a large number of the population of this city and province, not from any high social rank or position, not from the possession of any great wealth, but by his individual exertions and efforts in a private career. He was not connected with any official appointment, but he took to himself as his profession *commercial enterprises*, in which, I believe, he was successful, and yet, amid the absorbing occupations of that profession, he found time for literary pursuits. It was as a member of the Calcutta Public Library that opportunities were afforded him of pursuing those studies which he loved, and the results of those studies he gave forth to the world in contributions to the pages of the *Calcutta Review* and other papers of this city, and in many other ways. He was a member of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, and in connection with that body he published many valuable papers of interest connected with agricultural research and reform. He was connected from its beginning with the British India Society, which afterwards merged, I believe I am right in saying, into that large, useful, and valuable institution which still flourishes among us, the British Indian Association. He was a member of the School Book Society, a member of the Vernacular Literature Society, a Fellow of the Calcutta University, a Justice of the Peace, an Honorary Magistrate, and a member of the Calcutta Corporation in the first phases of its existence ; but, perhaps I can best recall him to myself as one who was associated with me as a colleague in the Bengal Legislative Council under the administration of Sir William Grey. He was prominent there as one who brought forward the measure for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a Society of which he was first Secretary and then Vice President, an association which still exists amongst us, and is doing incalculable good. I can recall, too, that in all our intercourse we found him temperate in counsel, moderate in language, genial in his manner, and keeping up kindly courtesy amid all the difficulties and acrimonies of the day. I think you are right, therefore, in perpetuating his memory in this Town Hall. The Valhalla was said, in Scandinavian mythology, to be the place of immortality for the souls of departed heroes who had fallen in battle. Peary Chand Mittra owed nothing of his success to the profession of arms or the success of an administrator, but he offered us an instance of a private individual who took the utmost advantage of his opportunities to establish a name in all the directions to which I have alluded, and thus secured for himself throughout this large community of Calcutta and its neighbourhood the high esteem and regard of his fellow men. You are right, therefore, in giving him a niche among the many celebrities whose names will be connected with Indian history, and whose portraits, statues, and busts are contained in this Town Hall of Calcutta. I have much pleasure now in proceeding to the duty to which I am called of unveiling this statue before us (applause).

His Honor having unveiled the bust, a vote of thanks was accorded to him for presiding, and this brought the proceedings to a close.

Out of the amount collected, the Committee paid to Signor Geflowsky £178-10-0 or Rs. 2,268-7-11. Besides paying the cost of the bust, the Committee paid to the Calcutta University Rs. 500 for creating an endowment from the interest of which a silver medal was to be awarded annually to the successful student who obtained the highest number of marks in Philosophy at the Honor Course of the B.A. Examination. The Syndicate of its meetings dated 12th June and 7th August 1886 accepted the offer. The Committee also paid them the sum of Rs. 100 for preparing a die. The balance was appropriated as follows :—

Grindlay & Co. for freight, insurance, and landing	Rs.	239-7 3
Brown & Co. for putting up the bust with inscription	„	50-0-0
Charges for collecting subscriptions ...	„	280-7-0
Paid Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for a water trough ...	„	64-5-6

In the Report of the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for 1886 we find the following :—

"The Committee have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Rs. 64-5-6, from the Honorary Secretaries, Peary Chand Mittra Testimonial Fund, for the purpose of erecting a trough to his memory. In recognition of his past services the Society made over the sum of Rs. 66-9-0 being the balance of the Trough Fund. The whole sum of Rs. 130-14-6 has been made over to the Calcutta Municipality for the purpose of erecting a cast iron trough to be placed opposite the Metcalfe Hall."

We will now produce some orbituary notices that appeared in the newspapers at the time when Babu Peary Chand Mittra passed away, to show how they eulogised his name and fame throughout the length and breadth of the country.

The Englishman of 26th November, 1883, wrote as follows :—
We have to announce the death on Friday last of our well-known and respected citizen Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He was for sometime suffering from dropsy, to which he ultimately succumbed. His services to the cause of Bengali and English literature are well-known. He was the first Bengali novelist, and his *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* was the first Bengali novel of its kind. He was a regular contributor to the Calcutta Review. He distinguished himself no less in spiritual literature, and, in fact, his writings have given it an impetus which has never yet received its quietus. He held many honorary appointments. He was a member of the Bengal Legislative Council where he left his mark in the Act prohibiting Cruelty to Animals (Act I of 1869 Bengal Council), Honorary Member and Vice-President of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society

of India, Justice of the Peace and Honorary Magistrate of Calcutta, Fellow of the Calcutta University, leading member of the British Indian Association, oldest member of the District Charitable Society, Honorary Member of the British National Association of Spiritualists (London), President of the Bengal Theosophical Society and Honorary Secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Englishman's Overland Mail of the 27th November reproduced from the above.

The Indian Daily News of 27th November, 1883, reproduced the orbituary notice that appeared in the Hindoo Patriot.

The Statesman of 26th November, 1883, reproduced from the Indian Mirror.

The Indian Mirror of 25th November, 1883, wrote as follows:—We have barely time to do more than to announce in this issue the death of our eminent countryman, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, which melancholy event took place on Friday last at his residence in Calcutta. We do not know how to express our sorrow at the loss of such an excellent man and distinguished scholar. He had a European reputation, and though old was always full of activity and employed his time usefully, and for the public good. He was one of our best men, and his loss is a national one. No man did more in his days to do good to his country and his countrymen than the late Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He was a true patriot and reformer, and we always held him in high respect and esteem. We shall try to give a full account of his life in another issue. He died at the ripe old age of seventy.

The Indian Mirror subsequently wrote in its issue of 30th December, 1883 and 1st January, 1884, a full detail of his life (see National Magazine, February 1916).

The Amrita Bazar Patrika of 29th November, 1883, wrote as follows:—Bengal has lost one of her brightest ornaments. Babu Peary Chand Mittra breathed his last on the morning of Saturday last. Although the deceased had attained a comparatively ripe old age, his death will be mourned over by a large number of our countrymen by whom he was held in great esteem. Both intellectually and spiritually he was far above the ordinary run of men. His brain was always active, even when he was laid prostrate in his bed of sickness. His literary products are generally of a high order. His *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* is the first Bengali novel, which, in humour and originality may compare favourably with some of the best novels in the English language. He was a brilliant English scholar, and his English treatises on diverse subjects have obtained for him a name and fame in Europe and America. He had also a profound knowledge in Sanskrit, and through its medium he mastered the Hindoo Joga philosophy which is a wonder to the world. During the latter part of his life, he directed his attention almost solely to the spirit world, to questions (very different from those like the Rent Bill and the Ilbert Bill)of the most vital interest to man affecting his future destiny. He was an ardent spiritualist, and although we do not care to inquire in this place as to whether he was right or wrong, scientific or speculative in his conclusions, we must say that, his latter day occupations indicate a state of mind which, may elevate man above the level of average worldly wise humanity, which is satisfied with "increasing and multiplying," with the so called patriotism which sighs over paucity of rewards for public spirit in this country, and with fighting and shedding bad blood over Ilbert Bills and like other mundane affairs. The loss the country has suffered by the death of Babu Peary Chand is very great, and cannot be easily replaced.

The Bengalee of 1st December, 1883, wrote as follows :—It is with a feeling of deep regret that we have heard of the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He belonged to a generation which is fast disappearing from our midst and of which perhaps the only surviving member is the Rev. K. M. Banerjee. In his own days and among his own colleagues Babu Peary Chand was a prominent figure, serving, in every way the public interests and promoting, by every means, the public good. The versatility of this man was truly remarkable, and his capacity for work marked him out from among his fellows. He was a merchant, and yet the absorbing duties of his calling left him leisure and what is more important inclination to devote himself to the promotion of the public good. He identified himself throughout a life which reached the allotted span of human existence with every project calculated to advance the interests of his countrymen. Even the dumb animals were an object of his care. He retained the old Hindoo feeling on the subject, and enforced it into practice, according to modern ideas, by taking a leading part in the establishment of the Society for the Prevention

Cruelty to Animals. He was an eminent literary character and introduced a literary style which was very popular in his day. Above all, he was a man of religion, and whether absorbed in the mysteries of theosophy or in the wonders of spiritualism he retained the quiet but simple faith of his fathers and through nature he read the marvellous wisdom of nature's God. Such was the man who has just passed away from our midst, under an illness that worked its way, with slow but deadly sureness. His example ought to inspire us. He belonged to a noble band of workers and in our coming struggles, may their spirit stimulate us to the duties of self-sacrifice and of patriotic devotion to the interests of our countrymen!

The Indian Empire of 3rd December, 1883, wrote as follows:—A deep scholar and true patriot has passed away. It is with inexpressible sorrow that we have to record the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra of this city, on November, 24th, at the good old age of seventy. Of the eminent deceased, the Hindoo Patriot observes:—"There was not a branch of public, national, or intellectual life which did not interest Babu Peary Chand Mittra and engage his services. But he will be best remembered for his labours in the field of Bengali literature. His *Alaler Ghorer Dulal* is a model in its way. In manners he was a gentleman, in spirit a cosmopolitan. May his ashes rest in peace!"

The Tribune of 1st December, 1883, wrote as follows:—The Calcutta papers record with extreme sorrow and regret the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra who breathed his last on the 23rd ultimo. We condole with them for the mournful event. Though little known in this part of the country, Babu Peary Chand was a leading spirit in Calcutta for the last half century and his fame reached Europe and America. "In him," to quote a contemporary, "the country loses a literary veteran, a devoted worker, a distinguished author, a clever wit, an earnest patriot, and an enthusiatic spiritual enquirer." Babu Peary Chand Mittra was one of the *alumni* of the old Hindoo College and a contemporary of Dr. K. M. Banerjee. The first batch of scholars turned out by that College became all eminent in their day, and called forth the admiration of Lord Macaulay, Sir Edward Ryan, and others by the liberality of their views, their depth of information and their perfect mastery over the English language. One of the foremost among these was Babu Peary Chand Mittra who labored incessantly for the of hoog ids country for the last fifty years. Such a man is now no more: but he has left a valuable legacy in his Bengali works, and these will endear his memory to his fellow countrymen as long, at least, as the Bengali language will last. It will not be easy for Bengal to find another to supply the place of Babu Peary Chand. But he had been working faithfully and long in this nether world, and it was time for him to soar to higher regions where more perfect beatitude awaited him. He died at the mature age of seventy.

The Liberal and New Dispensation of 2nd December, 1883, wrote as follows:—We deeply regret to hear of the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra. This melancholy event had long been expected, and it has not come upon us as a surprise. Babu Peary Chand's career had virtually ceased when old age and disease had prevented him from taking part in the social and political movements of the community. Before that he was one of the active and energetic upholders of the cause of reform. He was a warm advocate of female education, and his services to the vernacular literature will long be remembered. He began the novel literature of Bengal, and it was he also that first turned by his writings the attention of his countrymen to the evils of intemperance. He was an indefatigable writer, having recently taken the place in literature once occupied by the late Babu Kissory Chand Mittra. His contributions to the Calcutta Review are well-known, and among his other works were books on spiritualism and a life of Ram Comul Sen. He was a man of strong common sense, and his humour was almost endless. His death has left a vacant place in Bengali Society.

The Indian Echo of 4th December, 1883, wrote as follows:—It is our mournful duty to record the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra at the good old age of seventy. The sad event took place on the 24th November, last. In him the country has lost a kind-hearted man, a mature scholar and a true patriot. Of late he had entirely retired from public life, but his name will be remembered in connection with many things. At his instance the Bengal Legislative Council passed the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. His frequent contributions to the press and his more durable works, as *Alaler Ghorer Dulal,* a life of Dewan Ram Comul Sen and some books on spiritualism are well-known. He has always been an enthusiastic advocate of female education and was for a long time connected with that political body, the British Indian Association.

His death is regretted by a large circle of friends and relatives and has created a gap in Hindoo Society.

The Indian Nation of 3rd December, 1883, wrote as follows:—We are sorry to record the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra which took place on the morning of the 24th November. We take the following particulars of his life from the Hindoo Patriot. "Babu Peary Chand Mittra was one of the early fruits of the old Hindoo College, a contemporary of the Rev. K. M. Banerjee, the late Roy Hurro Chunder Ghose, the Babu Russick Krishna Mullick, Radha Nath Sikdar, Ram Gopaul Ghose and others who have left footprints on the sands of time. He became Secretary to the Calcutta Public Library. From his early youth, he was connected with the press; with Babu, since Raja Dakhinaranjan Mookerjee, he was associated in the conduct of the *Jnananasian* and with Babu Russick Krishna Mullick in that of the Bengal Spectator. He used to contribute to the columns of the Bengal Hurkura, the Englishman, the Indian Field and the Patriot. He was also a frequent contributor to the Calcutta Review. He worked with Mr. George Thomson and was the first Secretary to the British India Society. He was the first Secretary to the Bethune Society. He founded the Hare Anniversary and has written the most readable biography of David Hare. On the abolition of the British India Society he joined the British Indian Association. He was a Fellow of the Calcutta University, a Justice of the Peace and an Honorary Magistrate. In 1867 or thereabout he was appointed a member of the Bengal Legislative Council. The Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was passed at his instance. He was a member of the Municipal Corporation under Act of 1863. He became first a Spiritualist, then a Theosophist. He was the founder of the Theosophical Society of Calcutta. He will be best remembered for his labours in the field of Bengali literature."

The Indian Messenger of 2nd December, 1883, wrote as follows:—It is our duty to record with sorrow the death of one of our wellknown fellow citizens. Babu Peary Chand Mittra, the *Tek-Chand Thakoor* of old, the biographer of David Hare, the much admired author of *Abhedi, Adhmyatmica* and several other books, the conpatriot of Ram Gopaul Ghose, Russick Krishna Mullick, Ramtanu Lahiri, Dakshina Ranjan Mukherjee and Tara Chand Chuckerbutty, one of the best fruits of the old Hindoo College, and one of the few surviving witnesses of a bygone generation, has breathed his last. He was the originator of, or was connected with, many a public movement. Of the British Indian Association he was one of the foundation members, of the Bethune Society he was the first Secretary. It was at his instance, during his connection with the local Legislative Council as one of its non-official members, that the Law for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was passed. He was an indefatigable worker in literature. In fact the steady industry with which he worked with his pen, the almost youthful fervour with which he hailed every new source of information, the careful attention with which he carried on his researches, often excited feelings of wonder in us—members of a younger generation. In his conversation he was jovial and full of pleasant humour, and always impressed one with the vastness and variety of his mental acquisitions. In his writings he was thoughtful and spiritual, having always an aim towards the spiritual and moral improvement of his race. In faith he was a Brahmo, though not recognised as one of our members, and bound by ties of domestic relationship to the present President of the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj. Latterly he joined the Theosophical Society, of which he became one of the strongest supporters in Bengal. In him the Brahmo Somaj has lost a friend and sympathiser, and Bengal, one of the talented writers. May his soul rest in peace !

The Bengal Public Opinion of 29th November, 1883, wrote :— It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we heard of the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra. The deceased was one of the flowers of our country, and played no unimportant part in the intellectual and moral regeneration of India. He was respected by every section of the community. We should like to see some public recognition of his eminent services to his own country.

The Reis and Rayyet of 15th December, 1883, wrote as follows :— Death has been specially busy among the Aryanists and Theosophists. The other day the country lost a most remarkable Pundit who narrowly missed being a great reformer in Dayananda Saraswati. We regret again to record the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He had been ailing for a long time of dropsy and at last expired on the 23rd ultimo. He was one of the last survivors of the elder generation of Young Bengal whose eyes were opened and hearts expanded by the brilliant young native of India named De Rozio who taught at the Hindu (now Presidency) College. Babu Peary Chand himself, in spite of a genuine capacity for humour, was more of a plodding man, but he was most useful in his way, and during a long career he has been actively connected with most movements of his times. He had indeed a remarkable capacity for superficial, but none the less the real sympathy. He had however been a consistent Sati abolitionist, an enemy of child marriage and poligamy, an advocate of widow marriage and female education. He was a promoter of agriculture. He was one of the pillars of the blessed Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He has been an industrious writer in English and Bengali. In conjunction with the late Radha Nath Sikdar he started the first Bengali Magazine for women. His serial published in it, written down to the intelligence of Hindu ladies of that period, was the first novel in Bengali, rich in humour and photographing the worst deformities of native society. He was one of the earlier Committee men of the British Indian Association. Nevertheless, with all his weaknesses, Peary Chand was a soul the like of which for energy, breadth of sympathy and unostentatious multifarious usefulnesses we do not soon hope to see again.

The Indo-European Correspondence of 28th November, 1883, wrote as follows :—A very prominent and highly respected member of the Hindu community, Babu Peary Chand Mittra, died last week after a somewhat protracted illness. He was a great English and Bengalee scholar and held many appointments of rank and honour amongst others a seat in the Bengal Legislative Council, on the Bench of Honorary Magistrates, and among the Fellows of the Calcutta University.

The Theosophist of December, 1883, wrote as follows :—One more useful and beloved Brother Worker has dropped out of our Society. We regret extremely to have to announce the death of our valued colleague Babu Peary Chand Mittra, late President of the Bengal Theosophical Society, Calcutta. This melancholy event took place on Friday, the 23rd November last. He was a member of our Society ever since its foundation in New York, and was one of our first supporters in Bengal. In him India has lost a worthy son and psychology a devoted student and champion. Many and various were his contributions to theosophical and spiritualistic literature. An excellent, sincere and learned writer, during his long and useful career his exertions were indefatigable in the cause of every reform whose truth and necessity were carried home to his mind. He also labored hard for the prevention of cruelty towards the brute creation, as no one can be a true psychologist without having compassion for and feeling himself bound to protect the inferior creation, which, as he knows, have souls just as we have, though not so developed. Thus he was all along a prominent member of Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was latterly the Honorary Secretary of that humane body. He labored zealously for the spread of female education, and has, as a writer, left his mark on the literature of Bengal. Metaphysical studies also to a certain extent are indebted to his publications. The news of his death will be received by his numerous friends and admirers here and abroad, more with sorrow than surprise, for his death was long ago expected, he having attained the patriarchal age of three score years and ten, and been in failing health for some time.

The Journal of the National Indian Association of February 1884, wrote as follows: —We notice with regret the death at Calcutta of Babu Peary Chand Mittra at the advanced age of nearly seventy years. Few men have taken a more prominent part in the political, social, and literary life of Calcutta during the past half century than Babu Peary Chand Mittra. He was one of the early fruits of the old Hindoo College, and a devoted admirer of David Hare, the "Father of Indian Education." The young men of that generation displayed an earnestness and single hearted zeal in literary persuits and in the diffusion of knowledge among their countrymen that we fail to recognise in later times, and among the foremost in every good word and work was our deceased friend. Government Service was open to him, but he preferred the independence of commercial pursuits, in which he engaged with varying success. He was for many years Secretary to the Calcutta Public Library, which post gave him opportunities for study and literary pursuits. From his early youth he was connected with the press, and was a frequent and valued contributor to the Calcutta Review, as well as to the various Calcutta newspapers. He was also the author of a number of works of light literature in Bengali, published under the name of "Tek Chand Thakur"; one of which—" The Spoilt Boy"

—has appeared in a translation in the columns of this Journal and which have attained great popularity among his countrymen and countrywomen. Many of his writings are specially adapted for women's reading. Babu Peary Chand Mittra was an active member of the British Indian Association, of the Agri-Horticultural Society to whose Journal he was a valued contributor, of the School Book Society, a Fellow of the Calcutta University, a Justice of the Peace and an Honorary Magistrate, and for many years a member of the Municipal Corporation of Calcutta. In 1867 he was appointed a member of the Bengal Legislative Council, and the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was passed at his instance. On the establishment of the Society to carry out this Act he was its first Secretary and afterwards one of its Vice-Presidents.

For some years Peary Chand Mittra had been in failing health, and now that he is no more, his friends, both Native and English (and he had very many), will look back with pride and pleasure upon a career marked, in no ordinary degree, by literary activity and public usefulness.

The Native Opinion (Bombay) wrote on 20th January, 1884, as follows:—

A man of unblemished purity of character and varied learning has been gathered to his fathers on the 23rd November, 1883. Peary Chand Mitra was born on the 22nd July. 1814. Being of a sickly constitution no great hopes were entertained that he would ever attain eminence. He was taught at home till the year 1827 when he was admitted at the Hindu College where he soon distinguished himself, obtained a scholarship and won a special prize for an essay, the theme of which had been set by Sir John Peter Grant. Being ambitious of becoming a public speaker he joined a debating club established under the Presidentship of David Hare, called the Academic Association. At this time he also kept in his family residence a charitable school where the boys of the neighbourhood assembled in the early morning hours to receive instructions from him. In 1835 shortly after leaving College he was appointed Deputy Librarian of the Calcutta Public Library, afterwards Librarian and Secretary and lastly Honorary Curator. Under him the Library became a public resort of the members of the Legislative Councils, Judges, Barristers, the highest Civil Servants, merchants and brokers of Calcutta. He deserves the chief credit of organising that institution and when a public testimonial was voted to Sir Charles Metcalfe for giving freedom to the Indian Press, Peary Chand exerted himself in getting subscriptions for the building which is now an ornament of the town of Calcutta. He would not accept Government Service, but engaged himself in commercial persuits and carried on business, since 1855, in partnership with his two sons, as the firm of Peary Chand Mittra & Sons. The European mercantile community elected him Director of several limited companies. He was a fluent English and Bengali writer, but disregarded excellencies of style and always aimed at giving facts. His connection with the press began in his early youth. He founded a bilingual paper, called *Jnananeswan,* and also the Bengal Spectator, as well as the first Bengali Magazine called *Masik Patrika.* He was a regular contributor to the Englishman, Bengal Hurkara, Indian Field, Hindoo Patriot and other papers and his articles in the Calcutta Review would make a large volume if they were to be collected. He wrote under the feigned name of Tekchand Thakur. His first Bengali novel, entitled *Alaler Ghorer Dulal,* or the Spoilt Child of the House of Alal, was received very favourably by the public. He was also the first Bengali satirist, and drew attention to the evils of intemperance in a satirical work, called *Mad Kaya Baro Daya.* Being a warm advocate of female education he wrote *Ramaranjika,* specially intended for the instructions of ladies. He also wrote the *Gitankur* containing hymns and other treatises in Bengali. He was also the author of three biographies, namely, of David Hare, of Ram Comul Sen and of Colesworthy Grant. In connection of the Agri-Horticultural Society of India his pen was ever active, and he contributed to it various papers in English as well as the *Krishipath* in Bengali. In recognition of his eminent services the Council of the Society elected him Vice-President and afterwards an Honorary Member. Being one of the Native Committee of the District Charitable Society he had occasion to relieve much distress and invariably attended the Committee meetings much to the sacrifice of his own work. As a member of the British Indian Association ever since its establishment he distinguiseed himself by taking an active share in its management and by his speeches some of which are well-known, e. g., that against the imposition of the odious income tax and on the Black Acts. He was also the first Secretary of the Bethune Society, which has in course of time become one of the most useful institutions of Calcutta, but had at its beginning a hard struggle for existence. He was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of Bethune School for ladies in which his eldest daughter was among the first batch of pupils. The then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, Sir William Grey, wrote to him an autograph letter asking him to join the Bengal Legislative Council. Accordingly he became a member of it on the 1st January 1868 and remained till the same date in 1870. His position there he did not consider to be a *sinecure*, and whilst he was in the Council, he framed, introduced and carried through the Act I and III of 1869 which now stand as the law of the land on behalf of the lower animals ; and since the formation of the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals he was one of its most active members occupying the post of Honorary Secretary after the death of Mr. Colesworthy Grant. His services as a Municipal Commissioner under the Act of 1863 will be gratefully remembered by the ratepayers whose cause he warmly pleaded. As an old Justice of the Peace and Honorary Magistrate of Calcutta he rendered valuable services to the State. He was the oldest member of the School Book Society and Honorary Secretary to the Bengal Social Science Association from its formation. He founded the David Hare Anniversary, which had been kept on the 1st June, during the last forty years. He was also Secretary to the Hare Prize Fund Committee, a Fellow of the Calcutta University and of the Calcutta Lyceum, a society the members of which were chiefly Europeans. Since the death of his wife in 1860 Peary Chand cultivated the study of psychology spirit and animal magnitism, keeping up an extensive correspondence with kindred mediums in Europe and America. He mastered the *Vedas* and the Hindoo *Joga* philosophy through the medium of the Sanskrit language. All his writings were directed to noble objects and his life will remain a model for imitation.

The Bomby Gazette of 30th November, 1883, wrote as follows :—The death is announced from Calcutta of Babu Peary Chand Mittra, the first Bengali Novelist, and a distinguished man of letters.

The Pioneer of 27th november, 1883, (telegram from Calcutta) wrote as follows :—The death is announced of Babu Peary Chand Mittra, the first Bengali novelist, and a distinguished man of letters.

The Madras Mail of 3rd December, 1883, reproduced from the Indian Mirror.

The Indian Spectator (Bombay) of 2nd December, 1883, wrote as follows :—We much regret to hear of the death of Babu Peary Chand Mittra of Calcutta. The deceased was a man of mark, a scholar, a *litterateur* of high order and one who gave the benefit of his mature years to the cause of vernacular literature. Mr. Mittra was an advanced spiritualist. His death will leave a gap not to be easily filled.

The Hindoo Patriot of 7th January, 1884, wrote as follows :—Death was very busy in high life during the past year. Among other noteworthy men who were gathered to their fathers during the past twelve months may be mentioned the Maharajah of Bettiah, Raja Promotho Nath Roy of Digapthia, Mr. J. G. Coleman of Madras and Babu Peary Chand Mittra.

The Bengalee of 5th January, 1884, wrote as follows :—The cruel hand of death has snatched away one of our early literary characters. Babu Peary Chand Mittra breathed his last about a month ago after serving his country in a variety of ways.

ESSEM.

KADAMVARI—IV.

One morning as Chandrapida was taking the air on the bank of the Sipra, he happened to meet Kayuraka. He gladly accosted him and was able to gather varied informations concerning the princess, Kadamvari. He yearned to see her once again and looked for an opportunity for a journey to Hemakuta.

2. The day following, having heard that Vaisampayan had reached Daspuri on his journey homeward with soldiers and accoutrements, Chandrapida on pretence of visiting him took horse and set off for the kingdom of the Gandharvas with Patralekha. Having reached Daspuri and desiring an interview with Vaisampayan he entered the camp where he found some women engaged in a chit-chat. He enquired for his friend but none of them heeded him. Incensed at this he knit his brow, showed an angry eye and a rebuke was about to fall from his lips, when some soldiers entered and saluted him. In reply to his querries about Vaisampayan one of them said, "May it please your majesty, we have a sad tale to tell. After your majesty left for Ujjaini, we had to accompany him to the holy tank, Achhoda, he having expressed a desire to visit it. While promenading in the vicinity he happened to see a delightful bower of creepers which riveted his eyes. He gradually grew pensive, motionless and at length slowly squatted on the ground to our misgiving. He was soon wrapped up in profound meditation ; but occasionally nodded knowingly which, to the trained eye of keen perception, would appear to be indications of faint glimmering of reminiscences of long past momentous events breaking loose from the trammels of oblivion and dawning upon his memory. A long while elapsed but he still remained silent. When at last we ventured to suggest at times that it was time to return, he only fired up and vociferated, 'Ye fools, I am not going to stir an inch. Take yourselves off and leave me unmolested." Being afraid of fanning the flame by harping upon the same string we were forced to part with him. Afterwards our attempts to find him out being fruitless we continued our journey."

3. Chandrapida drank in the mysterious tale in which to him

something more however was meant than met the ear. He came back to Ujjaini and broke the sad tidings to Sukanasha, saying with contrition that the loss might well be laid at his door, and that he would forthwith institute a scrutinizing search for Vaisampayan and persuade him to return, if possible. But at the heart-rending news Sukanasha burst forth into a piteous bewailing.

4. All his attempts to soothe being thrown away on Sukanasha, the prince galloped off and rummaged the neighbourhood of Achhoda but Vaisampayan was nowhere to be seen. Thus disappointed he hit upon the alternative of calling on Mohasweta as the last recourse. Almost having lost his head and being spent with fatigue he slowly approached the hermitage. But only to be out of the frying pan into the fire, he found to his great misgiving that the hermit was shedding silent tears and Taralika seated motionless by her with down-cast eyes.

His apprehensiveness naturally led him to connect this with some unexpected calamity to Kadamvari. He entered on tip-toe and with bated breath, and remained standing for a while. None of them seemed to notice his approach. He at last timorously ventured to ask Taralika what the matter was, but she only gazed at him vacantly and continued silence which was broken by Moheswata saying, " Oh prince, how can I gratify your curiosity without making you share our misery ? One day as I was seated here a young Brahmin slowly advanced this way, looked at me steadfastly as if he recognized me, and then shamelessly said tbat my extraordinary loveliness and blooming youth were far better suited for Cupid's arrow than the withering association of untimely austerities. I was speechless with indignation ; but left the place to gather flowers for worship, motioning Taralika to turn him away. He went away only to return another occasion at night. The smiling moon was riding overhead in the clear blue sky and the bracing breeze regaling us with floral fragrance, when he came off to me at the top of his speed like a person off his head and blurted out to my chagrin, 'O lunar charmer, see the moon is on my track ! I am about to be struck ! Vouchsafe to me your favour of protection if you can.' I lost all control at this indignity and exclaimed in rage, ' Unrestrained as you appear to be sensually like the lower animals, be born as such.' Thereupon he dropped down senseless. I was afterwards told he had been one of your bosom friends. In great agony

Chandrapida uttered, "It is not given to me, I think, to take Kadamvari to my bosom in this life—but see that my desire is fulfilled in the next," and fell flat on the ground and breathed his last. Mohasweta's mortification at this may better be imagined than described. She literally rent the air with loud lamentations. She cried herself hoarse and her eys were almost blinded with tears. But alas! who or what can call one back from the land whence no traveller ever returns? Indrayudha fixed his gaze on his master's body and tears gushed out of his eyes in torrents.

Return we now to Kadamvari to whom Patralekha had been sent by Chandrapida to intimate his intended visit in a short time. She was exceedingly delighted at this windfall, and awaited his arrival eagerly, but his delay made her restless so that at last she dressed herself and issued forth with Patralekha as if to visit Mohasweta. She entertained misgivings at starting, as her eyes met some bad omens; but was not dissuaded thereby to proceed onwards. She did not meet Chandrapida on her way. Disappointment guided her steps towards the hermitage which she reached at dusk. As soon as she set her foot inside and caught sight of the corpse, she took in everything at a single glance; and before a syllable could escape her lips she fell at her full length senseless on the floor as if struck down prostrate by the mighty, sweeping arm of a tornado. Patralekha's feelings overpowered her and she too followed suit.

7. Restorative means were immediately adopted but it was sometime before consciousness gradually gleamed upon Kadamvari. She then opened her eyes tears streamed down her cheeks and her heart found vent in half stiffled lugubrious mutterings. She now collected herself partly, raised herself in a sitting posture, gazed for a time at the corpse and slowly took its feet on her breast. But lo! a light was seen to stream forth from the dead body and illumine the place! A voice from above at the same time said, "Mohasweta, buoyed up with the hope of being restored to Pundarika you have been living out your days. No doubt you will meet him. Unshaped under my influence he is detained in heaven. Chandrapida is an incarnation of me. His body is under a ban but will not decay. Kadamvari's touch to boot will keep it fresh. Look after it carefully till it is brought back to life."

8. All of them now looked astonished and gazed upwards in the

direction whence the voice emanated. Meanwhile restored by the light of the body of Chandrapida, Patralekha stood up, ran to Indrayudha and taking firm hold of the bridle led him forcibly to the tank. A fierce plunge made them both fall into the water and in a trice they disappeared under the surface !

9. A few minutes, and a young man in the garb of an asectic slowly rose from the water. Mohasweta looked at him attentively. His face seemed to be familiar. He approached and said to her, "Princess, do you think you know me ?" Recognition beamed in her eyes and a feeling of great joy was instantly depicted on her countenance. She bowed down to the ascetic and eagerly enquired, "Where have you been so long—what about your friend ?"

10. He returned, "I pursued the being flying away with the body of Pundarik a long, long way till I reached the moon. There he placed the dead body on a bedstead in a court, and said to me that he was the moon-god—that he had been put under the ban of undergoing two births on earth by Pundarik at the time of the latter's death and for no greater an offence than that of shining on him while he was dying—that to retaliate this unmerited wrong he too had pronounced the same punishment on Pundarik—that when howevar in his calmer moments he came to know that Mohasweta, a scion of his race, had married Pundarik according to the Gandharva form he only felt contrite, as he was unable to remedy the evil—and that Pundarik's body would remain there till the influence of the imprecation wore off when he would regain life on earth. He then asked me to impart this news to Swetaketu. Accordingly, as I was proceeding along the milky way I inadvertently passed a sky-rover over his head. He flew into a rage and said, 'Puffed up with pride as you have cleared me like a horse be you born one on earth.' I embraced his feet and fervently entreated him to undo the evil. He said he had not the power to reverse his utterance but that my former human shape would return to me after my master's death. 'Then Sir,' said I 'be pleased to ordain that I may have as my master the moon-god who is to be incarnated by virtue of a curse.' 'Be it so,' he replied, 'he will be the son of Tarapida, the King of Ujjaini, while your friend Pundarik, that of the prime-minister.' As soon as he finished, I dropped down into the sea and reached the coast transformed into a horse, but the memory of the past did not leave me. It was myself that had induced

Chandrapida to follow the couple of Kinnaras—and so it is clear to you now that the moon-god was born Chandrapida, I was Indrajudha, and the Brahmin cursed by you to death was no other than he whose unbounded love for you once before led to the same result viz. death for himself !

11. Mohasweta dashed her palm on her forehead and cried out, "My God, it plunges me into despair—drives me mad—breaks my heart outright, to think that the well-beloved, long lost, sainted being to regain whom I have reduced myself to what I am—whose peerless constancy in love outlived the days of his former life and prompted him in the next thus to seek me out and implore my reciprocative favour, without receiving any should have instead experienced another sudden death and through the cruel, heartless instrumentality of my own self!"

12. Kapinjal soothed her to the best of his ability but she went on bewailing long till exhausted into composure. She then interrogated, "What has become of Patralekha—where is she now ?" "I am not acquainted with her fate. I shall therefore see the venerable Swetaketu and ascertain from him where Chandrapida and Vaisampayan may have been born and what has befallen Patralekha." Thus replying he left her.

K. D. SARKAR.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE.

(*XIV.*)

Chapter XIX.

The pursuit.

Mile succeeded mile. The waggon was rumbling its weary journey. From the pleasant village roads it had passed into a very different scene, the landscape having changed its chequered garment for brownish green. Now the ribbon of the road wound through an expanse of heath which in wild sweeps and undulations rolled itself into the horizon, dotted here and there with a bush, a morass or a matted jungle.

On over the broken ground it lumbered, now up a slope, now down a hollow, then across a level, lurching from side to side, the driver cracked his whip incessantly to urge the team forward and now and again smote their flanks sharply with it.

Twilight was deepening, the landscape was half-mantled in mist and what remained of day was a loom of scarlet westward in the sky. A queer hush hung over the place, a dead chill silence, broken only by the rattle of wheels and the yells and quarts of the waggoner.

But hark ! a sound on the quiet air, a shrill cry. It came sweeping over the wild and followed by another, yet another swelled into a roar.

"What voice was it shouting in harsh accents ?" The prince blurted out with a start.

"It came from the right," guessed the adjutant.

"So it did," supported the astrologer, staring in utter bewilderment.

"Don't mind it. Bogs make queer noises sometimes." The waggoner observed carelessly.

"Nonsense," contradicted the major. "It is a living voice, a cry of distress."

All stared out into the muffling twilight, held their breath and strained their ears to the utmost. At first they could hear only an indistinct sound, plainer yet plainer grew their sense of hearing. It was a wild scream. Simultaneously the eyes noted a cloud of dust eddying round and round like a whirlpool and in the centre of the whirl something dark rolling and tossing. It presented the view of a confused mass, as the outlines became more and more distinct the form of a huge beast was discernible wheeling round a human figure which with quick movements and well-poised blows was repelling its attacks.

"Some one in distress," exclaimed the chief.

"We must save him," cried the prince and his adjutant. Their keen eyes glittered from excitement. Their energies were wrought up to a tremendous pitch. Their first emotion was to speed to the succour of the distressed.

Each tore off a pole from the waggon despite the waggoner's protest, was clear of the cart in an instant, and went bounding from turf to turf with every nerve on the alert. As they neared they beheld a richly dressed handsome youth struggling with a huge wild boar, attacking it both in the front and in the rear with a massive stick, the beast receding and advancing with grunts of the fiercest rage. At the sight of re-inforcement arriving it lashed itself into perfect fury. With eyes blazing with the untamed hatred of mankind the brute plunged desperately forward but staggered back the next instant as the chief planted upon its head a stroke with a rare force. For a trice it gazed wildly round and charged again with the blind fury of madness. Directly the adjutant's weapon rattled between its ears and its tusk came into stunning collision with the prince's club. With yells of baffled rage it started back on its haunches and before it had time to rally the chief had given it a tremendous hit on the muzzle. Snarling, screaming and kicking the maddened animal stood at bay, its coat bristled with rage and the vindictive glare of its blood-shot eyes gave indication that the next attempt would be a dash forward to apply its tusks freely to its human foes. Without waiting for the charge the prince snapped those terrible instruments of destruction close to the jaw and the adjutant's well-aimed strokes sent the vicious brute spinning round and round with foam and blood. A perfect hail of blows from all four dropped in rapid succession upon all parts of its body till it rolled over stone dead.

Between gasps caused by the exertion the stranger stammered out thanks.

"Gentlemen," said he looking the gratitude he could not express. "I am incapable of returning yon suitable thanks, you have saved my life, but I want words to express my gratefulness. Perhaps some day I may be able to repay you."

He was a youngman, a trifle over twenty-four, possessing a fascinating appearance. Extremely fair, the charms of his face were enhanced by the costly turban he wore close over the ears. His broad forehead, the head a fit model for the beautiful, the eyes full of shining light from whose depth gleamed a ray of intelligence, the straight nose and the perfectly round chin combined to invest his features with an exquisite loveliness. His dignified bearing and the nobility of his carriage bore proof of his high birth and lineage.

"Sir, by your air and address we judge that you are a person of more note than your appearance bespeaks you to be. Would it be impertinent to ask who you may be ?" The chief spoke in his mildest tones.

"Not in the least," replied he politely. "I am the only son of the Sirdar of Chamba, a tributary chief. When the other chiefs, tributary and feudatory, joined the imperial banner to oppose the barbarian hordes we too responded to the call. But before the assembled forces had time to co-operate the enemy had spread in different directions, but we took them both in the flank and in the rear and formed a complete circle around most of their positions. Though they availed themselves of their central position and by desperate charges prevented our closing in, we hovered round nevertheless and kept them at bay. Meanwhile their advanced guard by secret marches surprised the capital and forced it to capitulate Then hostilities ceased and all their scattered divisions united and retired. We too withdrew our respective troops. My father having preceded with half the number I was returning with the rest when on the way I heard that some of their flying corps were having a brush with the hill-tribes of Raigarh. I altered my course at once and effecting a junction with the prince of Shigar, our ally, we led our combined forces to the aid of the hill-men."

"When was it ?" the chief asked anxiously, a pallor overspread his face. Behind his air of ease their lurked something of fear and anxiety.

"Towards the end of last week."

"Were the brutes able to do any mischief?" he inquired again with an agitated look on his face.

"No, they were repulsed at every point. Half-way we could see the remains of their beaten corps in full flight. We gave a chase and wiped out their rear."

"Did the rest rally?"

"They could not, they broke away in disorder."

"Thank God," exclaimed the chief drawing a breath of relief. His countenance brightened up, his heart beat fast with joy.

The stranger noticed the signs of exultation.

"Forgive me if the question sounds impertinent. Are you interested in the hill-men?" asked he with a look of curiosity.

"They are *my* people, I am their chief," replied the other smilingly.

"Indeed!" A little gasp of astonishment burst from his lips. He made a bow which was returned.

"You will know more right soon. Now tell us if you please how did you come in such fix?" The chief asked with eager interest.

"We returned with our troops," resumed he. "After my arrival home my father desired that I should set forward to present myself to an audience of his imperial majesty. Accordingly I started with but a few attendants and was joined on the way by my friend, the prince of Shigar, who had also set out on a similar errand. After several hours' ride we halted at a station not far from this place, intending to pass the night there. It was beautifully cool outside, so I took a stroll out and happening to pass here found myself all on a sudden face to face with the wild beast. Heaven be thanked for having sent you to my aid. I owe you my life, I am thoroughly sensible of it, only I want words to retnrn the thanks I wish, but I shall endeavour to demonstrate my acknowledgment in every possible way." The paramount feeling in his mind at this moment was one of gratitude.

"O don't speak of that. We did no more than any other would have done in like case, sure you would have done the same for us. *We* rather owe you thanks for the service your house has rendered to the imperial throne," said the chief, there was a ring of sincerity in his voice.

"It was a duty we fulfilled, duty which a protected state owes to the supreme power," returned he civilly.

"Duty," exclaimed the adjutant, "you have performed more, much more, you have saved people from pillage and plunder. Had it not been for the cordon you threw around, the flanks and the rear of the barbarian hordes would have done more evil than we can imagine. The spirit of devotion which was the inspiring principle of your duty deserves commendation."

"Sir, I have nothing to say to the undeserved civility you have been pleased to show me and if I do not presume the honour of knowing you I have the sense that you can boast a higher nobility than I am able to conceive," replied he with a thrill of elation in his voice.

"You are not mistaken," said the chief. "He is one of the scions of the military aristocracy and holds the rank of adjutant in the imperial army.

The stranger bowed with all the marks of respect. The adjutant returned the compliment by a low bow.

"Would it be presuming too much to ask who the other personage is ?" said he pointing to the prince, evidently struck by his majestic air.

"Who do you think he may be," said the chief smiling.

"Not a man of humble birth to be sure, the air is too noble," muttered he, looking a bit puzzled.

"What would you conclude ?"

The chief's tone and look set him cast about.

"Can it be possible he is of royal blood," muttered he, regarding the prince with admiration.

"He is the crown prince of Bhawalpur and son-in-law of his Imperial Majesty," proclaimed the chief.

He bowed to the prince with a profound respect. The latter acknowledged the courteous salute by a nod.

"Sir, it does not belong to me to aspire to the honour of knowing you and since Heaven has brought me in your way I must own that a greater happiness could not have fallen to my lot," uttered he in an affable tone.

"Your sweetness, your civility impress me," reciprocated the prince smiling.

"I am perfectly at a loss to imagine what can have brought him here," wondered he turning to the chief.

"Then prepare your ear for things which far surpass all that the most extraordinary imagination can conceive."

With this prefatory observation the chief made a recital of the circumstances that had brought them there.

The young Sirdar stared at the prince in utter wonderment. Rage, pity, pain alternated over his features.

"Sir, no body can be more sensibly touched with your condition than I am," he said in a voice truly pathetic. "Never did such an extraordinary misfortune befall any person. Never was a man reduced to such extremities by black treachery."

"I thank you for the expressions of sympathy and feel a proud joy in the midst of my anguish that the crown has reason to boast of the sincerity of its adherents," returned the prince.

"Mine is no lip service," added he, 'I am in earnest. To give you proof of my attachment I offer you my company and beg you to accept it—the offer of one with whom personal consideration is of no moment when balanced against the interest of the supreme power. I consider it my paramount duty to serve my sovereign religiously and disinterestedly, with no eye to recompense or future weal. He who des not serve the interest, the honour of his severeign offends Heaven. Besides my personal obligation to you is so great that I ought to remain with you all my life". His eyes were far more eloquent than lips.

"I can never sufficiently thank you for so great a kindness and must own that whatever return I may make when time comes will not be proportionable to it," said the prince.

"Since I should have no other motive than that of serving the crown candid would be my expression how much anxious I am to stand by you."

"We should think ourselves singularly fortunate to have lighted upon one whose professions are as sincere as one can wish for," congratulated the adjutant.

Presently there came a clatter of galloping horses.

"It must be my men coming," said the Sirdar straining his eyes ahead.

Nearer and nearer came the hoof-beats and a dozen horsemen headed by a splendidly dressed cavalier cantered up.

"You are here. We were beating blindly about," said the latter dismounting.

"Oh I had a tussle with a wild boar, look the brute lies stone dead. Happily these noblemen came in time or the issue might have been otherwise," replied he.

The cavalier regarded the party with blank amazement.

"Who can these be," the words leapt to his lips and had escaped before he was conscious of it.

"Permit me to introduce to you this my friend I just spoke about. He is a son of a tributary chief, the Rajah of Shigar," said the Sirdar addressing the prince.

The youth was of the same age as he, equally fair and handsome. The subtle faultless contour of his face lent a charming air which was well sustained by the exquisitely moulded head. His eyes black and large, latent with fire were beaming with an expression of sweetness The broad forehead upon which there was not a freckle to mar its smoothness, the brows arched with a graceful curve, the red pouting lips and the clearly moulded chin made up a fit model for manly beauty. His dignified bearing gave full effect to the air of nobility which surrounded him. He was clad in a gorgeous apparel. A plume of crimson feathers waved from his turban and a sword hung from his belt.

The prince extended his hand which the cavalier warmly shook. Next he exhanged greetings with the chief and the adjutant.

"You will be astonished to hear who this personage is," the Sirdar said to him pointing to the prince.

The cavalier flashed a quick glance at the prince, a curious look stole into his eyes.

"This is the crown prince of Bhawalpur and son-in-law of his imperial majesty," added the former.

The cavalier's looks changed into one of astonishment. He made a profound bow, not a little puzzled to think what can have brought him there. The sirdar who could understand by his demeanour what was passing within told him all about his calamity concluding, "I have pledged myself to bear him company."

The cavalier whose love of adventure was as strong as his desire to serve humanity was fired by his example. It flashed on him that to espouse the noble cause was to serve the imperial throne.

"Sir," said he addressing the prince, "I am tempted to share with my friend the glory of serving you if you are pleased to allow me the honour."

"I cannot enough thank you for your goodness. Sure the royal race to which you belong has received a lustre from such illustrious descendant as you prove to be, possessed of a great and glorious soul, warm heart and high spirit. If it is possible to preserve a live-long remembrance of anything, your generosity shall never be forgotten," replied the prince gratefully.

"Since my house is eternally bound to the Imperial throne for the many favors and honors it has received could I, knowing you, refuse you any thing," said he with a thrill of sincerity in his voice, "I am myself the best judge of what comports with my dignity. I consider it consistent with my nice sense of honour to stand loyally by you and stand up for the right, satisfied that in serving you I am only giving the crown testimony of the most unfeigned devotion. I offer to follow you, aid you and attend you."

"Your devotion to my cause and protestations of friendship command my warmest gratitude," said the prince.

The mounted escorts were ordered off. The little band pedalled to where the waggon was waiting. They were cheered to an echo by the schoolmaster and the astrologer who taking an advantageous position on the roadside had been making adverse calculations touching the issue of what they took for a tiger hunt. Their safe return with two new faces gave occasion to a flourish of wild rhetoric from the lips of the pedagogue to the great amusement of all. The vehicle was filled again and it jolted on.

The shades of evening were fast falling, the world was sinking into darkness. Then night spread her mantle and the landscape became wrapped in a pitchy sheet.

One, two, three hours had passed. The waggon rolled round to a riverside town beneath the halo of the starlit heavens. There was a bustle of life in its main street, a human stream eddying and swirling. Boys, youths and old men, the gentry, the rabble of the city's nonentity all helped to constitute the living tide which a cab or a cart now and then cut and broke. Music rolled and swept from the resorts of pleasure Here and there from a temple came the sound of gongs and timbrels. People on the road called to people in the house and the latter shouted in response. Above the hubbub rose the street-calls of ambulance vendors of fried pulse. The centre of the great stream of life was the market-place where the waggon came to a halt. Hurrying people pushed their way about, excited porters were scuttling with luggage. The taverns were doing their ordinary business. The gambling rooms were roaring with mirth and excitement. From the shops and restaurants lights of various degrees of lustre were sparkling or flaring upon the human jumble and voices in discordant chorus of men chatting, laughing and singing filled the air with buzzy persistence. One shop alone had a quiet look, a confectionery, having for its occupants a man seated on its door step, a boy bustling about the stall and for its share in the hubbub a croak of pottery or a jingle of plates. Some sense led the chief to mark it closely.

"If you would permit I should be delighted to welcome you in," accosted the man at the door as the little band stopped in front of it.

The door gave entrance to a large room a part of which was filled up for the accomodation of transient guests. The stall stood in the middle, fraught with eatables drinkables, and other delights. The outlying space was full of what would at first sight appear to be heaps of useless lumber but the eyes growing accustomed to the chaos could distinguish crockery, brasswares and sundries. There were side rooms some of which were as full of lumber as the shop. A lamp hung from the ceiling, its flickering rays fell upon a tempting array of viands.

The next instant its empty seats gave the weary travellers a welcome relief from the monotony of swaying motion. In no long time the most delicious messes were served out to them and none ate so ravenously as the schoolmaster whose olfactory nerves were more than excited by the delicate odour which permeated the atmosphere. Savoury was the smell of sweets, more savoury still that of the fried delicacies and most savoury of all were the conserved niceties. He opened his campaign with the first. Dainty upon dainty in a mutilated condition was fairly under way for his stomach.

"Exquisite," he chuckled, licking their sweet memory out of his fingers.

While the mouth was in the active service, the eyes were not passive but kept sweeping the stall with avidity.

"Sure, my friend here is a conjunction of rareties," he dropped a complement when the lips gave an opportunity.

Next he contemplated a raid upon the fried delicacies. The shopman grasped the situation and was busy catering for the pleasures of his palate.

"I am sure you know what are the special tastes of the gentry," remarked he good-humouredly, as the tongue became more and more elated with a pleasing sensation.

The mouth then watered for the conserved delights and as the aroma from them entered his nostrils while they were served out in bright succession he could not help being in a loquacious mood.

"Ravishing, ravishing," he cried. "To nibble one is to be yearning for another. It is a logical sequence."

Logically edible followed edible making him a sight worth seeing in his greedy munching haste. Ordering now this now that he ate with a voracious appetite.

"Sip this if you please." The shopman now plied him with curd which he disposed of at an astonishing rate.

"This is a more wholesome food than cold water," observed he smacking his lips.

Next he helped himself to a cup of *Khir*. Another followed, yet another. The shop-keeper filled him cup upon cup.

"Finis," concluded he patting on the belly.

"You have made a remarkably big meal," said the adjutant laughing.

"I was mighty hungry."

A voice now hailed from outside. The shopman swept to the door.

"Beg pardon," said he turning abruptly round. "Could you spare me for a few minutes or so. I see some one on the road I would like to speak to if you don't mind."

"Spare you, yes certainly, you can go at once," said the chief. The man was round on his heels.

The chief took a survey of the interior. It was as big a confectionary as any in the range and yet it had presented a lonely aspect when they looked in, while the others were having a splendid show with their noise and flare. This gave him food for reflection. Presently something caught his eye, something gleaming and glistening like the point of a flame on the floor of a side-room the door of which was half-ajar. Was it a bit of glass? He went and picked it up. It proved to be a diamond hair-pin. The pin itself was a bit tarnished from the dust but the stone gleamed. Examining it he saw something engraved on the inside. A little brisk rubbing on his handkerchief brought to view three letters.

"Do you think you would know your consort's hair-pin if you should see it now ?" he asked the prince in an undertone.

"Oh yes," answered the latter unhesitatingly.

He unclosed his palm, there lay it glittering in the lamp light. The prince took it, examined it closely, turning it round in his hand. Then a vision seemed to rise from the chaos. Slowly it steadied itself across his brain in all its purity of outline. It was the picture of an exquisitely moulded head framed in rippling masses of black glossy hair. From under the heavy masses, beneath a rosy forehead, a pair of large blue eyes, shaded by long bent silken lashes, were looking out with a sweet soft look. All the details of the striking physiognomy rose in a flash, the arched and full brows, the mouth chiselled with marvellous delicacy, the delicious red lips showing the ivory lines of teeth, the cheeks in all their glowing beauty and a charming profile accentuated by a glorious colouring. Then came the memory of a string of big diamonds girdling the silken tresses and hair-pins twinkling like little stars. From a foggy dreamy recollection it developed into a distant clear remembrance. He tried to sweep away the painful recollection but it clung with a maddening persistence and the consciousness came that the one in his hand had the same size and brilliancy. He stared at it in blank bewilderment. His face underwent a spasmodic tremor as the probability which the discovery opened out crowded in upon his mind. He dared not admit to himself that it was one of the pins his consort wore in her locks. The thought made his soul swoon. Nevertheless the truth of the situation forced itself upon him. For several minutes he was lost in the tumult which raged within.

"I know it," he cried half-mastering his emotions. "It is hers. I saw it on her locks."

"Do you recognise it ?"

"I do, it is the same, the very same. I can swear to it amongst a thousand."

He pointed out the peculiarities of the pin, showed him the initials.

Every eye caught the gleam of the diamond.

"Where was it picked up from?" asked the adjutant.

"Something was sparkling on the floor of the other room. It caught my eye, I went and picked it up," said the chief.

"Sure enough they dropped in here on their way," guessed the former.

"There can be no doubt of it," said the prince. "The lonely aspect of the shop when we looked in has much to account for this. It occurs to me that they stayed here till night-fall and left by water, the shopman closed his shop and showed them the way to the river side."

"Quite so," confirmed the chief. "The first thing that struck me was the lonely appearance of the shop. I was casting about for some meaning. The meaning is now clear."

"Here comes the man. Let us try him," said the adjutant.

"I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you waiting long," apologised the shopkeeper, stepping in.

"My man," enquired the chief pointing to the side-room. "What have you in that room?"

"Spare wares and cots. I receive females in it," replied he.

"Did you receive any female to-day?"

"Aye," said he with a ring of pride in his voice." Two ladies of rank. My wife and my daughter who were with them all the time said that they seemed to be of some royal house."

"Did they come alone?" interrogated the adjutant, taking care to conceal the warmth of his interest.

"No, they had an attendant, a blackman."

"Did he say who they were?"

"Confound him, not a word about it although I asked several times. He had a villainous look."

"Should you judge him to have been a native of some southern region?" questioned the chief.

"I hardly know. On the whole I should say he was an alien."

"When did they drop in."

"Late in the afternoon and shifted at candle-light."

"Which road did they take?"

"Bless me, the hang-dog did not know the way to the river.

He asked me if I could possibly leave the shop and lead them on. My child was then away. So I shut the shop and went. A boat was hailed, I saw them get into it."

"In what direction did it start?"

"Westward," was the reply.

The prince felt the floor sink, felt the room spin round. The tumult of his feelings flooded every part of his being.

"It is now a question of start and speed," said the adjutant.

"If we make quick time the amount of start they have got may be reduced to a fraction," the chief expressed a hope.

Paying the shopkeeper his dues the party set off at the fastest pace they could command, gained the riverside but naught met their eyes in the shape of a boat. Shout aloud or low as they might not one was to be found.

"It is getting to be a job," fretted the chief.

Along the bank they pushed, with eyes dilated. Not a sail was visible. There was nothing afloat. Then from ahead came at last a dull splash. It was the sound of paddles striking the water.

"I hear a boat," cried the Sirdar excitedly.

"Hi, boatman." The chief's voice rolled over the night air.

"Hillo," an answering shout came floating over the water.

"Turn in here," he bawled again.

A boat slid out of the gloom.

"Hurry up men," vociferated the adjutant, there was a ring of impatience in his voice.

It came bowling along.

"What's your hurry?" was the impertinent querry of one of the paddlers as the vessel pulled up to the bank.

"Pull us round to the first wharf on the other side," bade the chief.

"It means a thundering job," the man turned up his nose, muttering that there was something in the wind.

"What's your offer?" demanded the man at the helm.

"You name it, man." The adjutant called upon him.

"A couple of Rupees. Is n't it cheap?" said he.

"You drive a hard bargain," the astrologer broke out.

"Well, never mind. We 'll give it ? The chief agreed.

"Tumble in." invited he.

All trundled on board.

"Shove ofl, we want speed," cried the chief.

"You need n't be bothered, both wind and tide are with us."

The vessel skimmed away from the bank. Giving a deft stroke now on one side now on the other the paddlers pulled out into the middle of the stream Then foot by foot, yard by yard it crept forward.

"Ah, you lubbers, let go your oars and tow on if you can't pull fast." The chief's voice detonated.

"Get more men to bear a hand with the oars," jerked out the adjutant turning angrily upon the helms man.

"Can't you get smart hands?" cried the Sirdar.

"They are the best hands, familiar with the paddle from boyhood upwards," grunted the man.

The paddlers quickened their strokes still more but could not give the vessel more than a slightly increased speed.

"Hang you," the chief roared. "Get away sluggards, we will ply the oars ourselves." He snatched an oar, the adjutant's fingers were lightened on another. There were three or four spare paddles lying at the bottom. The Sirdar seized one, the cavalier a second and the prince a third and all five set to work with all the power they possessed.

The craft spun along in excellent style.

"Have you no sail?" asked the Sirdar.

"Ay, ay," answered the watermen.

"In with it."

"Ay, ay," repeated they.

"The devil take you. Trim in forward," the chief roared.

"Aft here some of you and man the halyards," yelled the man at the helm.

There was a scurrying to and fro in the vessel's stern. Men strained at ropes, hands were busy making sail.

"Luff round?" the helmsman's voice rose again.

"You keep the tiller straight," cried they.

In a moment a full stretch of canvas with halyards made fast was threshing noisily in the breeze.

The boat listed sharply at first and plunged forward. Propelled by lustier strokes with its sheet tight under the strain it went slipping over the water. The splashes awoke echoes and the murmuring flap of the sail rang merry music across the quiet stream.

The sky glowed and shivered and in its midst soared the amber crescent of the moon whose soft and silver beam played upon the water making it gleam in a shimmer of opalescent pallor.

The boat had swept past the little town. Now across the open country, between steep banks or sandy slopes, between wooded heights or fringing bushes, it tore at headlong speed. Tall pines and gaunt elms appeared to leap past it like monsters endowed with life, strange phantoms flitted past conjured up by the play of light and shade. On, on, still onward it flew in the hush of stillness broken by the wash of water against its sides.

Hours rolled on. Now further ahead something was espied moving quite close under the lee of the other bank. It was dimly perceptible owing to some trees overhead throwing a heavy gloom upon the water.

"Look, look," cried the chief pointing towards it and those who followed the direction of his outstretched arm could plainly make out the form of a vessel looming up through the haze.

"Is n't that a sail," said he, "I am sure it is."

All looked steadfastly, the eyes starting from the sockets.

"So it is," the adjutant muttered under his breath.

"It is creeping silently," said the cavalier.

"Seems to be dodging us," the prince spoke agitatedly.

"Let us swing sideways and spring a surprise on it," said the chief.

The boat was steered off to the other side. It went tearing. Now what had appeared at first like a dark outline upon the water slowly took shape and a large flat-bottomed barge was seen coming on with silent strokes.

"Ahoy there, why don't you show a light," yelled the boat's crew when it came within hailing distance.

No answer. The vessel was bearing up all black stern and white sheet.

"Ahoy, aboard there, ahoy," louder went the cry.

"Hillo," came a response at last. The stern of the approaching sail was now black with men.

"Heave to ?" shouted the boat's crew by the chief's order.

It came to a standstill and in no time the boat ranged alongside of it on its larboard quarter.

"What ho, what vessel is that," demanded the chief.

"A freight boat carrying linseed," answered the men.

"Pshaw, we are following by blind luck," chagrined he disgustedly.

"Well, did you pass any passenger boat?" questioned the adjutant.

"Several," answered many voices.

"Did you notice any thing peculiar about any of them?"

"Nothing peculiar save that one had a blue sail and a green awning. Under the awning I fancy there were women," said one.

"Did you notice particularly any one in the stern?"

"We could make out the form of a black man on the bow under a hanging light."

"Where did you pass it?"

"A couple of miles further on."

"When?"

"It must be over two hours."

"It cannot be far in advance. If we make quick time its chances of escape may be reduced to a minimum." said the prince anxiously.

"Keep on, we will be sure to overhaul it" cried the Sirdar."

The boat started again on its mad career, the rowers strained every muscle to outpace their objective.

The night passed with maddening slowness. As the dawn streaked the eastern sky and the banks on both sides began to unfold themselves in different colours and garbs a speck was discovered on the verge of the horizon poising itself on the chrystal water. The prince was the first to spot it.

"A boat with a blue sail," cried he impatiently.

All eyes were riveted at it, guesses were rife, each had his say out.

"I have no doubt but it is the one we are after." The adjutant wound up his surmise.

"It passes my comprehension why is it coming back," said the prince with a quick heart-throb.

"Indeed," echoed the Sirdar. "The wonder is why should it turn back."

'Might be to bluff its trackers with a false movement. The daredevil has the sense that there are men seeking his trail.' The chief expressed his opinion.

"Heaven be thanked that we have caught him at last." The adjutant became too sanguine.

"Would to heaven it were so," said the prince, he could not help a swift leap of heart, his eyes began to glitter with a strange fire.

Then something like a wharf hove into view on the opposite bank and the strange sail was next observed heading towards it.

"It is working up to the bank," broke out the Sirdar.

"Haste, haste," the prince cried, there was impatience in his looks and his whole frame gave visible signs of agitation.

The boat tore on and in no time got within hailing distance.

"We must now leave the oars and be ready for a bound. Come men, get to your places," said the chief.

The boat's crew seized the oars.

"Ease your sheet, let go the halliards," shouted the adjutant.

The sail was gathered in, the ropes were coiled down.

"Steady, back water," the chief's voice sounded again.

"Fend her off" cried the adjutant.

The boat drew alongside a landing stage. Its bows were drawn up at the low pier. Quick as the eye could wink the seven anxious souls lined up the edge of the water towards which the strange sail was approaching. It drew at last, pulled up but instead of the Sindian and his dupes there stepped out three men in rich attire.

There were signs of recognition, waving of hands and nodding of heads as the chief met the foremost individual.

"Good gracious, Major, is it indeed you," exclaimed he with a touch of surprise in his voice.

"Ay me, Of course you are the chief of Raigarh," replied the other smiling.

"Yes indeed," the chief returned jocosely. "It is rather strange that we should tumble upon each other at this place, but upon what uncanny errand are you bound ?"

"A wild-goose chase, my chief, uncanny you may call it," replied he laughing.

"You talk in riddle, Major."

" I have a tale to tell which will startle you. It is the strangest thing the imagination can conceive, the fancy can depict."

"Mine is stranger, nay strangest, but let me hear yours first," said the Chief.

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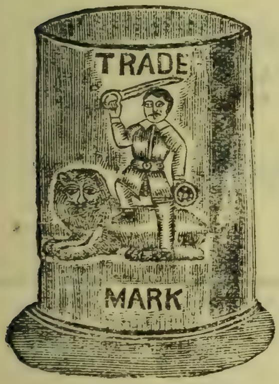

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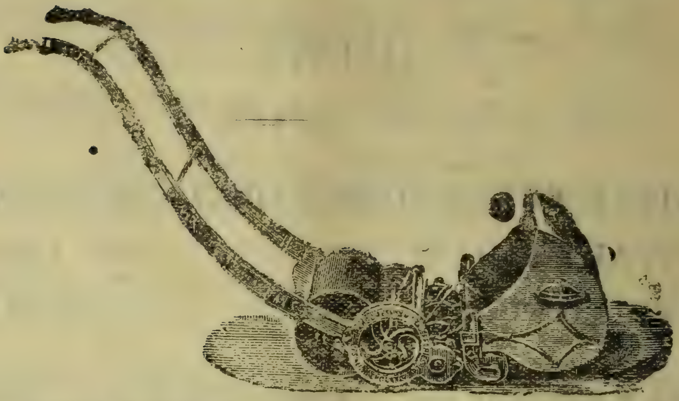

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Pages.
I.—Anglo-Indian Epitaphs—
By F. H. Skrine ... ... 340—343
II.—Lord Kitchener's Relic—
By B. A. Gupte, Rai Bahadur ... ... 344—346
III.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (XIV)—
By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 347—361
IV.—The Late Juggodish Nath Roy, The First Indian Supdt. of Salt Chowkies and Dist. Supdt. of Police in Bengal (I)—
By Esenarr ... ... 362—373
V.—Science: its relation to and influence upon Religion and Morality—
By K. C. Kanjilal, B.L. ... ... 374—382
VI.—Review of Books ... ... 383—387

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C.S., and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Paul ; Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmahai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. "Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India." This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14, 1887.

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No. 8—August 1916.

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Patrick Stewart, of the firm, Stewart and Robertson, merchants, 1823, "This excellent man passed through life in the exercise of every social virtue ; artless, unassuming and modest in his deportment, it was said of him that he never made an enemy and never lost a friend."

It is perhaps more than a coincidence that the inscription on the tomb of "Gentleman" Jackson, pugilist, in Kensal Green Cemetery, should affirm—"This man ne'er lost a friend nor made a foe."

Robert Bathurst, 1821, "Of this excellent and generous man, whose virtues were too conspicuous to be recorded on this humble tablet (the offering of disinterested affection and esteem) suffice it to say that he possessed all the rare qualities which constitute the man of refinement, learning, and taste."

Charles Nicholson, 1819, "He feared God but not death, maintained independence but sought not riches ; thought none above him but the wise and virtuous, none below him but the base and unjust ; loved his family, friends and kindred, the poor and needy, with an ardour which was a source of all his pleasures and pains."

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It appears that this luckless boy perished at the very close of his voyage to India, where he would have begun a career in the Civil Service under his father's wing.

Maria Bathurst (æt. 17), 1803, "How sweet a blossom, how untimely nipt; in health the gay, the careless, the supremely happy; in sickness the mild, the pensive, the patiently resigned; through every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain engagingly and interestingly attractive; her smiles blended cheerfulness with sensibility; her manners, elegant and graceful, accorded with the purity and elevation of her mind."

Captain William Paramore, 1805, "Alas, poor Parry, thy rewards are come, for Heaven knows the deeds thou'st done: thou wert a friend to all save thyself—the only exception."

Catherine Mayers (æt. 25), 1813, "Her life was an example to the wise; Her death an acquisition to the skies; Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay, And leaves the bad, too bad to take away."

"Poor Tom Page, who departed this life on October 2, 1814, ætatis 57 years and six months." (There follows a Latin sentence which may be rendered—"When his soul found peace after enduring much misery.")

John Grey Henderson, Surgeon of the Bengal Establishment, 1814, "Long after having acquired a handsome fortune, he deferred from year to year his return to Europe, till at length he sank under the effects of a continued residence of 36 years in this climate."

Janet Henderson (æt. 20), 1817. "O Death, insatiable and unrelenting, from whose power no virtues can save, here boast that power. For here thou has laid low youth, beauty, sensibility and virtue. The heart that dictates this appreciated these virtues too well for its own peace."

Calcutta has a considerable latent force of public opinion, and organs for expressing it. We have seen that reforms in St. John's Churchyard were forced upon the authorities upwards of a century ago; and at this day the cemeteries of Calcutta are tenderly cared for. Such is not the case in the *mofussil (ang.* "Provinces"), whose European population is in a constant state of flux, and has scanty leisure for anything except office drudgery. Many old station graveyards have lapsed into a condition of decay which shocks the feelings of our Mussulman fellow-subjects, and calls for the interference of Government.

What sojourner in Bengal does not recollect those forlorn God's Acres environed by a brick wall, above which tower the massive obelisks and pyramids with which our predecessors fondly hoped to perpetuate the memory of their dead? Within may be seen a dense growth of coarse grass overspreading dilapidated tombs, whence the marble tablets which once contained epitaphs are missing. It is said that dishonest villagers find them useful for grinding curry paste!

Seventy years ago the following might have been read in the provincial cemeteries of Upper India:—

Cawnpore; Matilda Gwyne Dickson, 1834, "If worth were to be esteemed by the unspeakable grief of a disconsolate husband, and the deep and unfeigned grief of all who had the happiness of her acquaintance, hers would rank high indeed: but, alas, she has fled from erring human judgment to that tribunal which alone can appreciate the mild and gentle virtues which adorned her amiable mind."

Chunar; Daniel W. Taylor, 1834, "That blameless virtue that adorned thy bloom, lamented Sarah, now weeps o'er thy tomb. What neither wealth can buy nor power decree, regard and pity waits (sic) sincere on thee; While soft remembrance drops a willing tear, and thy dear Sarah sits chief mourner there. This tomb was erected by his truly disconsolate and affectionate widow, Sarah Taylor."

Dinapur; Marie Genevieve Aimee Dennie, and her infant son, 1828.

Go, weep for those still doomed to sorrow,
Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow.

This injunction is more tersely expressed by Hannah Inshaw's epitaph, 1831, "Reader, pity her survivors."

Gaya; Francis Gillanders, 1821, "Many years Collector of Taxes on Pilgrims at Gyah; an intimate knowledge of Indian character and customs, added to the gentlest manner and kindest heart, with the greatest attention to the wants and comfort of the pilgrims visiting the sacred temples of Gyah, gained him their interest, veneration and regard."

Ludhiana ; Elizabeth Holbrow, 1838, "In the several relations of wife, mother, daughter and sister she was adored, and by Society at large she was esteemed and respected."

Sabathu ; Edward William Mairis, 1843, "Reader, respect this grave : it is that of one whose disposition was eminently noble, and whose character was based on a righteous desire of guiding his feet in the way of peace. No proud desire is here to mar the simple tale ; thy life imports enough for thee and, dearer far, the Monument of aching hearts."

Sagar ; George Cotes, B.C.S., 1831. "Who by his own exertions and the liberality of a justly fond parent had been early enabled to enrich a mind of extraordinary powers with all that is elegant and useful with languages, science and literature of Europe."

It is perhaps a counsel of perfection that funereal inscriptions should convey a just impression of their subject's personality. "An Epitaph must be made to fit the person for whom it is made," said John Selden, in his *Table Talk*; "for a man to say all the excellent things that can be said upon one, and call this his epitaph, is as if a painter should make the handsomest piece he can possibly make, and say, ''Twas my portrait.'" Few Anglo-Indian epitaphs of old time would have satisfied Selden's fastidious taste.

F. H. SKRINE.

LORD KITCHENER'S RELIC.

This is a note on a bronze vase owned by Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, while Commander-in-Chief in India.

This bronze-pot is a unique specimen. I never saw one like it before. Its specialities are—(1) It is very large for its age. (2) It is very old. (3) At first sight its shape produces the impression of a fountain, an idol-stand or an incense burner, but on closer examination it is found to be quite different. The workmanship resembles that of Kashmir. The only specimen in the Indian Museum which has any semblance or similarity of design in ornament is section No. 102 in case No. 244; but the details are different and the workmanship clumsier than that of this specimen.

It is always difficult to define an 'iron' or a 'bronze' age. MacRichie, in his Testimony of Tradition, tells us that "the fashion of referring to periods 'iron,' 'bronze,' etc., is very apt to mislead since contiguous peoples have been and are, in different periods, of this nature, at the same moment of time." The safer way to ascertain the age of works of art is to compare them with the oldest specimens of the kind already described by reputed scholars, and therefore this method has been adopted in the present existance.

(1) Kashmir work of the present day is often made too large for any use, the object being simply to secure "effect" in an exhibition. Prior to the first exhibition of London which gave impetus to Indian Art (1851 A.D.), patronized and presided over by His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, there were no such large pots manufactured in Kashmir, and none of the published catalogues records any instance.

(2) It is very old, because it is free from the excessive ornamentation covering the whole of the surface and leaving no room or plain surface for the relief of the eye—a factor introduced by the Mohamedans.

(3) It was made prior to the Moslem influence, because it is free from the ubiquitous cone, the characteristically Arabic geometrical design, the fret-work introduced at that period, and the minute details of decoration which blurr and spoil a design,

(4) It is moreover older than the Buddhist period after the beginning of the Christian era, because it is free from the decorations based on the *Jatakas* and the life of Buddha from which hardly any work of that period is free. For instance, see the oldest Kashmir *lota* shown by Sir George Birdwood at plate 12 facing page 154 of his Industrial Arts of India. It has been traced to A.D. 300. The decorations in the Anjanta Caves, the scrolls in the stone carvings in all ancient caves, and the profusion of human figures in ornaments, are the accepted specialities of the Buddhist period following the establishment of the Christian era. It is still more ancient, because it was made prior to the discovery of the art of soldering, as its upper portion has been joined with *nails.* This method of joinery must be anterior to the discovery of that simple process. No specimen of this kind is described in any of the published books, and, except in an Encyclopaedia, I never saw one. Its antiquity is still further confirmed by the corroborative fact that it has the ring of bronze as distinguished from that of copper, the only metal used by the Moslems. It is against the tenets of their religion to use brass pots. It is moreover not tinned as is the Moslem fashion, and the alloy possibly contains gold if the pot is made simply by hammering. The deep-set or fluted petals of the lotus, its most prominent feature,—is not possible on an alloy of simple copper and tin. The foliated ornament is simple and not scrolled like that in more recent work, and the counter elevations on the reverse are not prominent enough for a *repousse* work. It has therefore possibly been cast in a mould, then graved or scooped, and finally hammered It is not a fountain, nor a washing basin, for it has neither the pipe of the former nor the water-bowl or receptacle of the latter. It is not an idol-stand, because it has a thalamus-like nob in the centre. It has three Hindu-Buddhist symbols : (a) the lotus which is not used by the Mohamedans, (b) the nine dotted* representation of the planets; and (c) the three pedestalled stand. A Hindu prefers a three-storeyed pedestal for the platform of the sacred *tulsi (ocymum sanctum)* or for the obelisk erected to mark the position of the mortal remains of his ancestors. At the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, I selected one† pillar from

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* For comparison see the ring shown in Pt. IV. p. 82 of Prinsep's Indian Antiquities, Vol. I. by Thomas.

† It was intended for supporting rotating frames.

Bikaner for my grandfather's tomb—which stands in the Kensal-Green Cemetery and is situated next to that of the first Tagore who died in London. When Sir George Birdwood saw it, he remarked:

"That is it. This is your *prithvi** (pointing to the first pedestal) this is your *Grahamala* (wreath of planets), these are the *nakshatras* (the asterisms), this the Meru and this the final lotus. You are a born Hindu." Similar arrangement is visible in His Excellency Lord Kitchener's valuable and rare find. The three pedestals, the stem or mount Meru, and the open lotus instead of the closed one (bud) in the obelisk. From analogy with the pots now in use in Burma, I am led to believe, that this one belongs to a Buddhist or Jain temple, where it was used for the fruit and-flower offerings, just as is done at this day. The chief difference consists in the Burmese bowl being made of wickerwork and lacquered, while this is made of bronze, due to difference in the stage of the development of the local industries and the comparative opulence of the owner. One is from Kashmir, the ancient happy valley of India, while the other comes from backward and malarious Burma. The possible conclusion is, that His Excellency's specimen is more than 2,000 years old, that it is very rare, that it was made in Kashmir, that it belonged to a rich Buddhist or Jain pagoda, that it is a stand for offerings to Buddha or to a Tirthankar (which is more ancient), and that it deserves further examination by *savants* like Sir George Birdwood, or other European scholars. In the light of the ethnographical description I give in this note, it may be examined again for an inscription† which is likely to be found on so valuable a find.

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* The earth.

† For comparison *vide* plate VI. p. 96 of Prinsep's Indian Antiquities, Vol I. by Thomas.

B. A. GUPTE.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—(XV.)

"Then listen," began he. "I rose betimes the other day, having had on the night before a sharp head-ache and my doctor advising bracing air strolled out. A little stream runs below my house. I sat by it. Presently I became aware of a boat approaching. An ugly black man sat on the bow and under the awning there were females. Some sense caused me to mark him closely. I became sensible upon that instant that he was up to something. I questioned him where was he going. He tried monkey tricks, could not give a satisfactory account of himself. I had begun, goodness only knows why, to take quite a personal interest in the females. I stopped the boat and scenting something wrong addressed them straight. Oh heavens, who do you thing they might be ? What strange things happen in the world ? I was shocked, surprised and what not to learn that one was the princess-royal and the other her hand maid or something like that. The blackie was a domestic of the royal household. From what I heard from them I could easily make out that he had lured them away to the Turk camp under a false pretence. They were next put under way for some unknown region under a strong guard. While the boats carrying them and their escort were passing through a wild tract some unknown hands, I fancy her husband was the principle factor in the business, surprised the fleet and utterly destroyed it. Perceiving that the game was up the blackie by a clever hit slipped away with them and were carrying them to some rendezvous of the Turks. I was almost beside myself with rage as I understood all and was about to kill him on the spot when it occurred to me that I had best sent him in irons to his Imperial Majesty to be publicly executed as a felon. By my order he was seized and thrown into prison. The royal lady and her maid were escorted to my house where they were treated with the utmost deference. I arranged to convey them back to the palace the next day with all possible honour. Man proposes God disposes. That night when all were asleep the villain broke away, set fire to my silk factory and while we were fighting with the flames whisked them away, I can't understand how. The next morning I despatched men on their track and set out myself with these my companions to find them out. We have ransacked the country but could not pick up their trail. So we were returning in disgust and sighting this wharf thought we might drop in to see if the toll man here could give us a clue."

The narrative produced a remarkable sensation among its hearers particularly on the prince whose face was convulsed with rage and whose whole frame was visibly shaking.

" Now, my chief. it is my turn to ask what good wind has blown you hither," he added an inquiry.

" On the same scent," replied the chief gloomily making a full recital of the train of circumstances leading to the present.

" Oh I see, it was you who gave the deuced fleet its dues," exclaimed he with an air of astonishment.

" But no good came of it," sighed the other.

" Ugh, if I can tackle the scamp any way I will end his black deeds on earth. I will make him dearly rue the treachery," cried he gnashing his teeth. " But pity we have wandered in vain."

" Who are these gentlemen, Major ?" The chief asked pointing to his companions.

"This is my nephew, by name Khurruk Singh, the other is my assistant," replied he.

The person stated to be his nephew was a young man of herculean build. A trifle over thirty, colossal figure, he looked a tower of stength. His appearance was grand and imposing, his stature stately and the symmetry of his frame proclaimed him a vigorous athlete.

The other individual whose name was Jowala Persaud was short in stature but with a soldierly figure. Forty, he looked at least five years younger. His face had an almost youthful mobility when he spoke and there was a strange attraction in his lustrous eyes. He seemed to possess a strong individuality and his splendid physique gave the impression of prodigious strength. Now a time-expired military officer he could boast of a brilliant record of active service.

The chief exchanged compliments with both.

"I am more than glad to make your acquaintance," he uttered the words of ceremony.

"The feeling is reciprocal," returned they smilingly.

"Who is this personage, may I ask?" said the major pointing to the prince, much struck by his air of dignity.

"This is the prince," the chief replied.

"Indeed," exclaimed he with a look of surprise. The next instant he saluted him with a profound respect. The prince returned the compliment gracefully.

"Sir, your troubles have affected me. I am afflicted to the last degree," began he with emotion.

"My pains, my troubles, my torments give me no ease. My soul seems disposed to fly. What racks me every moment is the uncertainty of her fate," replied the prince. The tones of his voice were plaintive, the eyes were eloquent with the agony of his spirit.

"Sir, I must guard myself from presuming to advise you but I can offer you solace. So receive the words of an old man. Adversity tries virtue. If your heart is oppressed, if your mind is tossed with pangs, let not your spirit flag. Arm yourself with resolution to perform what the duty of a husband requires of you."

"I have reason to complain of Heaven for the rigour of my destiny," said the prince. "How unhappy do I think myself when I compare my lot with the fate of others." The words were delivered in a voice of anguish.

"If Heaven has laid this calamity upon you it does not behove you to blame it. Let destiny bear the blame, Heaven be implored. May its grace go along with you." consoled he touched to the heart by that voice of agony. His features were twitched with sympathetic tenderness.

"However much in my distemper I may accuse Heaven of injustice, my sole hope lies in its dispensation. This sweet comfort balances my despair," said the prince clearing up his countenance.

"Resign yourself to its will. How rigorous soever your trials be bear them with fortitude. Mind, noble prince, Heaven has brought us to join our fate with yours."

"No doubt it is a Heaven-send—this singular coincidence of so many men of blood and breeding, of high courage, of royal race coming seasonably to my aid. Never was there a greater example of disinterested virtue. I am ashamed of your generosity and am afraid I shall never be able to make a sufficient acknowledgment."

"With no eye to recompense and a sense of duty, superior to all personal advantage, calling on me to exert myself in your cause, I offer you my service. Do me the favor to accept it and allow me to engage myself to bear you company. Not to speak of the many favours I had received as a servant, I owe the crown a far greater obligation for the blessings I enjoy as a subject. Loyal sentiments which ought to be most potent and most influencing upon the mind of every subject demand the exercise of every faculty I possess. To serve you, noble prince, is to serve my king, to serve whom is to serve the Almighty." More eloquent were the eyes than the lips.

"It would be making too great a demand upon your good nature to ask you to bear me company but since you are so obliging, so generous as to make the offer yourself I reckon it my glory to accept it," returned the prince politely.

"Permit me the pleasure to present to you my nephew and my assistant," said he introducing his companions.

They stepped forward and bowed. The prince returned the salutes.

"Pray accept my services," said Khurruck Sing in a fervent tone, 'I shall think it my greatest glory to keep near your royal person and may flatter myself that you will find me faithful as good steel and devoted as high loyalty."

"At your service my sword shall ever be," said Jowala Persaud, laying down his blade.

"I shall be happy to engage your inestimable services. My gratitude if possible shall be equal to the obligation " The prince thanked them both for the offer.

"Pray who are these noble youths ?" The major asked eyeing the sirdar, the cavalier and the adjutant, much struck by their mien and bearing.

The chief told him who they were adding that they had offered the prince their company and sworn devotion to his cause.

The schoolmaster needed no introduction. The solemn occasion drew from his lips a torrent of jargon which for some time kept the assembly in a state of merriment despite the situation.

A short parley took place.

"Might I make a suggestion ?" asked the major.

"Only too pleased," the chief said civilly.

"What we have to do now is to beat the neighbourhood. I imagine they landed here and must be keeping hereabout. Let us see if the tollman can throw any new light," said he.

The tollman was plied with questions.

"In the small hours a blackman landed here with two women, they were slipping away. I caught the sound of hurrying steps, shuffled out, caught him and made him pay the tollage," said the tollman.

"Where did they go?" the chief asked.

"They took a cab and drove right away."

"We must not delay but use the utmost haste," said the major.

They scudded to the stables hard by. A solitary cab was in evidence.

"No more cab here?" questioned he to the men on duty brooming or grooming.

"No," said they, "1t was a wedding night, the night last, all the cabs have been hired away save this one.

"No matter we can well afford to huddle in," muttered he.

Despite the cabby's loud protest they all crammed in and partly by force and partly by a promise of handsome fare induced him to give them a drive. The vehicle whirled away, filling the air with strange rumbles and halted at different points where enquiries were made and informations picked up, some of which were useful. All day they were on the road save for a short interval which they allowed themselves for a hurried bath and breakfast Towards dusk they arrived at a place where a number of the neighbouring gentry were assembled to witness some juggling tricks. From enquiries made on the spot the fact was elicited that a close conveyance had been seen pass a couple of hours ago, on its roof was seated a blackman. Some youngsters had hissed and hooted at him and even pursued the vehicle with wild shouts till it struck into the village road to avoid a scene.

"Let us tackle the village road," said the chief.

But the cab was no longer in a condition to proceed. The tire of one of its hind wheels had just flown off, the horses darted wildly to one side, reared and plunged. The united energies of the tongue and arm of the driver and positillion nor could the pursuasion of the whip quiet them. The party were obliged to alight and for want of another vehicle pursued their course on foot.

Chapter XX.

The Pursuit.

It was midnight. The moon as though ashamed of herself was hid behind a veil of clouds. The stars looked sickly. Only a soft glow hung like a halo over the village of Gouripur. Sleep and silence within the houses, quiet without, the village looked entranced as if by the spell of a weird stillness. Nature was hushed, life was locked in repose, there was not a soul to be seen nor a sound to be heard, only the wind was striking mournful notes through the tops of trees. It was a chill silence as if no living thing was near, a silence that mocked.

Suddenly from a lonely road there came the sound of hurrying feet, clatter, clatter, tramp, tramp, the air rang weirdly and the scene erstwhile destitute of life and movement was enlivened by the advancing figures of ten pedestrians. From road to road they marched, over grassy grounds, along by-paths, across patches of turf, their heavy tread sounded peculiarly loud from the quietness of the night.

As they turned a bend a female voice came sweeping over the roof of a house, rising and falling.

"Granny, granny, can I have a little milk for my child ?"

The words were not wasted upon the night wind but fell into a listening pair of ears.

"Dear me, I could n't save a drop to-night," came a response from somewhere at least two houses off.

"Just look for my sake if you can spare a little." The first voice sounded again, there was a ring of entreaty in it.

"No goodness, what little there was, a blackman came and took away."

The words sounded sharp upon the night air.

"The last voice came from one of the huts just ahead," muttered the Sirdar pointing to a cluster of mud houses a little further on. The astrologer gave a bold confirmation to his guess.

A few steps forward brought them in front of a cow-stall by the side of which a narrow blind path started from the road inward. Down it they shaped their course and stood between two opposite lines of mud houses. The Sirdar knocked at the first right-hand door, no response came from within, then banged noisely upon the next, but with no better result. Swinging sharply round he rapped fruitlessly the one on the left and as he beat a tattoo upon the other a voice rang out sharp and shrill.

"The same voice," buzzed all.

In a few moments the door grated and a coarse vulgar-looking woman with wild staring eyes jerked out a fiery note.

"What do you mean by knocking up decent folks at this hour of night?" demanded she. The voice had a crackle.

"Don't be sour, my dame. We should like to know if it was your voice which spoke last," said the Sirdar in his most persuasive tone of voice.

"So you sneak round the backs of people's houses and listen at key-holes. What business is it of yours who spoke?" she stormed, struck by a sense of something wrong.

"None. We are looking for some one who sells milk here. Happening to pass a cow-stall and hearing a voice, it occurred to us we might just as well look in," was the timely answer in a tone suited to the occasion.

"What the dickens do you want?" questioned she fixing at him a stony stare.

"If we are not disturbing you too much we would like a pot of milk."

"Try no fooling here. We know your tricks. Who are those men hanging about?" She eyed the others with a strange mixture of dread, annoyance and curiosity.

"I desire that you will be less free with your tongue. When you shall know who we are you will be careful what you say," said he with a feeling of wounded pride.

"Ha, ha, that's a bluff to scare me. Don't think I am foolish. I know what's what," cried she with a mocking laugh.

"What must you think of us?" he asked retaining his usual calmness.

"You men can't pick up a decent living but poke about at night to make free with people's wares. A confounded shame?" rattled she turning savagely again on the nine pairs of eyes that stared stolidly at her.

"You need n't be afraid of your wares," said he affecting not to mind the invective. "Only be cool and give us a pot of milk."

"Milk be hanged. I wish you would go away," she cried snappishly. Her appearance betokened a mixture of fear and irritation.

"I am sure you are good to people calling at your door." He tried to humour her.

"Will you understand that I wish to be alone?" she rather fumed.

"We should be sorry to leave you too soon," coaxed he.

"Dont mind me," replied she sarcastically, "I should be only too glad for it. I dont like to be bothered."

"But you would like a lizzy I dare say. Here take this as a token of our good will. All your scruples will vanish when you clutch it." He dropped into her hand a piece of coin.

Her features instantly became radiant with satisfaction. The uncompromising attitude vanished in a flash.

"Indeed, indeed, you are decent people, if I have said anything amiss, don't mind it." said she caressingly.

"Of course not," said the sirdar. "Now say, have you no milk?"

"If you wish me to be candid, I could n't save a drop to-night. What little was left after the day's sale a blackman took away," replied she in a milder tone.

"A blackman, who was he?"

"I had never seen him before. A cab stopped before my dairy, he alighted from the dickey and asked if I had milk. Of course after a whole day's sale there could not be much left, what little there was I had kept for my supper, but he pressed for it and offered double the price. So I poured it out."

"Whom did he take it for?

"He handed it to some one in the cab. I am sure I noticed female faces peeping out through the flaps."

"When was it?"

"A little before I closed my shop."

"When do you close your shop."

" Not earlier than ten."

"Where is your shop?"

"At the market-place. You will find two dairies there, mine and another.

"Did he tell you where was he going?"

"No, with me he was reserve, rather more free with my neighbour from whom he took two seers of milk."

"Who's your neighbour?"

"Bhajanram, his dairy is next to mine. You may know more if you go round to him. He closes it about this time."

"Which is the way to the market-place?"

"It is plain you are strangers. Go straight off and when you come near a temple turn down a narrow side-track, down it into another which gives on to the high-road. On the roadside a little further on you will find the market."

Tramp, tramp, up one thoroughfare, down another they raced till at length their heels crunched the market-place. It was as silent as the tomb save for the sound of some shutters sliding into a groove in a shop.

"That's the only shop going to be closed so late," observed the cavalier.

"Likely the one the woman spoke about," the adjutant guessed.

They edged on, some one was closing it.

"You are Bhajan Ram," said the Sirdar throwing at him a questioning look.

"That's me, what is wanted?" asked he, stepping down to shift.

"We will trouble you to stay a little."

"Let me know your business. I am in haste to go."

"A cab stopped here a short while ago." The question was roundly put.

He looked dumbfounded not knowing what to say. The recollection of a blackman with two females in a cab set him wondering that there might be some hideous business which had put in motion the myrmidons of the law.

"Speak out, man. What is there to be looking foolishly at?"

"You are policemen I take it, but—but—but"—a lump rose in his throat, he could not give a complete answer.

"We are not. Don't be alarmed. We came to you for a bit of information." He tried to mollify his fears.

"You imagine I am interested in the blackman. I assure you that I am not," gabbled he with an effort at self-composure.

"Vain fear of yours," the adjutant struck in. "We would only know who the blackman was and where was he going."

"A cab stopped here but I don't know who were in it" stuttered he white with fear.

"Give us a straight answer, man. You need be under no fear," said the Sirdar encouragingly.

"I am an easy-going innocent person, never meddle with other's affairs." pleaded he timourously.

"No more nonsense, say on. Did the blackie tell you anything."

"Tell me what?"

"Where was he going."

"Upon my oath, no. He took milk and drove away."

"But he talked to you a great deal."

"I swear by Heaven, he did not."

"I am sure you are keeping something."

"I swear again I do not," a crushing sense of danger stiffled his speech.

"Then you are not going to be candid with us."

"How can I answer as you wish."

"We only embrrass him with questions. The old snipe wont give out more," said the chief in disgust.

"Will you say which way did he take?"

His finger pointed westward.

They made a bee-line for the road which they were next pedalling with eyes fixed steadily ahead and with hunter's ear to any sound, pausing ever and anon to note an upturned grass blade, a displaced pebble, or a spot where a wheel had rubbed the sand. Now and again they scrambled over a roadside hedge, wriggled through long grass or swarmed up trees at the faintest semblance of a rumble. The moon had just issued from the black clouds and was throwing rippling waves of light over the road and round about, showing up in deep relief every inch of ground.

Tramp, tramp incessantly their heels crunched the road till night with its sounds and shadows passed slowly away.

The first streak of dawn was beginning to show in the eastern sky. Beautiful in their grey glory rose on every-hand bush-clumps and tree-lines, cottages and shanties touched with the filmy flush. From out of a silver bath emerged the landscape attired in a garb of variegated tint. The air became vocal with the song of birds. Then rose a sun to turn the azure of the heavens to glistening gold.

A plunge into a glassy pond, so delicious after the toil and moil and a squat down a piece of rising ground lending a temporary respite to their wearied limbs they were once more on the alert and the oppurtune appearance of a cart improving the situation they lost no time to avail themselves of its service. A fraction of minute later there were sounds of a departing vehicle and after that silence and solitude.

Following the track wherever it twisted to right and left, doubling back and curving forward the vehicle lurched rather than rolled right on.

The rough and tumble drive brought them towards noon to a point whence they could see the dim outline of a hut. It began to take shape as they advanced, lastly sounds and signs apprised them of the proximity of what turned out to be a sweets shop. Besides a promise of relief to their keen sense of emptiness of the stomach it struck them that it might have a tale to tell. The latter possibility made it more inviting. So they alighted in front of it. It was a mud building standing back from the road in a little clearing.

"We must speak to you if you please," said the adjutant addressing a bulky person who had just pitched himself on the doorstep to receive the arrival if luck would have it.

"What is it you want?" replied he dryly, not a little disappointed in his expectation of getting a big sale.

"I am sure you will let me know something I wish."

"If I know it myself," was the mechanical reply.

"Of course," said the former. "Did any cab drop in here?"

"One did this morning."

"Who were in it?"

"Two ladies I should think. They did n't alight."

"What did they come here for?"

"To snatch a lunch, of course," replied he carelessly.

"But you say they did n't alight."

"Why, they had an attendant who dropped and took food for them."

"What was he like?"

"Perfectly black, a villainous-looking man. Were it not for the cabby who interposed I would twist his saucy tongue. The rascal haggled with me and called me a bully, son of an owl." The man reddened as he uttered the words.

"How long did they stay here?"

"Half an-hour at most."

"Which way did they drive ?"

"Forward," said he waving his hand in a contrary direction. "I believe they meant to get to the Grand Trunk Road."

The prince grew deadly pale, all the colour forsook his face.

"The Trunk Road runs straight to the border," wailed he in a choking voice. There was a sick fluttering about the heart.

"Oh no," said the Major. "There are cuts and breaks. There are rivers to cross."

The chief supported him.

"Is that all that brought you here ;" asked the man dejectedly.

"No, we have also to draw upon your hospitality," said the adjutant. The man's face broadened into a smile.

"Come in, if you please," invited he. All stepped in for a hasty repast.

The food was too coarse. Its very sight took their appetite away. Helping themselves each to a glass of sugared water they issued forth to exert once again their natural powers of locomotion, there being no more conveyance in evidence.

'If yon want to go to the Trunk Road take the shorter cut," said the man pointing to a path between ferns and brambles.

Straight they flew for it and in no time was edging on inch by inch, foot by foot. As the path widened by degrees, their movement increased. Then through dell and dingle, copse and clearing they went, wriggled through thicket and brake, the sun overhead was beating mercilessly upon their head.

"It is rather an uncanny place altogether," chattered the astrologer with a chill of fear as the surrounding grew more and more repulsive.

"I have no superstitious fears, but I don't like the place," swore the cavalier.

Second following second, minute following minute, they had trudged an hour and stood now in a large clearing momentarily to take a breath of relief.

All on a sudden a movement was heard in a scrub ahead, a rustling of branches, a crushing of undergrowth. It was really a murderous place whence the sound came. Huge trees roofed it in and huge mounds walled it right and left making a night of day.

"There are sounds of movement ahead, look out," the major cried.

All eyes were strained, ears were pricked up. In a twinkling the truth occurred to them that the authors of the commotion were no peaceful men.

Suddenly from unseen lips a cry burst weird and terrible. Before its echoes had died away it was seized upon and repeated by several voices. The air shivered, the wood shook.

"Robbers." The chief gave the alarm.

"We must fly for our lives, they mean to get a drop upon us." An exclamation of horror burst from the astrologer. The cries had shaken his nerves and set his teeth on edge.

"Whose croaking was that ?" demanded the major.

"The astrologer's," said the cavalier.

"Away, you white-livered skunk before a stick is well-laid upon your shoulders." He turned fiercely upon him.

Then loomed up first the heads, then the shoulders, and lastly the whole figures of a pack of fierce-looking men, Afghans, Dorranees and Beloochees, numbering a score or more.

"A gang of barbarians," cried the chief.

"Oh horror, a fatal presage," yelled the school master in deadly fear, an icy chill had gone down his spine. "Oh, who will fill the ellipsis when I am in the past tense. I have chimed with you syntactically, rhymed prosodically, save me, a miserable part of speech that I am. Oh major, who is like a capital letter at the beginning of a sentence, Oh mighty chief, conspicuous as a big word in the midst of expletives, Oh prince, prosopopie of goodness." His face was puckered up a face with horror in every lineament, the teeth chattering, the eyes staring wildly in front.

"Silence, skulking coward," hissed the Major.

"Fly; let us fly," cried the astrologer.

"Fly, fly" he echoed.

Terrified out of their senses both took to their heels for dear life. Slipping, stumbling, sprawling in their panic, springing up again, they continued their mad race till a friendly bush gave them an asylum in its murky depth.

The eight brave men lined up, with every nerve on the alert, their fingers tightened either round the hilt of a ponderous blade or round a massive club.

The desperadoes had just emerged into the clearing. There was murder in their eyes, their bull-dog brutality of nature was written in every curve of their face.

"Come on blackguards, if you dare, we will fight you fair and square," challenged the cavalier.

"Come on, if you want to have broken limbs and cracked sculls." The Sardar's high-pitched voice cut the air.

Instead of charging man to man more than a dozen of the ruffians flung themselves bodily upon the little band who met them in full shock. In a flash the chief sent one rolling over and lying flat—a splash of crimson in the sweep of green. The prince had flown at another, parried a furious thrust and crushed him to the earth, the hot tide of his life flowing out added another splash to the waste of purple. The Major flashed round and reaching a Dorranee broke his skull, a screech, a stagger backward and it was all over with him. Another dropped sideways under a tremendous blow from the Sirdar. Two furious Afghans were landing upon him well-aimed blows. The cavalier with a dexterous turn of his wrist sent one's blade flying in the air and the adjutant made the other's sword-arm hung powerless by his side. Brandishing his weapon wildly round his head Jowala Persad had plunged into the thickest of the fight, his sword descended with heavy thuds now on one, now on another, the men staggered back but recovering turned fiercely upon him only to be laid low by the prodigious strength of Khurruck Singh. Now he caught one round the waist, next grasped another fiercely by the throat and bore them to the ground.

Fast and unceasingly fell the blows on swords, on arms, on sculls. Many a stroke was caught midway or turned aside. The air rang with the dash of steel, the yells of rage and screams of pain.

The beaten men cried for aid. Their cries and gurgles of rage swelled the din.

"Call on, call on, if you wish to see them die a few minutes before their time." The Major yelled mockingly.

Yelling and whooping the rest of the pack rushed forward. The chief's staff flew round like a flail, descending ever and anon on heads and shoulders, arms and wrists. Men rolled upon the earth howling and groaning and over them, on all parts of the body, the Major's massive club kept rattling. Almost blinded by fury the rest of the gang made a dash. The adjutant's ponderous stick came down with a crack on one's head and the prince brought his with a heavy thud on another. Two sturdy Beloochees had lunged forward, one on each side of the cavalier and their pikes came with heavy thuds on his shoulders. He staggered but recovering gave his arm full play. So true and powerful were his strokes that one rolled over and over on the ground, the other fell back foaming at the mouth.

The fight raged fast and desperate. The marauders shifted their position, some planted themslves in front, the others closed up from behind. It needed but a moment for the eight warriors to take in the situation. Quick as lightning they placed themselves back to back and waited for the next move in the game.

The ruffians hesitated to charge. The major sprang forward and reaching an Afghan struck a terrible blow under the jaw. The man thumped, to be trodden into a mangled corpse by the rushing feet. Another dropped howling under a smart blow from the Sirdar. As both pressed on to follow up their advantage they were hemmed in by those at their right and left hands. Like a tiger Jowala Prosad gave a bound and shook them off with a violent sweep of his blade. Back they reeled and before they could steady themselves the prince and the adjutant had dashed them lifeless to the ground. Roundabout seethed the friends, glaring ferociously and giving vent to oaths and curses. The blows, the yells, the thuds made a terrible din.

Now scattered, now closing, now circling round with such quick turns, feints and shifting of the ground as to confound the enemy, the little band fought in a gallant style. The Sirdar and the cavalier displayed the most brilliant feats of sword-manship. The enemy though thining in number did not lack spirits. They plied their weapons with might and 'main but the skilled little band dodged the blows successfully and gave such blows in return as caused smash and fracture.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B. L.

THE LATE JUGGODISH NATH ROY,

THE FIRST INDIAN SUPDT. OF SALT CHOWKIES AND DISTRICT SUPDT. OF POLICE IN BENGAL.

Juggodish Nath Roy was born in 1825, at Kanchrapara, a well-known village in the district of Nadia, on the auspicious day, according to Hindu ideas, of the car festival.

In days gone by, Kanchrapara was a prosperous place, and the seat of learned Brahmins, and Vaidays. Kabikarnapur, the celebrated Sanskrit poet, gifted with supernatural powers was an inhabitant of this place; and the only son of Sibananda Sen, a favourite disciple of Lord Gouranga. It would perhaps, be not out of place to mention the names of other great and gifted men who were born in this village. Prem Chand Tarkabagis the distinguished logician, the famous poet Isswar Chandra Gupta, the founder of the "Sungbad Prabhakar" one of the oldest Bengali dailies in Bengal, and the literary preceptor of Bankim Chandra and Dinabandhu Mittra, Hari Mohun Sen the poet; who translated in verse the Traveller, "the Deserted Village" and other noted English poems. Major Gopal Chunder Roy, M.D., the first Indian who took the M.D. degree from the London University and was a successful I.M.S. Surgeon, and Isswar Naibagis—the logician and the well-known physician Brojendo Kumar Roy. Kanchrapara in those days was called Narahatta. Sri Gouranga came here several times to see Sibanunda, his favourite disciple. The great saint and poet Ramprosad Sen lived here in his younger days. Gokul Chunder Roy grand-father of Juggodish Nath Roy, was a cousin of Ramprosad Sen, who lived at Kanchrapara with his relatives up to his 30th year, and at last settled at the neighbouring village Halishaher, where he married in a good Vaidya family. The ancestors of Juggodish Nath Roy migrated to Bengal from the North West, about eight centuries ago, and settled themselves in the Birbhum District. They established a colony of their fellow castemen on the West bank of the Mourakha river. Maharaja Balalal Sen granted the village Mourasswar on the Mourakhi river, as a Jaigir (free perpetual grant of land) to this clan, along with an inscribed copper plate, mentioning the date of the award of the Jaigir. The Mourashwri grami Vaidyas are descended from the great Rishi Pantha and are connected with Balalal Sen, inasmuch as they claim descent from a daughter of the King of Bengal. The Mouraswries are highly respected by other classes of Vaidyas. The family fast grew in number, so much so, that it migrated to a place called Sarai in the District of Burdwan. From thence, they came to Sankhanagore on the bank of the river Saraswati. The ancestors of Juggodish Nath built an entrenched mansion here, adorned with *Thakurbaties* (temples).

The Maharatta free-booters in Bengal were powerful enough to besiege and sack Sankhanagore. These irrepressible free lances pillaged the place thrice and Gokul Chunder Roy—Juggodish Nath Roy's grandfather, was perforce obliged to leave the place for good. Crossing over the ganges, to Kanchrapara, then called Narahatta, he married into the family of the Saint Sivananda and settled at Kanchrapara. Gokul Chunder left a son and heir, named Guruprosad, who was the father of Juggodish Nath. Guruprosad was well versed in Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, Bengali and English. He taught Sanskrit in the old Fort William College, and compiled a big Sanskrit lexicon in Bengali entitled "Sabdaratnakar." Raja Radha Kanta Dev, Professor Wilson and other distinguished professors of the Sanskrit College wrote highly about this work which showed Guruprosad's scholarship. His knowledge of English was sound, inasmuch as he wrote the addresses which were presented to the various Governors-General by the citizens of Calcutta. Guruprosad was also a votary of the divine science of music, and this gift descended to his son Juggodish Nath in an eminent degree. Juggodish Nath understood thoroughly the theoretical and practical science of music and his voice was as sweet as a nightingle's and rose to the highest key. He could play on all instruments and express in his voice the rhythm, modulations and esoteric significance of the Rags and Raginies.

Gokul Chunder the father of Guruprosad and grandfather of Juggodish Nath was employed under Warren Hastings at Murshidabad, in the capacity of an Accountant. When Warren Hastings was obliged to beat a hasty retreat from Murshidabad, Gokul Chunder followed suit and thereby lost his belongings. He was thoroughly honest and a typical Hindu of olden times. The gifts of truthfulness and honesty were hereditary in the family as both Guruprosad and Juggodish Nath showed in their character the self-same virtues.

Kanchrapara had a royal visitor in the person of the late Duke of Edinburgh, who with the late lamented Lord Mayo, visited the place on a snipe-shooting excursion.

An ancestor named Muktaram Roy who brought the Roy family in prominence was the Dewan and Vizier of Aliverdi Khan. He amassed a fortune in the service and got from the Nawab the title of "Roy Royan." Gokul Chunder built for himself a house in Calcutta and lived both at Kanchrapara and in the metropolis. Gokul Chunder was a great friend of the Calcutta millionaire Nemai Charan Mullick and did a lot of work for him. Whilst in Calcutta, he contracted fever and died on the banks of the Ganges. His wife wanted to be a suttee and had extracted a promise from her only son to have the dead body brought to Kanchrapara. Nimai Charan Mullick, however, stood in the way and prevented Guruprosad from keeping his promise. When the wife saw her son in mourning clothes, she heaved a deep sigh and said "I had anticipated such a result." On asking her son, whether he had redeemed his promise, Guruprosad fell down at her feet and cried bitterly. The bereaved lady shed a flood of tears and said you are my only son, I will not curse you, but you must make arrangements on the riverside immediately. I will cover myself with his quilt and be burned in the funneral pyre. This sort of immolation was called *Anumrita* and resorted to by the twice-born class. Guruprosad lost no time in making a pyre and the old lady was consumed as an inert mass of clay in the presence of thousands of on-lookers. She did not move an inch and was burnt down like a veritable log.

The simple and pious lady had during her lifetime planted a mango-tree in the courtyard of her house at Kanchraparah with her own hands.

The tree is still in existence and bearing sweet fruits, although it is more than a century and half old. Any visitor can see it by going to the house of the Roys at Kanchrapara. Guruprosad had a good knowledge of English and his handwriting was so good, that it was utilised by the Bengali leaders of the day, in writing out addresses to in-coming and out-going Governors-General of India. He was the right hand of the millionaire—Nimai Charan Mullick.

Guruprosad maintained a large number of students and relatives at his residence in Calcutta and the treatment accorded to them was fully equal to what he did, in respect of his sons and sons-in-law. The residential house of Guruprosad was located at Surtibagan and when Colootolah Street was widened, it was acquired by the authorities and demolished. He then shifted to Hogulkuriah, where Juggodish Nath passed his schooldays. Guruprosad lived for a short time at Chootarpara, where Juggodish was initiated in the mysteries of the Bengali Alphabet by a pedagogue. Within a short time, he left him to join the Hindu College—the *alma mater* of the brilliant sons of Bengal. As a student, young Juggodish showed unflagging zeal, industry and perseverance and got the junior and senior scholarships of the college. In those days, any successful student could compete with his juniors and retain the scholarship he had won. Juggodish retained his senior scholarship for seven consecutive years and his stipend of 40 rupees a month, was allowed to him by the educational authorities. A gold medal was awarded to the student who stood first in the library examination. It is necessary to explain what the library examination was like. The library of the old Hindu College contained a large number of books and it was imperative on the examinee to go through every one of them, as there was no knowing, from whence the questions would be asked. Even translations of Horace, Uripides, Æschylus and Sophœles had to be mastered to be able to cope with the examination. Any student who obtained the library medal won a feather in his cap and the blue riband of scholarship. Juggodish Nath got the medal for two years, when the council of education, ordained that, if Juggodish Nath Roy stood first for the third time, the medal would be awarded to the student, who stood just below him. The impetus being just stopped, Juggodish desisted from appearing at future examinations. This is all about scholarship. A word now as to his skill and proficiency in music. A piano was once brought for the students of the college, and the professor was testing the proficiency of his pupils in vocal music. Every student who came up was unable to show his aptitude for the divine science. One and all fell short of the professor's standard, when young Juggodish was brought to the front and asked to show his capability in harmoniously modulating his voice to the highest pitch. The professor was highly pleased with Juggodish Nath and predicted that he will in future become a great musician. His prediction, we may state *en passant* was justified and verified in time. After completing his studies, he left the Hindu College. I subjoin below true copies of certificates granted to him by the council of education.

Hindu College, Calcutta.
Class—Junior Scholarship for 1842.
Value Rupees 8 per month.
Awarded to
Juggodish Nath Roy.
(Sd.) Edward Ryan,
President,

Hindu College 1843-44.
Senior Scholarship.
(Government.)
Cos Rs. 40 1st year.
Forty Cos Rupees per month.
Juggodish Nath Roy.
(Sd.) H. L. Harrison,
Presdt. Council of Education.
(Sd.) J. Mouat,
Secy. Council of Education.
Rossomoy Dutta,
Secy. Hindu College.

Session 1847-48.
No. 1. Certificate of qualification.

It is hereby certified that Juggodish Nath Roy of the Hindu College presented himself for examination in accordance with the terms of the Government resolution of October 10th, 1844, and that he obtained the 1st place in the First grade of candidates entitled to a place in the list directed to be furnished by the Council of Education in the resolution above referred to.

By order,
Council of Education. (Sd.) Mouat,
The 29th May, 1848. *Secretary.*

No. 694.

From,
The Secretary Council of Education,
To,
Babu Juggodish Nath Roy.
Fort William 29th May, 1848.

Sir,

I am directed by the Council of Education to present to you the accompanying certificate of qualification of the 1st grade.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obdt. servant,
(Sd.) J. Mouat,
Secy. Col. of Education.

Hindu College Calcutta,

Certificate.

This is to certify that Juggodish Nath Roy has studied in the Hindu College for a period of 14 years that at the time of quitting College he was in the first class, that he has made very good progress in Mathematics and acquired high proficiency in the English language and literature, and in the elements of general knowledge and that his conduct has been highly satisfactory. At the time of leaving College he held a senior scholarship.

Hindu College, (Sd.) W. N. Bethune
14th Feb., 1849. *President.*
Rusomoy Dutt,
Secretary.
(Sd.) D. Richardson,
Principal.

Juggodish Nath Roy is one of the most distinguished students who has left the Hindu College since its foundation as the certificate he holds abundantly proves. Year after year for the last seven years (as the printed Reports on public Instruction will show) he succeeded in gaining a senior scholarship in the College besides other prizes awarded for remarkable attainment in particular branches of study. I know no student so eminently entitled by academical distinction to the favourable notice of Government and all public officers.

(Sd.) Cecil Beadon.

Nov. 2, 1848.

My dear Beadon,

The bearer of this is Juggodish Nath Roy late a distinguished senior scholar of the Hindu College, who is seeking his fortune and fancies you can assist him in so doing. He is a well qualified lad of excellent character.

C. Beadon, Esq., Yours sincerely,
(Sd.) J. Mouat.

After he had finished his scholastic career Juggodish Nath Roy was offered and accepted a temporary professorship in his own College. He discharged his duties most satisfactorily during the period he held the post. I give below some names of his distinguished pupils, who in after life, made their mark in society. The late Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore comes in foremost and first, then I would mention the name of the renowned dramatist Rai Dinabandhu Mittra Bahadur, the well-known solicitors of the High Court, Muraridhar Sen and Romanath Laha and others. Among his contemporaries I may mention –Bhudev Mukerjee, Peary Charan Sarcar, Michaiel Madhusudan Dutta, Rajnarayn Bose, Gour Das Basack, Isswar Chandra Singh, Nagendra Nath Tagore, Hurrish Chandra Mukerjee and others. He was a thorough sportsman and was as good with his rifle as with his pen. He knew all English and Indian games, and played them with the greatest dexterity He was a capital rider, and a good shot.

One of Juggodish Nath's certificates was written jointly by the well-known Dr. Mouat —the veteran educationist, and Sir Cecil Beadon, who later on became the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. The Hon'ble Drinkwater Bethune appreciated his merits and treated him like a friend and companion. Prominent and distinguished men like Lord Ellenborough, Captain D. L. Richardson, and Mr. Leonard Clint and others, presented valuable books to him as tokens of their friendship. Captain D. L. Richardson had a special regard and liking for him, and once in the course of his lecture remarked—"That he had never come across a real, thorough and discriminating Shakesperian scholar like Juggodish Nath Roy. Captain Richardson was not liked by Leonard Clint and when any one spoke in praise of the learned Principal, he would shrug his shoulders and say—"A ship in Calcutta is but a boat in London."

Bengali gentlemen often came to Juggodish Nath Roy to study

Shakespeare. Two prominent men amongst them were Sambhu Chandra Mukerjee—the spirited editor of the Reis and Rayat, and Protap Narayn Singh a Deputy Magistrate and Collector—a near relation of Sir S. P. Singha.

The answer papers of distinguished scholars were at that time published, under the direction of the Council of Education. Juggodish Nath's answer papers, together with his essays, were published for the benefit of the student community.

Whilst engaged in literary matters, Juggodish Nath could concentrate his mind to a marvellous extent. I would cite a case in point, to illustrate what I mean. Juggodish Nath's revered and venerable father had suddenly fallen ill and the inmates of the house, were trying to find him out. Raising their voices to the highest pitch, they were bawling his name out. There was no response, although he was in the next room, deeply engaged in reading Shakespeare. By chance he heard the hubbub and running to his father's room, felt his pulse. He instantly came out of the room, crying bitterly and exclaiming that within a couple of hours, his father would be leaving this world for good. His prognostication came true and Guruprosad, like a devout Hindu, breathed his last, on the sacred banks of the Ganges, surrounded by his friends and relatives. He was conscious to the last and passed away whilst uttering the hallowed name of Hari. It is a strange fact that the members of this family, both male and female, die peacefully, without giving any trouble to their relatives.

A sheristadarship on rupees 100 a month, was a prize appointment, during the good old days we are chronicling about. The sheristadarship of the Western salt chowkies at Howrah, fell vacant and lots of qualified and unqualified candidates applied for the post. They had recourse to letters of recommendation and tried their best to secure the prize. Mr. Beadon (latterly Sir Cecil Beadon Lieutenant Governor of Bengal) on his own initiative, sent for Juggodish Nath and told him to wait upon Mr. Peacock (a relation I am told, of Sir Barnes Peacock with a note from him). Thus equipped, Juggodish Nath, lost no time in calling on the official, but the reply he got from Mr. Peacock to Mr. Beadon's letter was chilling. Mr. Peacock said, that to oblige Mr. Beadon, he would go to any length, but his hands are tied down, by a promise, he had made to Captain Richardson of the Hindu College. He had made up his mind to give away the appointment, to the best student of the Hindu College, who will be recommended by Captain Richardson. Juggodish Nath said that he had nothing to say, in respect of the arrangement made by him, and left Mr. Peacock. He had not gone far, when a *chaprasi,* in breathless haste came up to him and said "Peacock Saheb wants to see you again." Juggodish Nath returned to Mr. Peacock, when he said "He was sorry, that he cannot accomodate him, as Captain Richardson, had recommended Juggodish Nath Roy as the best student of his College. Juggodish Nath Roy laughed in his sleeves and meekly asked Mr. Peacock to read the name of the candidate mentioned in Mr. Beadon's letter. Mr. Peacock was highly pleased and amused, when he found the nominee in both letters to be one and the same person. So, Juggodish Nath got his first appointment worth Rs. 100 a month. At that time (November, 1848), the emoluments of the new post was a prize, which everybody coveted to obtain. Mr. Roy, thus became the sheristadar of the Western Salt chowkies, ousting the well-known Bengal Babu—Ram Ratan Bose, who had amassed a large fortune during his encumbency of the post. It was no wonder, therefore, that people assembled in the highways and bye ways to have a look at the youngster fresh from College, who had been so fortunate as to win a prize appointment.

Babu Anukul Chunder Mukerjee of Pathuriaghatta, who in after life was elevated to the position of a judge of the High Court, was then serving as a Nazir in the Howrah Criminal Court on a mere monthly pittance. How the times are changed—our countrymen are now earning three, four thousand a month, whilst their predecessors, men of good education and family were content to serve on small salaries, which a *chaprasi* of the present day, would grumble to obtain. Juggodish Nath had to deposit rupees one thousand as security and got a receipt. I give below a true copy of the receipt.

Office of Superintendent of the Western Salt Chowkies.

The 24th Feb., 1848.

Received from Juggodish Nath Roy officiating serishtadar a four per cent. Government Promissory Note, No. 4051 of 1842-40 for Company's Rupees one thousand on account of his security deposit.

This promissory note is to remain in the Treasury and therefore under the Offg. seristadar's charge until further orders.

A newly appointed European salt superintendent who was the scion of a noble family, in fact, an embryo Peer, had to be initiated in the working of the department and so Juggodish Nath was sent to Khulna, to teach his disciple. This young hopeful earned Rs. 400 a month as his pay and a couple of hundred more, as his travelling allowance. Yet his family, religiously sent him a large sum of money monthly to meet extra expenses, in the shape of champagne and other luxuries. The poor fellow was brought out to Bengal, with the object of keeping him, out of harm's way. His instincts as a noble man, were as good and alive, as they were in England. Here is an instance in point. It so happened that the work in Khulna was considered the best in the entire division. The Board of Revenue and the Government of Bengal, sent their special thanks to the gentleman, whilst the Board went so far as to state, that noble blood, was sure to show its mettle, in some form or other. The superintendent on receipt of the note of thanks from Government laughed heartily. and sent for Juggodish Nath Roy, to whom he said—"you see Mr. Roy I do not know the difference between a Permit and a Perwana. You did the real work whilst my province was only to sign papers brought before me. The wrong man has been thanked, whilst the veritable Simon Pure has been neglected. This will never do. I will write to Government on the subject." Government was forced to acknowledge their error and thanked Babu Juggodish Nath for his good work. Instead of taking the credit himself this nobleman has shown his large-heartedness by bestowing the honour to the deserving. Indians were debarred by the Government of Bengal by a resolution from entering the higher grades in the salt department.

In appreciation of the faithful services of Juggodish Nath Roy, Government cancelled the resolution and appointed him Assistant Superintendent of salt Chowkies at Jalesswar. He was, therefore the first Bengali gentleman, who secured a position of trust and responsibility in the salt department. After a couple of years he was promoted as Superintendent of Salt Chowkies and transferred to Midnapore. From thence, he came to Tamluck. Here he remained for seven years. In those days high officials were ex-officio post masters. Consequently Babu Juggodish Nath had to work as a Post Master in addition to his duties.

Salt Superintendents were vested with magisterial powers and disposed of cases cropping up in their department. A Jail was provided for the convicted culprits in the compound of the superintendent's office. Burkundazes kept regular watch and ward in the prison. Babu Juggodish Nath Roy entered into Government service in 1848. He went to Jallesswar in 1853 and was transferred to Midnapore after a year. From thence he went to Tamluck and remained there up to 1863. In 1864 he was transferred to Calcutta as Superintendent of Salt at Hatkhola. The Hatkhola office was big and accomodated almost a thousand employes. He worked here for a year and submitted the customary annual report, in which he recommended the abolition of the salt chowky and its amalgamation with the Customs Department. The report created a good deal of sensation amongst high officials. Government was loath to abolish the office, and deputed the following officers to consider the question of the feasibility of excluding Calcutta and Howrah from salt chowky limits—

The Hon'ble A. Eden, Secretary to the Government of Bengal, Mr. Schalch, Commissioner of Police, Calcutta, Mr. Crawford, Collector of Customs, Major Patterson, Deputy Inspector General of Police, (Salt Department), Babu Juggodish Nath Roy, Superintendent, Calcutta (Salt Chowkies), Major Reveley, Deputy Commissioner of Police Calcutta and Mr. Owen District Superintendent of Police.

It was agreed by all, that, provided an effective check can be established upon the delivery over the ship's side of sea-borne salt in the Port of Calcutta, there remains no objection to the exclusion of Calcutta and Howrah sufficiently strong to weigh against the obvious advantages in the way of freedom of trade and reduction of Preventive Establishment which would follow from the measure. Mr. Owen, however, was of opinion that such a check could not be established, the temptations and facilities being in the case of salt more than a system of single check can cope with. The other officers present could not agree with Mr. Owen, and thought that the difference between salt smuggling and the smuggling of any other articles was not an essential difference of kind but only one of degree, and that a system of check identical in principle with that which repressed the smuggling of brandy or any other dutiable article could also effectually repress the smuggling of sea-borne salt. In this view they were confirmed by the infrequency of seizures by the Chowkey establishment. To simplify however, the duties of the preventive it was thought highly desirable that all salt laden ships should be required to moor in a definite locality, and that in the neighbourhood of this, secure golas with a sufficiency of accomodation should be provided for the bonding of salt. These conclusions being arrived at, the Commissioner of Police, and the Collector of Customs undertook jointly to consider and report, upon the additions to and modifications in the River police and Customs Preventive Establishment, respectively which the change approved of would require. Mr. Schalch undertook with special reference to the deliberations of the Dock Committee of which he is a member, and the progress of the reclamation of the strand bank, to report as to the best position for the moorings of the river in which the existing golas, both licensed and Government are situated.

Mr. Owen undertook to submit a draft of a boundary line excluding Calcutta and Howrah from the limits to be laid down under section 12, Act VII (B. C.) 1864. It being necessary to retain a Pass Station at Bali it was decided that the excluded portion should be within a ring fence complete in itself.

Mr. Owen further undertook to modify the draft of rules for transport, etc., of salt which had been framed on the supposition that Calcutta would be included within Chowky limits.

After a good deal of discussion it was decided at the meeting that Babu Juggodish Nath Roy's scheme should be given a trial at once.

ESENARR.

SCIENCE: ITS RELATION TO AND INFLUENE UPON RELIGION AND MORALITY.

Science is the rationalisation of knowledge which is two-fold *a priori* or original to the mind and a *posteori* or derived from experience. Scientific knowledge means simply that part of knowledge which is definitive and capable of accurate explanation. It is merely the crystalised core of the vague mass of indefinite and inaccurate knowledge. It reaches the highest or most strictly scientific stage when it admits of being stated in precise propositions of unconditional validity. Observation (including experimentation, classification and generalisation) are generally the processes employed in investigating the truths of science. To observe facts and their relations to each other, to arrange them in order and reach generalisation by induction from ascertained facts and ultimately to explain phenomena by deduction from general principles, constitute the business of science. Each science has for its subject some specified attribute or attributes of things which it undertakes to investigate and interpret. Proper treatment of our body and mind, due management of our affairs whether private or public, proper utilisation of natural resources—in a word, how to live completely depends mainly on scientific knowledge. Science may be divided into three classes—Natural, Mental and Ontological or Speculative. The first and second deal with the Objective and Subjective phenomena, the Material and the Mental world respectively. The third deals with the relations which transcend the facts of experience (*i,e.,* our relations to the Absolute Being) and is concerned with nominal or real substance.

The utility of natural science in ministering to our physical comforts cannot be doubted for a moment. What a vast difference there is between men in their primitive state and those enjoying all the advantages of modern progress in knowledge of the necessary appliances of civilised life.

We are all indebted to science for our prosperity and advancement in life, for the preservation of our health and for the cultivation of our intellect. Its influence for good in the world of matter and mind is obvious, not calling for any detailed notice. All that we are concerned with in the present inquiry is its ethical efficiency which is not generally admitted. Ethics has been defined by Dr. James Martineau as the doctrine of human character. To interpret, to vindicate and to systematise the moral sentiments constitute the business of ethics. Considered as a practical science, moral philosophy embraces knowledge requisite for the guidance of human conduct. What is the ethical value of a knowledge of moral philosophy in particular and of science in general? Granting that scientific study is productive of moral value, the next question arises,—what is the test of distinguishing the morally good from the morally bad *i.e.*, right from wrong?

This leads to an enquiry into the source of our knowledge of moral distinctions that is, whether such knowledge is introspective or experimental—intuitional or developmental.

The conduct of a human being is affected by his surrounding conditions, his opportunities and motives. Mere introspection is not sufficient to determine the objects with which he is confronted, the relations he bears to them and the dealings he can have with them. What those objects are that constitute the scene around him may be expressed in two words, Nature and God, understanding by the former the totality of perceptible phenomena and by the latter the eternal ground and cause whose essence they manifest. The questions as to what they are and what exactly they have to do with man, cannot but affect the decision of what he ought to be. The order of enquiry with reference to Nature and God, on the one hand, and, man on the other, is a point which has divided the ancient and modern schools of philosophy. If we study first the former, we are apt to explain the human mind by their analogy and to utilise the conceptions derived from them for the interpretation of mental operations; but if we study first our own mind we rather believe what the soul says about Nature and God than what they have to say about the soul. The latter method of procedure makes man a free agent and therefore responsible for his deeds; the former makes man a necessary product of natural evolution—an efflorescence as it were of Nature and therefore irresponsible. The latter method is psychological and the former unpsychological. The unpsychological method may be of two kinds according as we begin by assuming real, eternal, intellectual entities and thence descend to the human world, or as we start only with phenomena and their laws. If the former we have a metaphysical; if the latter, a physical system of morals. Hobbes was the representative of physical absolutism and Spinoza that of metaphysical. Anguste Comte's Positivism may be traced to the theory of Hobbes, while the theory of Spinoza survives in the school of Hegel. Granting that we as moral beings are capable of moral law and of putting it into practice so as to realise virtue in our life, we have next to consider the metaphysical question, what is the ultimate ground or source of all morality? In other words what is the foundation of virtue? It is of essential moment to distinguish between the foundation of moral distinctions and the knowledge of them. There are two perfectly distinct subjects, the former is independent of individual nature, while the latter has to be acquired by each individual through his own reason.

We now proceed to consider the various points raised above or such of them as are intimately connected with the subject of our enquiry.

The moral influence of scientific knowledge. Moral philosophy furnishing us with a rational explanation of our moral actions, moral nature and moral relations, is the best means we can make use of for improving our minds and gaining a true knowledge of ourselves and consequently recovering our souls out of the vice, ignorance and prejudice to which they are naturally subject. What strange disorders are caused in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue or disciplined by reason! Without proper culture the latent powers of our mind and the excellencies of our hearts remain undeveloped. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.

The philosopher, the saint or the hero, the wise, the good or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light.

According to F. D. Draper the author of "History of the Conflict of Religion and Science," it is scientific education that is best fitted to discover to us a world of eternal truths—a world not to be explored through the vain traditions that have brought down to us the opinions of men who lived in the morning of civilisation, nor in the dreams of mystics who thought they were inspired. That world is to be discovered by the investigations of science and by the practical interrogation of Nature. These confer on humanity solid, innumerable and inestimable blessings. Science only asks the right of adopting a criterion of her own. If she regards unhistorical legends with disdain; if she considers the vote of a majority in the ascertainment of truth with supreme indifference; if she leave the claim of infallibility in any human being to be vindicated by the stern logic of coming events, the cold impassiveness which in these matters she maintains is what she displays towards her own doctrines. Without hesitation she would give up the theory of gravitation or undulation if she found that they were irreconcilable with facts. For her the volume of inspiration is the book of Nature of which the open scroll is ever spread forth before the eyes of every man. Infinite in extent, eternal in duration, human ambition and human fanaticism have never been able to tamper with it. On the earth it is illustrated by all that is magnificent and beautiful, in the heaven its letters are suns and worlds. It is commonly observed that ignorance is the mother of wonder —a vacant staring at an unusual and unfamiliar phenomenon. But this sentiment is the beginning of all knowledge and has in itself a function of the utmost value. Wonder, as Plato has it, is a truly philosophic passion; the more we have it, blended with reverence and with a clear open eye, the better. It fixes and concentrates our attention with great energy. Our thoughts generally wander; intruding thoughts generally call off the mind; but once let wonder be awakened with the curiosity which follows it and the intellectual powers are quickened. In its higher stage it gives place to admiration which is directed to what is present in the mind and is its homage to the contemplated object.

The spirit of *Nil admirari* may be indulged in by a cynic or captious critic but is highly incompatible with yearning after truth "He who wonders not," says Professor Blackie, "largely and habitually in the midst of this magnificent universe, does not prove that the world has nothing great in it worthy of wonder but only that his own sympathies are narrow and his capacities small. It is by admiration only of what is beautiful and sublime that we can mount up a few steps towards the likeness of what we admire. To look with admiring rapture on a type of perfect excellence is the way to become assimilated to that excellece." The sciences of the heavenly bodies and of the earth's crust, of the nature and properties of substances and their combination, of the laws of heat, light, electricity and magnetism, the sciences dealing with molar and molecular forces and those relating to the vegetable, the mineral and the animal kingdoms—all these sciences giving us an insight into the wonders of the creation, call forth our warmest admiration, prove that our knowledge of the wondrously fair and glorious works of the Creator is very limited, that like children we are still gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, that we are small creatures even the biggest of us, that we have very great reasons to be of a humble and reverential spirit, and that the admiration of science is a basis for the foundation of virtue and piety.

The discipline of science is superior to that of ordinary education because of the religious culture that it imparts. Morality is the practical part of true religion which is intimately connected with true science. 'True science and true religion," says Professor Huxley, "are twin sisters and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion to the religious depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious turn of mind. Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single- heartedness and their self-denial than to their logical acumen."

The charge of atheism or irreligion is commonly laid at the door of science. A little consideration will show that far from science being irreligious, it is the neglect of science which is irreligious—it is the refusal to observe and understand the properties of the wonderful phenomena, internal and external, which is irreligious. "Devotion to science," says Herbert Spencer, "is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied and by implication in their cause. It is not a mere lip-homage but a homage expressed in actions—not a mere professed respect but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought and labour." Not only a religious frame of mind but moral discipline is the result of scientific study. Knowledge of every kind has two values—value as knowledge and value as discipline. Science not only stocks the mind with rational knowledge, which is superior to mere empirical knowledge, but the process of acquisition strengthens the powers and faculties of the mind. The laws of evidence requiring only such facts to be admitted as are pertinent or relevant, the rules of logic which require that correct conclusions are arrived at from well-established premises, the necessity of proceeding step by step in processes of reasoning or calculation, in order to solve rightly mathematical or scientific problems, apart from their value as positive knowledge, generate an attitute of mind not to submit to dogmatic teaching. The habit of understanding the why and the how of things and their processes, produces that independence of thinking which is a most valuable element in character.

Nor is this the only moral benefit from scientific culture. It leads under proper regulation to perseverance, sincerity and love of truth. Speaking of inductive enquiry, Professor Tyndall says, "it requires patient industry and an humble and conscientious acceptance of what Nature reveals. The first condition of success in an honest receptivity and a willingness to abandon all preconceived notions, however cherished, if they be found to contradict the truth. Believe me, a self-renunciation which has something noble in it and of which the world never hears, is often enacted in the private experience of the true votary of science."

The influence of science upon modern civilisation has been two-fold—1. Intellectual. 2. Economical.

Intellectually it has overthrown the authority of tradition. It has refused to accept, unless accompanied by proof, the dicta of any master, no matter how eminent or honored his name. The scientific study of nature tends not only to correct and ennoble the intellectual conceptions of man, it serves also to ameliorate his physical condition. It perpetually suggests to him the enquiry how he may make, by their economical application, ascertained facts subservient to his use. The investigation of principles is quickly followed by practical inventions.

Knowledge of Moral Distinctions.

The knowledge of an action as fact is one thing; the knowledge of that action as right or wrong is another thing. The former involves simple perception, the latter is attained only by comparison. Every accurate moral judgment affirms a particular application of a general moral truth. There are other judgments which apply a standard altogether adventitious, the result of agreement or of common association. Judgments of morality differ in this respect from judgments of measurement. The judgment that an extended body is a few yards long contains an element of truth dependent upon common consent. In morality the standard of judgment is invariable, because independent of personal or national choice. In measurement the standard of judgment is variable dependent upon national sanction. There may be various standards of measurement, but only one standard of morality. Truthfulness and nothing else must be the standard of morality in utterance. Honesty and nothing more or less must be the standard of morality affecting property. It is, therefore, an essential feature of a valid moral judgment that it carries in it a general truth. The general truths involved in moral judgments are not generalised truths dependent for their validity on an induction of particulars; but self-evident truths known independently of induction. The rightness of honesty is not proved by an induction of particulars. But the conclusion that honesty is the best policy is essentially a generalisation from experience. The recognition of general truths or principles is perception or intuition of a higher order as the recognition of simple facts is perception or intuition of a lower order. Knowledge of the former kind implies direct insight into necessary truth. The power to recognise such self-evident truths has been named Reason or Conscience in contrast with Reasoning or Understanding. Kant, the leading champion of an *a priori* philosophy, formally enunciated this distinction thus:—"Knowledge of a fact is knowledge by onlook; knowledge inferred is knowledge of one thing through means of another; knowledge of first principles is knowledge by insight into truth higher than fact." Conscience has been defined by Professor Calderwood to be that power of mind by which moral law is discovered to each individual for the guidance of his conduct. It is the reason as that discovers to us absolute moral truth—having the authority of sovereign moral law. It is an essential requisite for the direction of an intelligent free-will agent and affords the basis for moral obligation and responsibility in human life. "Conscience," says Joseph Butler, "is the moral approving and disapproving faculty—a principle of reflection or conscience."

Conscience is a faculty which from its very nature cannot be educated. As well propose to teach the eye how and what to see and the ear how and what to hear as to teach reason how to perceive the self-evident and what truths are of this nature. All these have been provided for in the human constitution. Moral training is something different from education of conscience. Personal attainment in the practical subordination of other powers to the authority of conscience is one thing and personal experience in the application of conscience is another thing. "Had conscience," says Butler, "strength as it has right, had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world." Conscience being immediate knowledge of moral law is not dependent upon training for the discovery of such law, but training is necessary to be able to reduce moral law to practice. The diversity of moral judgments and sentiments among men is the main difficulty in vindicating an intuitional theory of conscience and is the leading great objection of its opponents. The following explanation among others is offered in answer to such objection.

Men differ not as to the principles but as to their application in given circumstances. There is often great difficulty in deciding what is present duty when there is none as to what is morally right. Hence it happens that there is much more diversity of opinion as to the dutiful in special circumstances than as to what is right in all circumstances. Men may agreee that benevolence is morally right and yet may altogether differ as to the duty of helping a beggar. Diversity of opinion in this latter point though it is connected with morals is not connected with the standard of morality. As there must needs be different degrees of culture among mankind and as they are not gifted with equal intelligence, their responsibility as moral agents would seldom be compatible with the infinite justice and mercy of God, if their notions of right and wrong were to depend upon such training. It is needless to enter into any discussion on the Development Theory as to the source of our knowledge of Moral Distinctions, as it has been found to be an exploded and untenable doctrine. The fundamental position of this theory is that all our most complex states of consciousness are merely developments under natural law from our simplest state. The mind as known in present consciousness is the general resultant of all previous experiences. It objects to the affirmation of original faculties of mind as explaining the states of consciousness. That a child is born with power of observation, reasoning and will is pure assumption. The Development Theory which seeks first to rise from sensation to intelligence, endeavours next with the aid of intelligence to reach a knowledge of Moral Distinctions. This theory has been demolished not only by a critical examination of its own merits by competent judges but by the arguments advanced above in support of an Intuitional Theory of Morals. The theory of the greatest happiness of the greatest number profounded by Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian theory of J. S. Mill, the Sociological theory of Professor Bain, the Biological theory of Anguste Comte etc, are the various phases of the Development Theory which have all been found to be insufficient or defective speculations as to how we come by a knowledge of right and wrong.

K. C. KANJILAL, B.L.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Everyman's Review. Vol. 1, No. 6. June, 1916. Printed and published at the Kanara Press, Madras, E. Rs. 3 per year Indian, 5 shillings, Foreign.

This Madras periodical is the property of the Kanara Press and bids fair to have a bright future. This number contains several interesting stories, selections, leaderettes, etc. We invited our readers' attention to two articles, *viz.*, "He has repented"—a short story which depicts the fate of a high-caste Hindu married girl who refused to embrace Christianity and "Notes from a Loafer's life" which shows how several of our brilliant young men are ruined by absence of control in Madras, or in any other place of study. We wish our young contemporary a success.

The Chatterjees of Simla (in the town of Calcutta) *being an account of the family*—By Rai Bahadur *Autul Chandra Chatterjee,* Retired Deputy Magistrate and Deputy Collector, Bengal Provincial Service—*Lahore*: *Printed* by *R. B. L. Mohan Lal at the Mufid-i-'Am Press. 1916.*

The *brochure* before us gives an interesting account of a very learned, though not very rich family in the northern part of the town of Calcutta. Lives of the late Grees Chandra Bonnerjee and the late Mr. Woomesh Chandra Bonnerjees (popularly known as Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee) appeared in the Magazine a few years ago. They belonged to the Bonnerjee family of Simla which was, and is still is, one of the most learned family in all Bengal. Sir Protul Chandra of the Chatterjee family read in the Presidency College in the same year with the late Babu Mohendra Nath Bonnerjee, a scion of the Bonnerjee family, Attorney-at-Law, belonging to firm of Messrs. Bonnerjee and Chatterjee, afterwards Bonnerjee and Bonnerjee. Bonnerjees and Chatterjees are known to each other by name, reputation and personal acquaintance. The Bonnerjees are descended from Bhattanarayan, one of the five Brahmans brought from Kanauj by King Adisuran. Chatterjees are descended from Daksha, another of the above five Brahmins If Darwin is to be believed, the hereditary history of the Brahmins of Bengal is exceptionally brilliant. No doubt their descendants are equally brilliant. We cannot refrain from quoting at length what the author speaks about Rajendra Dutt :—"I recall with a feeling of peculiar pleasure and gratitude the affection with which we were regarded by Babu Kali Dass Dutt and his nephew Babu Rajendra Dutt * * * * * * * what a remarkable man was Babu Rajendra Dutt ! Born to affluence and high position, he early distinguished himself by his varied acquirements, prominent among which was his knowledge of medicines which often excited the envy of professional men, and which he dedicated to the service of suffering humanity. To distribute medicine and food among the sick, the poor and to minister to their comfort in every other (sic.) way constituted his special delight, while still in his teens—a labour of love which to be the ruling passion of his life * * * * * Every movement having for its object moral and material improvement of the country found in him an ardent though a silent and unostentatious supporter * * * * He was instrumental in introducing Homœopathy in the country and practised it as amateur with marked success. * * * He was a great friend of the Chatterjee family.

The British Burmah Petroleum Company, Limited. Report of the Directors together with Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account to the 31st July, 1915.

By order of the Board, John Ponsford, the Secretary presents a very cheerful report, inasmuch as the Company's operations on Revenue Account resulted in a trading profit of £143,253-2s.-0*d*, to this has been added Agency, bringing the total receipts on Profit and Loss Account to £147,275-18*s*.-2*d*. Against that figure have been debited sundry charges in Burmah and London, Debenture interest, depreciation having a balance of £45,152-7*s*.-7*d*.

Having regard to the abnormal condition which prevailed during the period covered by the Accounts, the Director, are of opinion that the foregoing results are satisfactory.

The forty-fourth Annual Report of the Hindu Family Annuity Fund for 1914-15, B Calcutta, 1916.

This report contains proceedings of the 44th Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers to the Hindu Family Annuity Fund held at the office of the Fund on Saturday, the 29th January, 1916, at 3 P. M., proceedings of the current year 1915-16 proceedings of the Special General Meeting held at the office of the Fund on Saturday the 4th March 1916 at 4-30 P.M. There is a long list of annuitants on 31st March, 1915 The institute is an old one and we are happy that it is still receiving unstinted support of the public at large.

A study of the Excise System in Bengal by Satish Chandra Roy, M.A., B.L., Calcutta, Thacker, Spink & Co., 1913.

The learned author has traced the Excise System from the earliest time, namely, Manu's day down to the present day. The author in his capacity as Deputy Collector has seen the excise system working in its details. He has exposed the popular fallacy that larger revenue necessarily means greater consumption. It often means simply a higher rate of taxation. We cannot close the short notice of the book under review without quoting a few closing sentences of the book :—"I cannot close, however, before I have pointed out that all the difference between Government and the Temperance workers is merely a difference in *modus operandi.* Both are working in a common cause and with a common object, but while the temperance workers aim at a utopia of no drink, Government, in its more practical wisdom and as the result of a wider and more intimate experience, recognises the absurdity of such a hope in its extreme conclusions. But it recognises at the same time that there is room for enough improvement in the matter, that a portion of the present demand may be suppressed, that a further spread of the evil may to some extent be checked. The workers in the cause of temperance hope to realise an ideal by working through the sentiments of the people. Government wants to effect a practical reform through legislation and the laws of economics. But so far as the two go together, they are working for a common cause, and it is difficult to deny that the cause will gain immensely when the men have better education, noble sentiments and a higher sense of self-respect."

Keshub Chandra Sen on British Rule in India, Calcutta; Brahmo Tract Society, 78, Upper Circular Road. Printed by R. S. Bhatta : At the Bidhan Press, 78, Upper Circular Road; Calcutta.

The *brochure* before us contains several cuttings from the speeches and writings of the well-known Brahmo preacher, the late Babu Keshub Chandra Sen. Sir H. J. Reynolds, a former Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University, in his convocation speech, spoke of Keshub Chandra as "the greatest man that this age had produced, a man cast in a very similar mould as that of Sakya Muni," and he advised "the students of his generation to follow in his footsteps and show themselves worthy to be called his fellow-countrymen."

Keshub Chandra regarded the advent of the British in India not as a mere accident or an exploit of human powers but as a Despensation of God. On this idea was based his loyalty to Sovereign and the British Government. Loyalty to him was not merely a sentiment or a political doctrine, but it was a part of his religion. He formulated it as a creed of his church. It is obvious that unless the nation is imbued with a spirit of loyalty, such as be incalcated, there cannot be that mutual trust and good will between the rulers and the ruled, which alone can bring to the people all those great blessings, the British rule is designed by Providence to confer, for the elevation of the race in the scale of nations. This book may be profitably read by our younger generation who has been misled by the so-called patriots of the time.

Our boys. The Kingswood Magazine. Midsummer Term, 1916. Vol. XV. No. 132. Kingwood, Kandy.

This number of school Magazine contains several letters from those students who are at the front. One dated the 26th February, 1916, runs as follows :—"I am very glad I got this opportunity of being on active service, which I longed for ever since the war started. I am also very glad to hear that so many of the old Boys of the school have gone to England to join the colours. You will no doubt be pleased to hear that we have been under fire. It was our baptism. I will not forget the first day when the Arabs fired on us. That morning about 8 A.M. We had orders to fall in, in full marching order and went out on our usual mute march into the open desert. We hardly did nine miles when we heard some shots being fired. * * * We soon learnt that the Arabs in the surrounding village were forming to make an attack, to give us a surprise which they did, and found it was a surprise for them We soon set to work as bullets were flying in all directions, some dropping just a foot away from me.

Indian Amateur Photographer. Vol. 1, No 1. Lucknow, 15th September, 1916. Price 2 annas.

This maiden number contains the following articles, *viz.,*—a Photography as a hobby; Photography as a means of identification; outlines of the history of Photography; Photography at school; Practical Hints for beginners; Some Hints and Tips and Gleanings. The articles are instructive. It contains very beautiful photos of Lucknow.

Annual Returns of the Patna Lunatic Asylum at Bankipore in Bihar and Orissa, with brief notes for the year 1915. Patna: Superintendent, Government Printing, Behar and Orissa, 1916. Price—Indian, 8 annas; English 9d.

The Bihar and Orissa Government Press has sent us this Report for our perusal. Col. G. J. H. Bell, C.I.E., M.B., I.M.S., Inspecter-General of Civil Hospitals, Bihar and Orissa prescribed statistical returns together with notes by Lieutenant-Colonel, C. E. Sunder, M.D., I.M.S., Superintendent of Patna Lunatic Asylum. In the notes we find as to ages "out of 93 admissions and re-admissions 6 were under 20, 66 were between 20 and 40 and 21 were between 40 to 60. There were no admissions upwards of 60 years of age." As to types of insanity, the notes speak as follows:—"As usual Mania in its various forms was the common type of insanity, for which 25 patients were admitted and 16 recovered. * * * * "Insanity caused by *cannabis Indica* or its preparations a deriva tives" were responsible for 10 admissions with 7 recoveries. There were 8 admissions under head "Delusional Insanity" of which one recovered. Out of 6 admissions under head "Melancholia" 3recovered. * *

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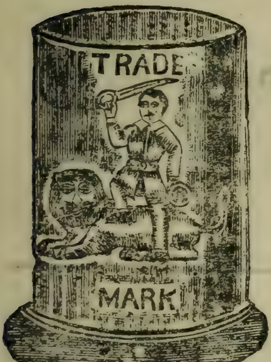

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A MONTHLY REVIEW.

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No. 9.

SEPTEMBER 1916.

Pages

I.—At Sea—
By Nauticus ... ... 388—397
II.—The Sumarai or Kshatriya Men and Women of Japan—
By Rai Sarat Chandra Das, Bahadur, C.I.E., M.A. 398—400
III.—A Trip to Madhabpasa (Chandradwip)—
By Surendra Nath Roy, B.L. ... ... 401—407
IV.—The New Government of India Act—
By J. C. Dutt ... ... 408—419
V.—The Fair Rose of Cashmere (XVI)—
By Kali Kumar Ghosh, B.L. ... ... 420—427
VI.—The Late Juggodish Nath Roy, the First Indian Supdt. of Salt Chowkies and Dist. Supdt. of Police in Bengal (II)—
By Esenarr ... ... 428—435

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R C. Dutt, C.S, and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Paul; Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmahai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. "Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M. A., on "Pythagoras in India." This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

The number before us certainly contains some very able writing * * The new series will, we hope, achieve success.—The *Statesman*, July 14, 1887.

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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

No. 9—SEPTEMBER 1916.

AT SEA.

Sailing ships have almost passed away, and with them the Romance of the Sea. This generation knows little of sailing ships and usually imagines the old history making clipper to be a small, dirty, evil-smelling old tub and would probably be incredulous if told that the sailing ship was, and is, kept scrupulously clean and bright from truck to keelson, and gets more attention and care than the modern steamer.

It is impossible to get local colour into any story of the sailing ship to impress the unfortunate individual whose knowledge of the sea is confined to crosschannel trips or fourteen day voyages on a line, and as a passenger too. Tell such a person that you have seen a barrel thrown overboard in the doldrums and three days later it has still been in sight; that the "Olive Branch" rolled all her four masts (each 200 feet high with six yards on each) out in one roll when she reached an angle of over 45°; that the "Flying Cloud" sailed 480 knots or about 550 miles in a day; that you've seen gulf-weed chopped away from the rudder pintles with axes; that you've seen shoals of sharks taking shade under a becalmed vessel; that you have been six weeks off the Horn with the rigging covered with ice and have not had a hot meal or taken your clothes off for that period and he just puts you down as a stalwart liar, probably either because *he* hasn't seen or heard of these things, or his impoverished intellect cannot form any idea of the reality.

The sailing ship "Cortez" sailed from Hamburg in early 1903. She was bound for Western States ports with German cement, and one of the pale miserable homesick apprentices was the writer. The Cortez was a three masted full rigged ship carrying sky-sail yards. (For the uninitiated :—a mast is a long pole in three pieces stuck upright on a flat thing called a keelson and usually about 210 feet high or say the top 195 to 200 feet above water. Yards stick across the mast parallel to the deck, and are for tying canvas sails on. The first yard up is called the lower yard fore, main, or mizzen according to the mast it is stuck on, next comes in order lower topsail, upper topsail, lower topgallantsail, upper topgallantsail, royal and then skysail—So it is evident that if a ship carries skysails she is a very lofty one, and as a matter of fact very few ships have anything above the royals). She was about 300 feet long, 42 feet beam, 24 feet draught, 2239 registered tonnage and carried about 3400 tons of cargo. The crew consisted of the "old man" or captain, first and second officers, four apprentices, boatswain and mate, sailmaker, carpenter, steward, stewardess (for the "old woman" or Captain's wife *wxs* to join us in Frisco) Cook (or "galley fug"), eight able seamen and two ordinary seamen in each watch or 34 all told.

The skipper was a "blue nose" or Nova-Scotian, a real hard case such as Jack London writes about. Magnificent sailor, of great physical strength, courageous, a king of his own little kingdom and a brute to all under him but a man you never hated, just sheer admiration and a strong desire to immediately obey were the only emotions *he* stirred.

The mates were English, one had been an apprentice in Smithfield market and was vulgarly called "Guts", the second's father kept a bootshop at Littlehampton and he was called "Boots", but not to his face of course. The apprentices were all fairly hefty English boys, who after a mediocre career at a public school and two years on H. M. S. Worcester had reached their ambition — to be at sea—at 17 years of age.

The crew were an assortment of nationalities—the boatswain a "down-easter" yank standing about 6'-3" and capable of out-doing even the old man at language—the rest Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegains, Liverpool-Irishmen and one Italian.

We apprentices got aboard on Saturday night about 6-30 after a tiring journey from London *via* Harwich. Next morning at 5-30 the tow-boat came alongside and all hands were busy casting off ready to get under way.

None of us knew what exactly were our duties and after two years as cadets were under the impression that we mainly walked the poop in brassbound, with a telescope under our arms, and took the sun at noon etc. We soon found out we were labouring under a delusion.

I came on deck feeling very sleepy, but quite well dressed in my uniform and with a clean hard collar on. The mate saw me, stopped dead, spat heavily, wiped his lips on the back of his hand, got his "chew" of tobacco into place, and said :—

"Hallo what are you, the ———— admiral ? "

"No-o-o I'm an apprentice".

"Are yew ! well down below and coil up that wire."

"Oh ! I have not come aboard to coil up ropes."

"Haven't you by God, then you'll do nothing else as long as I am mate."

I capitulated and climbed down below and started coiling up a huge wire mooring line. The mate was as good as his word and for months after used to chuck down ropes and send for me, till finally I could coil them up so neatly that he didn't like to disturb them.

When I came up we were under way down the Elbe but I got little time to look at the scenery. We passed Cuxhaven later and then a nice little sea and a stiff breeze brought the colour to our cheeks and energy to our limbs and we four boys declared that the sea *was* lovely. In a few hours we were hurling our dinners over the lee rail and looking for a place to lie down and die.

Then came picking the watches. Each watch is on 4 and off 4 hours from port to port. The mate stands one side of the deck and the second mate the other, and with a new crew usually pick after this fashion, quite undesignedly giving nicknames to all the crew.

The mate being senior has the boatswain and first choice the second mate taking the boatswain's mate and second choice, the two officers chosing alternately. This is done some time before the tow-boat casts off.

The mate :—"Boatswain do you know any of those men."

"No Sir."

"All the same I suppose no ————good"

"Mebbe, to start with, any way." (A deft hint).

"Here Pimply—no not you—that bloke next the capstan".

Pimply goes over to the mate's side, looking pleased at the honour of being first selected. The second mate then surveys the men and says in audible whispers to the boatswain's mate ' No ! too damned ugly"—"yes he *looks* alright" and so on.

Suddenly he calls "Here you'll do" and beckons a man across.

This went on for about fifteen minutes when all the able and ordinary seamen had been chosen. Then the proper names of the men are taken and recorded

Much to our indignation we boys were chosen also.

The mate—"all about the same Second I think, but I want the admiral here to teach him how to jump lively, and I'll take *you* too." So two of us in each watch all wondering who was luckiest.

Immediately after this we began to set sail preparatory to casting off the tow-boat. Two men go up each mast and starting on the lower topsail yards cast off the gaskets and loosen the sail and overhaul the gear in order that those on deck may sheet home the sail.

The lower topsail is set by simply hauling out the sheets to the lower yard arm, but the upper topsail yard hoists up and so stretches the sail. The fore and main upper topsail yards weighed about 3 tons each and hoisting them was a job for all hands. The rope is led through a block and stretched along the deck and all hands clap on, when one loud-voiced merchant by the block starts a "chantey." These chanties are very musical, though the words often are in bad taste, and help wonderfully. There is a verse and a chorus and there are two pulls in each line of the chorus thus :

Verse "Oh some like whiskey and some like gin
Chorus Whiskey (*pull*) Johnny (*pull*)
Verse But I like almost any (adjective) thing
Chorus Oh whisky (pull) for Johnny (pull)
Oh whiskey killed my sister Sue
Whisky............Johnny
I don't give a damn if it kills me too
Oh whisky...for Johnny."

This was the first one I heard, and although the worst one has always stuck in my memory.

Sometimes, especially in a nearly blown-out gale all hands can not hoist a yard owing to the pressure of the wind and the heavy rolling. So the halliards are led along to the capstan, and a capstan chantey is sung.

Verse Come on boys and hoist the topsail
And the canvas we will rip
Right away to merry England
We will sail this gallant ship

Chorus Rolling home Rolling Home Rolling Home across the sea

Rolling Home to merry England Rolling Home dear land to thee

Verse Up aloft amidst the rigging
Cries the fresh exulting gale
Straining every spar and back stay
And every stitch in every sail
Rolling home etc.

The sails were all set in about an hour and a half and then the. tow boat gave three short sharp hoots and we let go her tow line. A moderate north-east breeze was blowing and we soon had her going on her course at about 8 or 9 knots.

Well now *surely* our work was done, all the sails set and ropes coiled, hatches battened, what else could there be to do ? and here was a huge Nord Deutscher Lloyd boat to look at———.

"Starboard watch on deck Port watch below."

The mate bellowed this from the poop.

The Starboard watch is always the mates watch so I was on deck any way, whatever it meant. The boatswain was called aft and given lots of order for the men to carry out and then the mate turned his attention to we two boys.

"Here."

"Yes Sir."

"Can you steer."

"No Sir."

"Can't steer, what the hell did they teach you on that old tub then ?

"Oh navigation, astronomy, deviascope and all sorts of things Sir."

"Well you won't want that stuff for at least three years. Can you clean brass work ?"

"No Sir."

"You will; Pigsties, hencoops, your cabin ?"

"Not yet Sir."

"That's better be willing my boys and that's half the battle, the other half is damned hard work. Can you furl a sail."

"Oh yes Sir, and send down spars and yards and splice wire and everything like that Sir."

The mate put his whistle to his lips and shouted "clew up the mizzen royal." The crew came aft and lowered the yard and hauled up the gear and the mate turned to us. "Up aloft and take in that sail." It was the smallest and nearly the highest sail in the ship.

Going aloft 200 feet in a ship at sea is not so easy as on a wooden-wall firmly moored in the Thames but we got up alright and laid out one each side of the yard and started work. The sail seemed a very spiteful thing and just as we had it nearly rolled up it would flap and break loose again. Well, we were over an hour. The mate was fuming when we got down and told us that one man could do it in ten minutes, and he would make us. So he did.

Very soon the crew settled down to the ordinary routine of sailing ship life, trimming yards and sails as necessary, washing down, overhauling and cleaning all the gear aloft, tarring the anchor and cables, cleaning everything that could be cleaned and repairing everything that could be repaired. We passed within two miles of Dover one Sunday morning, and I sat all my watch *below* watching the shore slip by, wishing I was dead, or on shore, or not at sea anyway, and wondering whether I would ever see England again. Day after day went by, with the same but never monotonous round, and once home and sea-sickness had gone, and sea-legs were a reality; we boys began to overflow with good health and spirits. We reached the equator in 27 days. A few days later, we got caught in a terrific "pamperos" off the coast of Brazil, but as the weather was warm it was almost pleasant struggling about the ship and getting washed all around the decks. In about 30 South we changed all the sails preparatory to rounding the dreaded Horn. All ships carry at least three complete suits of sails.

We sighted Staten Island just before midwinter day (June 22nd down there) and in a few hours had made sufficient southing to get the full benefit of the westerly gales, waves forty feet high and quarter of a mile between the crests, terrific winds, intense cold and the ship almost hove to, but just "bashing" her way along at about 12 knots a day—that is the experience of every sailor that has been round the Horn makingwestward. The "Cortez" was six weeks making 300 miles to windward. The week before reaching Staten Island is spent in securing everything. All hatches are re-battened, spars and boats double lashed, skylights covered, rigging and braces overhauled and tautened up, life-lines rigged web like along the deck, so that whenever a big sea comes aboard wherever a man is he will have a line handy. "She shipped a heavy sea"—what landlubber understands what that really means. A hatch has broken loose, the watch are awkwardly busy with their numbed fingers and huge oilskinned figures trying to put it right. A huge roller with breaking crest is rushing up from windward. "Give her a few spokes to windward" shouts the mate to the helmsman. "Look out on deck" and then she lurches heavily to windward under the curl, a mass of water perhaps twenty feet deep comes straight over the weather rail the whole length of the ship, men, ropes, buckets and all movable objects go slamming and banging around the lee scuppers, the braces get tied into extraordinary knots and perhaps twelve hours hard work will not undo the mischief of one heavy sea As soon as we got well to westward of the Horn the yards were eased off and the same gale that had been our enemy for six weeks was now, our friend and we were rattling along NNW dead on our course at a good 12 knots an hour. For a week then the rigging was bedecked with shirts and other washing flapping in the breeze, oilskins were reoiled, sea-boots dried and greased, and everybody looking more cheerful every day. Despite our heavy battering we had suffered little damage, a few rigging screws were stripped a few lashings gone, boat covers ripped off, but the grand old vessel was as seaworthy as ever. Three weeks brought us to the Pacific "doldrums" and then we started painting to make her look well going into San Francisco. I got the job of blocking in the letters on the life-boats and life-buoys and apparently satisfied the "old man." For I always got the same job on other occasions.

A feud that had sprung up between the boatswain and the cook at this time reached a crisis. The boatswain went as usual at 8 bells, noon, for his dinner. The cook handed out a fearful mess of bits of fat pork and ill-looking potatoes floating about in greasy hot water.

"What in the name of hell is *this* ?"

"Dat was fine Hamberger hash" says the cook.

"Oh is it, guess I'll call it—" whereupon the boatswain (or bo'sun) hurled dish and all at the cook's head. The cooks chin was badly cut and he rushed aft to complain to the skipper with blood, greasy water and lumps of fat all about him. The "old man" listened to the cook's hysterical outburst and then called the bo'sun.

"Well bo'sun whats the matter" said the skipper calm and awful to behold.

"Matter! see here, we've been dished up filth by that—son of a—for three—months and damn me I think it's time some one kicked, so I done it."

"You did."

"I did, and I reckon it ought to be done every day until we get something we can eat."

"Say! you'd be damned hungry because it's all you'll get."

"Is that so? well I calculated the food to be good but this—was just a spoiling it out of spite, or p'raps he ai'nt a cook at all."

"Well."

"Of course mebbe the food is—"

"Is what."

"—rotten to begin with."

"Well suppose it is."

"I 'm sorry for the cook, but I ai'nt done kicking."

"Oh aint you" said the skipper "who're you going to kick next."

"Mebbe the steward."

"*He* don't provision any ship *I* am captain of"

I was at the wheel wondering what the bos'un would say next, and nearly got the ship aback in my excitement. The bootswain did not know fear, but evidently his brain was slowly turning over the best policy.

"Guess you want an ultimatum."

"Sure."

"No good food no good work and lose your whole crew in 'Frisco."

(This meant £5 a month per man extra as wages were £4 from Hamburg and 45 dollars or £9 from Frisco.)

"Oh hell, that suits me fine, why damn you, you are the worst crowd of hoboes and stiffs ever I sailed with. Get away for'ard to hell out of this and next time you want to kick, come to me and make a reasonable complaint and I'll listen, but bowery methods don't come over me."

At tea time the bo'sun took his food and waited for the A.B.'s when they threw the whole lot, dishes and all, *overboard.* The same thing happened at breakfast time next day and during the night all the officers' dishes in the galley had been thrown overboard too. So here we were three weeks from port threatened with a famine of dishes. The captain never said a word but the steward started to cook all the mess stuff in the pantry aft. Meanwhile "chips" or the carpenter was hastily fashioning "kids" or dishes out of old kerosene oil tins. An impossible position soon arose with all the food in the galley and no dishes to cook it in. Another confabulation took place and finally it was arranged that the crew could cook their own food in their own dishes. This they did right to San Francisco and seemed very satisfied too.

We towed through Golden Gate at sunrise on August 23rd after a passage of 120 days for the 16,500 miles. We dropped anchor off Oakland waiting for a free berth at the wharves, and the same night every one of the crew ran away, with the exception of a German named Blocher who only wished to put in a certain time in order to get one year off his conscript time in the German navy.

We pulled alongside three days later and I was made night watchman which meant that I was on duty all night (from 8 to 6) to see that no one stole anything, to keep the lights burning and to wake the mates, to light the donkey engine fire and make coffee at 5 A.M. etc. The "Olive Branch" towed in a few days later, absolutely crippled, with nothing on her decks higher than 8 or 10 feet, with 16 out of a crew of 38 washed over board, and after being 131 days from Kobe. I wished at the time, just for experience that I had been on the "Olive Branch" and had, of course, been one of the twenty two saved, but later in my sea-career I had experiences that made me realise that some things are stirring to see or read about but not to be in. But that is another story for the National Magazine, if the esteemed editor thinks that his readers can stand any more excitement until the "Fair Rose of Cashmere' is finished. Had the gifted writer of *that* story only been to sea on a sailing ship, he would easily have beaten Jack London or Bullen "to a frazzle" when describing a gale of wind at sea.

NAUTICUS.

THE SAMURAI OR KSHATRIYA *MEN AND WOMEN OF JAPAN.*

Before writing about the Samurai men and women, now an abolished class in Japan, I consider it necessary to quote the words of a famous English General—I mean Lord Redsdale, from his description of the modern Japanese.

"The Japanese, while assimilating what they considered suitable in the two great European armies (namely, French and German) depended on themselves for the chief factor—that is, the military discipline and patriotic spirit. Only a poor observer can fail to trace in the bringing up of the children, the education of the youth of the country of both sexes, and the courteous habits of the people, the causes of their great success in war. A military spirit shows itself at every step. Boys and girls march naturally in military formation, form up in line, bow low or cheer at the word of command from their teachers. At first, from the appearance of the little boys all dressed alike in blue coats and brass buttons, I thought they were all military or naval cadets. but it is not so; they were of civil schools. The girls also are dressed nearly alike in palm-colour skirts and black jackets. Again, their amusements, such as fencing and wrestling, display martial spirit."

SAMURAI WARRIOR CLASS (FROM THE SANSKRIT SAMAR OR WAR.)

Samurai was the name given to the military class among the Japanese,—a class intermediate between the Emperor and his nobles and the great mass of the common people who are engaged in agriculture, mechanical arts or trade. Upon the Samurai rested the defence of the country from enemies at home and abroad, as well as the preservation of literature and learning, and the conduct of all official business.

The Samurai form a distinct class, actuated by motives quite different from those of the lower classes, and filling a great place in the history of the country. They grew to be more and more, not only the sword, but the brain of Japan. What, it may be asked, are the traits of the Samurai which distinguish them, and make them such honoured types of the perfect Japanese gentlemen so that to live and die worthy of the name of Samurai was the highest ambition of the soldier? The Samurai's duty may be expressed in one word, loyalty,—loyalty to his lord and master, and loyalty to his country,—loyalty so true and deep that for it all human ties, hopes and affections, wife, children, and home, must be sacrificed if necessary. The true Samurai is always brave, never fearing death or suffering in any form. Life and death are alike to him, if no disgrace is attached to his name.

The women of the Samurai have shared with the men the responsibilities of their rank, and the pride that comes from hereditary positions of responsibility. A woman's first duty in all ranks of society is obedience; but sacrifice of self, in however horrible a way, was a duty most cheerfully and willingly performed, when by such a sacrifice father, husband, and son might be the better able to fulfill his duty towards his feudal superior. The women in the Governor's castles who were taught fencing, drilled and uniformed, and relied upon to defend the castle in case of need, were women of this class,—women whose husbands and fathers were soldiers, and in whose veins ran the the blood of generations of fighting ancestors. Gentle, feminine, and delicate as they were, there was a possibility of martial prowess about them when the need of it came; and the long education in obedience and loyalty did not fail to produce the desired results. Death, ignominy worse than death, could be met bravely, but disgrace involving loss of honour to husband or feudal lord was the one thing that must be avoided at all hazards.

In the olden times, when the spirit of warfare was strong and justice but scantily administered revenge for personal insults or for the death of father or feudal lord, fell upon the children or relatives. Sometimes the bloody deed has fallen to the lot of women, to some weak and gentle girl, who, in many a tale, has braved all the difficulties that beset a woman's path, devoted her life to an act of vengeance, and, with the courage of a man, has often successfully consummated her revenge.

In the old days, the women of the Samurai class fulfilled most nobly the duties that fell to their lot. As wives and mothers in time of peace, they performed their work faithfully in the quiet of of their homes; and their time filled with household cares, they busied themselves with the smaller duties of life. As the wives and mothers of soldiers, they cultivated the heroic spirit befitting their position, fearing no danger save such as involved disgrace. As the home-guard in time of need, they stood ready to defend their masters' possessions with their own lives; as gentle women and ladies-in-waiting at the Court of the Governors they cultivated the arts and accomplishments required for their position, and veiled the martial spirit that dwelt within them under an exterior as feminine, as generous, as cultivated and charming, as that of any ladies of Europe or America. To-day in the new Japan, where the Samurai have, on account of their class having been abolished, no longer their yearly allowance from their lords, and their feudal duties, but scattered through the whole nation, are engaged in all the arts and trades, and are infusing the old spirit into the new life, what are the women doing? To-day they are eagerly working into the positions of teachers, interpreters, trained nurses, and whatever other place there are which may be honourably occupied by women. The girls' schools both Government and private, find many of their pupils among the Samurai class; and their deference and obedience to their teachers and superiors, their ambition and keen sense of honour in the schoolroom, show the influence of the Samurai feeling over new Japan. To the Samurai women belongs the task—and they have already begun to perform it—of establishing upon a broader and surer foundation the position of women in their own country.

There is as much of unconquerable spirit of the Samurai to-day in the women as in the men; and it will not be very long before that spirit will begin to show itself in working for the establishment of their homes and families upon some stronger basis than the will of the husband and father.

The old Samurai was proud of his rank, his honorable vocation, his responsibility; proud of his ignorance of trade and barter and of his disregard for the sordid cares of the world, regarding as far beneath him all occupations but those of arms. Wealth, as artisan or farmer, rarely tempted him to sink into the lower ranks; and his support from the governor, often a mere pittance, insured to him more respect and greater privileges than wealth of a trader. To this day even, this feeling exists. Preference for rank or position, rather than for mere salary, remains strongly among the present generation, so that official positions are more sought after than the more lucrative occupations of trade.

RAI SARAT CHANDRA DAS, BAHADUR, C.I.E.
Deva Pahar, 17-11-1916.

A TRIP TO MADHABPASA (CHANDRADWIP).

Having had to stay at Barisal during the X'mas vacation, what thing would more naturally attract one's mind than to see the relics of the Chandradwip Raj ? Companions were necessary for this journey, and Rashbehari Babu, with his ever cheerful disposition and untiring energy gladly voted for the proposal. We tried to increase our company furthermore. But men came forward to oppose our proposal. Some said, "What is the good of seeing some dilapidated *debris* and take the trouble of going to Madhabpasa ?" Some did not like to go all the way there and thought it expedient to spend their noontide in playing "bridge." But the *Kshatriya* blood of Rashbehary Babu did not quail in the least, though mine sobered down and I thought it hopeless. I was quite startled when I heard from Rashbehary Babu that he had arranged to start on the following morning on bicycles, there being holes on the road which would not allow us to go on carriages.

The 28th day of December dawned with effulgent elegance, and we rose from our bed full of hope to see the remnant of the edifice where independent Hindu Kings lived some three hundred years ago. Each falling brick, every crumbling stone of this edifice has a history of its own. Some of us were late in preparing for the journey, and so we started on our bikes at 8-25 A.M. Bhupen was the youngest of our company, and the weakest of the lot. Up to the third mile the road was a metalled one, after that *Kutcha* (unmetalled) road came in. These roads are quite distinct from the village roads of West Bengal, where there are ruts caused by the continuous passing of carts. We found no ruts on the road. Carts are very seldom used in the district of Backhergunge. It is a river district, and it is interspersed with rivers and *khals.* Things are carried by boats more often than on carts by road. But though there were no ruts in the road, there are other difficulties in it which brings some inconvenience for cycle traffic. The road remains under water during the rains and after the water recedes, it becomes very muddy. The mud hardened by being dried in the sun, makes the road very undulating, and there is continuous jerking of the cycle caused by passing over it. Add to this, the gaps in the road where we had to get down and carry our cycles over bamboo bridges. Madhabpasa is over eight miles from Barisal and we reached there by 9-30 A.M.

The first thing that attracts one's eye on reaching Madhabpasa is a very big tank, covering a space of 61 *kanies*, equivalent to about 200 Bighas. It is called Durga Sagar after the name of Rani Durgabati. It was excavated in 1780 (1187 B. S.). Further northward there is the Bazar, and near it is the entrance of the palace. Before going to speak of the *debris*, it will not be uninteresting to give the legend about the origin of that Raj family.

India, though proud of æsthetic and moral culture, cannot boast too much of its history. The ancient facts, that can be gathered, are shrouded in mystery ; and every ancient family has a legend of its own. The Chandradwip Raj family is no exception to it. It is said that there was a pious Brahmin named Chandra Sekhar Bhattacharjya. He was a worshipper of Katyayani (Kali or Energy). He had no one in his family, except his aged mother who used to press him hard for his marriage. Chandra Sekhar, with his pious disposition, did not consent to her proposal After continuous requests from his mother, he did relent, and consented to be bound to a nuptial wedlock. His mother chose a girl named Bhubaneswari for her son's marriage. Chandra Sekhar did not know the name of the girl. When the marriage ceremony was going on, the officiating priest recited the bride's name as Bhubaneswari. It so happens that this is another name of Katyayani, the goddess worshipped by Chandra Sekhar. As soon as he came to know the name of the bride, it occurred to his mind that he was going to do a sacrilege, and fast he ran away from that place. The Bay of Bengal was near Bikrampur, where Chandra Sekhar lived. He spent the following day in the jungle, and at nightfall he launched in a small boat and rowed towards the open sea with a mind to commit suicide in expiation of his supposed sin. He rowed on and on over billows on the foaming sea, till, late at night, he reached a distance whence the shore was not visible. This part of the sea seemed best suited for his expiation, and he was about to jump out of his boat, when lo ! a beautiful damsel in another small boat shouted out, "Brahman ! Do not jump into the water." Chandra Sekhar was dumbfoundered. He did not know what he should do. On his enquiry about her, she said that she was a fisherman's daughter, watching over the net spread by her father. She gave many moral instructions to Chandra Sekhar about the evil consequences of committing suicide and said that Katyayani is in every damsel. This moral lecture opened the eye of Chandra Sekhar, and he entreated her to reveal her identity. She then appeared as her real self, being no other than Katyayini. She told him to return home and to marry Bhubaneswari, after changing her name, if necessary, within seven days from that day. She further said that an island would rise from the Bay at the mouth of the Sugandha river, within seventeen days from that day, which would be fit for human habitation gradually. She added this was to be called Chandradwip after his name, and he was to reign over the same. She also said that the river Sugandha would pass by the north of that island, that on his first dip near the northern bank of it, he would get an image of Katyayani and on the second that of Madan Gopal. These two images were to be consecrated in his palace. Chandra Sekhar went back to his home, married Bhubaneswari after changing her name and by dipping in the Sugandha got the two images. These two were duly worshipped in the Raja's palace, even after the kingdom had gone. The palace crumbled into dust and was covered with jungle. but yet the worship was continued by the descendants, inspite of their poverty, till Madan Gopal was stolen away in Sraban about six years ago. Katyayani is still worshipped in her old temple.

Chandra Sekhar thus established a kingdom. But his religious tendency stood in his way of becoming a ruler. His Stoicism reigned supreme in him, and he could not relish worldly things. He had a favourite disciple named Danujmardan Dey—a Kayasta by caste,—to whom he gave up his kingdom and went out to lead the life of a mendicant. Thus Danujmardan became the founder of that dynasty.

The time when he reigned can be gathered from a silver coin found in a *Samadhi*. It is the custom, in this part of the country, to inter the ashes after cremation and to erect a structure on it. The ashes are buried along, with gold and silver and other valuables. It so happened that one such *Samadhi* was furrowed out, and from it a silver coin was found. The present representative of that Raj family showed us the diagram of that coin; the coin, we were told, was taken by the Royal Asiatic Society.

On one side of it, is written শ্রীশ্রীচণ্ডীচরণপরায়ণ on the other side শ্রীদনুজমর্দ্দন দেব, শকাব্দা ১৩৩৯, চন্দ্রদ্বীপ। Thus Danujmardan reigned in 1339 Sakabda. The present year is 1838 Sakabda. Thus he reigned just five hundred years ago.

We crossed the market-place and came in front of the dilapidated palace. The gate of the palace is no longer in existence, but the broken walls of the *Nahabat-khana* still stand. These two *Nahabat-khanas* stood on the two sides of the main gate, and cheered the people of the locality with melodious music in every *prahar.* We entered through the place where once the gate stood, and which was once protected by armed guards under the command of Dutch Generals. We were inspecting the palace of an independent king or a quasi-independent king. What was once a big palace, resplendent with all its grandeur, crowded all over with men, is now a heap of bricks or tottering walls overgrown with big trees. Time, the great leveller, has blotted the distinction between the big palace and the lowly cottage. But every brick of it has a history of its own, and every mouldering heap tells its tale of bygone days.

We entered the main entrance facing north. A few paces from it, there are the remnants of two big edifices, one on the right and another on the left, leaving a space of about 12 cubits between them for passage. The one, on the right side, is the remnant of the Durgamandap. It is situated on a higher level than the surrounding land. The roof has fallen down, but the walls stay to this day overgrown with jungle. It is the *dalan* where Durgapuja used to be held. Both the verandah and the *dalan* contain big arches with ornamental designs. Each of these contain five arches, with an opening of 4½ cubits in each arch. There are ornamental designs on the walls, and figures of Sree Krishna, and Hanuman made of masonry embossed on the wall are still in existence with colour-paintings. Facing this is the Chilchattra. It is now simply a heap of bricks. This is the place where men were fed. The Rajas of Chandradwip were the head of the Kayastha community of this part of the country. They were highly respected, so much so, that even to this day the Brahmins of the Bakharganj district do not hesitate to take rice at a Kayastha's house. At this Chilchattra the Raja, for the time being, used to sit to dinner with other invited Kayasthas, who were seated according to their status based on Kulinisim. Even to this day, on a festive feast at a Kayastha's house in this district, a vacant seat is kept intended for the Raja of Chandradwip.

We were quite new to that place, and Rash Behary Babu who had seen these once before, was our guide. But we wanted a local man who could give fuller description to us. On seeing us, a large number of village boys came. Amongst them we noticed a fairly old man from whom we expected to get information. We, in fact, put series of questions to him, and the poor old man did not know which to answer first. At this juncture Babu Upendra Narayan, a member of the Raj family, came and very courteously took us over all the *debris* and explained to us what each particular building had been in the halcyon days of his illustrious ancestors. We then passed northward across a broken building. A part of its arched roof still stands and we passed under it. The room is a big one, but the whole roof is a complete arch, and there is no beam or rafter in it. This was the Nandanmahal of old, where the Rajas used to have their recreation We then came to a big quadrangle. On its eastern side is the temple of Katyayani containing the stone image of that deity with eight hands. It is the same deity which Chandra Sekhar found in his first dive in the Sugandha river under the direction of Katyayani herself. In this temple there is also a stone throne of Manasa, the goddess of the snakes. It is of good workmanship. On the southern part of the same quadrangle there is the temple of Madan Gopal, the image found in the second dive by Chandra Sekhar. Madan Gopal has been stolen about six years ago, and Madan Mohan has been placed in this temple. Facing this temple, on the other side of the quadrangle is a dilapidated building, which was once used as the treasury.

We then passed out of the Rajbari by the place where, we were told, stood the Singhadhawaja which literally means, lion gate, and in Orissa all temples are made with lion rampant on each side of the gate. There is nothing to be found from the *debris* which would show that there was at any time any image of lion by the side of the gate. In Bengal, that term is used to denote the main entrance. We walked further northward and then towards the west, where we found some *Samadhis.* Some have crumbled down. The oldest of them that is now standing cover the remains of

Raja Udayanarayan. It is a big structure over which trees have grown and have sent their roots across the dome, which hang like so many gigantic serpents. Further westward, near a *khal* is a small building which is called Jatrar Dalan or the rest house for the Rajas when they were about to start on a journey. They used to go by small boats along the *khal* up to the *Koseghala* in the river, where big boats called *Koses*, in this part of the country, were kept. About a mile and a half from this place, near the riverside, is Bowthakruner hat (বৌঠাক্‌রুণের হাট) ।

The building, which we saw in *debris*, was erected by Raja Ram Chandra. He married Bindumati, daughter of Maharaja Protapaditya of Jessore. Long after his marriage and after the erection of this mansion at Madhabpasa, he went with his retainers to Jessore to bring his wife. In his company was one Rumai Bhar, who was his court buffoon. He took him in the garb of a woman into the female apartment of the palace of Protapaditya, where he cut jokes with the ladies of the family. It was subsequently found out that he was a male. This enraged Protapaditya and he ordered the head of Ram Chandra to be severed from his body. Ram Chandra was in a fix, he did not know what to do. But with the aid of his wife and his brother-in-law, he managed to escape. Later on he sent men to bring Bindumati. Protapaditaya made every effort to send her to her husband, but her brother, who had been cast into prison for saving Ram Chandra, said "Thou too art going awayBindu!" This excited the feeling of Bindumati, and she refused to go to her husband. Soon after Protapaditya released his son from prison, and he started with his sister for Ram Chandra's palace. Raja Ram Chandra in the meantime became enraged at his wife for her refusal to come to him, and made preparation for marrying again. It so happened that Bindumati's boat reached the place on the same day on which Ram Chandra was going to marry a second time. This news broke her heart, and she began to feed men and distribute things to people who came there. Thus a big market began to be held there which came to be known as *Bowthakuner hat,* which has been immortalised by the pen of the knighted poet, Rabindranath.

We then came back again to the *debris* of the palace and saw the *dewankhana.* The *Andarmahal* is in its ruins and no trace of it remains to this day. We then saw another *Samadhi* near the market-place, which, we were told, is of the widow of Raja Sibnarayan. It is of comparatively recent origin. There is an inscription on it which, as far as could be read, is as follows :—

॥ শক ১৭৩৬ ॥
অবলা বাকলা ভর্ত্তুর্দ্বিমনাবিমলালয়ং
শৈব শাকে চকারর্ত্ত শুচি শৈলেন্দুসন্নিভং।

Then we saw the *pilkhana* where elephants were kept. This we have to find out after clearing the shurbs on it. Then we saw the place where the fort stood in days of old.

We thought that our trouble in rough cycling had been amply recompensed. We then put ourselves on our cycles and being favoured by the wind and the slope of the place reached Barisal to relate our experience to our friends.

SURENDRA NATH ROY, B.L.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF INDIA ACT.

The first intimation in India of the new law for India as proposed in Parliament, was Reuter's message dated London, May 8, 1916. It ran thus :

"The House of Lords to-day passed the first reading of the Bill supplementing the India Consolidation Act of 1915. The most important provisions are the following: Clause 2 provides for the insertion in section 84 of last year's Act after the words "Governor General in the Legislative Council', the words 'or a local legislature', and, at the end of the section, the words 'Or (d) in case of any law, because it bars the right to sue the Secretary of State in Council, in particular cases or classes of cases.' Clause 3 provides that the Viceroy, with the approval of the Secretary of State, may declare eligible for appointment to any civil or military office to which a native of British India may be appointed the ruler or subjects of any State in India, subjects of any State in territory adjacent to India or members of any independent race or tribe in territory adjacent to India. Clause 4 provides that the admission to the Indian Civil Service of British subjects who, or whose parents were not born in His Majesty's dominions shall be subject to such restrictions as the Secretary of State, with the advice of the Civil Service Commissioners, may prescribe."

In three and half months, the Bill passed through the several stages in both the Houses of Parliament. On the 22nd August, the Lords considered and agreed to the Commons' amendments. On the following day, Wednesday, the 23rd August, 1916, the royal assent was given. On the 5th September, in the Indian Legislative Council, Sir Reginald Craddock, the Home Member, in reply to Mr. M. B. Dadabhoy, said :

"The Government of India were consulted in regard to the provisions of the Government of India (Amendment) Bill, which has now been passed by Parliament. It is not intended to lay on the table the correspondence which passed on the subject between the Government of India and the Secretary of State in Council."

The date fixed in the Act for its commencement is the 1st day of September 1916. It was not, however, till the last day of that month, 30th September 1916, that the statute was published in India, for general information, in The Gazette of India. The Act is named the Government of India (Amendment) Act, 1916, being 6 and 7 Geo. 5, Ch. 37. It is An Act to amend certain Enactments relating to the Government of India, and to remove doubts as to the validity of certain Orders in Council made for India. The first enactment amended is the Government of India Act, 1915, which is in operation from the 1st January 1916. Exactly eight months after, it is re-robed. Indeed, that Act and the present move together, and are to be cited as the Government of India Acts, 1915 and 1916. They jointly rule the Indian territories.

The amending law (of 1916) is an Act of 8 sections and 2 schedules. The 1st section, of 3 sub-sections, relates to elections and nominations for legislative councils. The 2nd, also of 3 sub-sections, is for removal of doubts as to validity of certain Indian laws. Section 3 qualifies rulers and subjects of certain States for office. Section 4 deals with admission to Indian Civil Service. Section 5 is about removal of doubts as to validity of Orders in Council under Foreign Jurisdiction Act. Section 6, of 5 sub-sections, is devoted to Transfer of India Stock by deed. Section 7, of 3 sub-sections, makes minor amendments, repeals and saving. The last section 8, of 4 sub-sections, prescribes Short Title, Commencement, printing and construction. The first schedule specifies further amendments of the Act of 1915, while the second schedule names the enactments repealed. Counting the parts or sub-sections, the 8 sections of the Act of 1916 swell up to 20 different directions. The first Schedule makes 21 amendments, besides a substitution of the 5th Schedule of the Act of 1915. The new or the substituted schedule, however, reduces the number of provisions alterable in India from 39 to 15. The 2nd Schedule extinguishes or wholly repeals two Acts of George III—the East India Company Act, 1784 and the East India Company Act, 1786, and repeals 3 sections—42, 43 and 45—of another Act of His, the East India Company Act, 1772. An Act of George IV is also partially repealed, section 56, except so far as in force in the Straits Settlements, of the Criminal Law (India) Act, 1828. An Act of George V is partially repealed, thus: in section 26, paragraph (d); in section 87 sub-sections (2), (3), (4) and (5); section 116, of the Government of India Act, 1915. The changes by alteration, addition, omission, amendment, substitution, repeal or otherwise, are many indeed. One change proposed in the Bill as first read in the Lords and not to be found in the Act, deserves special mention. The proposal to enable the Legislative Councils in India to bar the right to sue the Secretary of State in Council in particular cases or classes of cases, raised a storm in India. The agitation was begun by the Burma Chamber of Commerce and taken up by the other Chambers of Commerce in India and in London. A deputation waited on the Secretary of State for India, who replied that the right could no longer be upheld. The Government, however resiled from that position. It withdrew the objected clause after discussion in the Joint Select Committee of both Houses on the Bill. The Governor General, on the 5th September, 1916, in the Indian Legislative Council, alluded to it in the following terms :

"I ought perhaps to refer to the legislation which has been undertaken in Parliament to amend the provisions of the recent Government of India Act. With regard to one of the clauses of the Bill that was introduced for the purpose some feeling has been evoked in this country; but as I have no desire to enter into the controversial aspect of the case, I will content myself with saying that the clause has now been definitely held over for further consideration after the war."

Dropped as a war measure, it will be taken up as a measure of peace for a law of repose.

Another change, not in Reuter quoted and not enacted, was headed "Trading by members of Executive Councils." It sought to provide that if, at the time of his appointment, any ordinary member of any executive Council in India was concerned or engaged in any trade or business, he might, during the term of his office, with the sanction in writing of the Governor General, and subject to such conditions and restrictions as the Governor General might prescribe, retain his concern or interest in that trade or business but should not, during that term, take part in the direction or management of that trade or business. The Joint Committee considered the innovation objectionable, mainly on the ground that it might have an injurious effect on the purity of administration in India. This decision is in the spirit of the Parliamentary statute (of 1782) 22 Geo. 3, C. 45, made to preserve the freedom and independence of Parliament. Not to sap that safe foundation, members are not free to undertake, directly or indirectly, Government contracts. It was under this law that Sir Steuart Samuel was declared, in 1913, to have forfeited his seat in the House of Commons He was partner in a firm which made contracts with the Secretary of State for India in Council for borrowing money upon short loans, for purchasing India Council Bills and India Treasury Bills, for subscribing to India Government loans and for purchasing silver for the purposes of the Indian currency. In this matter, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to which it had been referred, held that the Secretary of State for India, though paid out of the Indian revenue, "is in fact one of His Majesty's five principal Secretaries of State, and as such can discharge most, if not all, of the duties of the other four, as they can discharge most, if not all, of his duties. He is an officer of the British Government in the fullest sense."

An amendment on the paper, not moved, proposed to extend to Lieutenant Governors in Council the power of appointing temporary members of their own executive Councils. The Government of India, unwilling to part with a power, was strongly opposed to the extension. An amendment (19h of the schedule) was, however, passed extending the privilege of exemption from jurisdiction of the High Courts, enjoyed by the Governor General, each Governor and each of the members of their respective executive Councils, to each Lieutenant Governor, each Chief Commissioner, and to each member of a Lieutenant Governor's executive Council. This is an addition to the dignity, and, consequently, the prestige, of a Lieutenant Governor and a Chief Commissioner. The proposal to exalt nominally a Lieutenant Governor into a Governor, was opposed by the India Office and nagatived.

Section 1 of the Act of 1916is concerned with the Rules made under sections 63, 74 and 76 of the Act of 1915 for election of members for the Indian as also the Local Legislative Councils. I directs that the Rules "may provide for the final decision of doubts or disputes as to the validity of an election." It also declares the eligibility of "any person who is a ruler or subject of any State in India to be nominated a member of a Legislative Council," that is of the Governor General, of a Governor, of a Lieutenant Governor, or a Chief Commissioner. While granting power to make, it also validates, rules and nominations already made. It may be said to rectify or rather confirm the errors committed by the Governor General in Council and the Secretary of State in Council, in exercise of power not given them before. In one way, the validation justifies their unwarranted action. They probably acted in anticipation of sanction or in the belief that the circumstances of the country needed it. India is now far advanced, indeed. We may not have the spectacle repeated of a ruling prince refusing to sit on the same plane with a servant of a brother prince as nominated members of the Governor General's Legislative Council. Still, it is not likely to be agreeable to the Indian Chiefs to be coupled with their subjects. A greater advance is made by section 3. The disability, arising from religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, of holding any office under the Crown in India, by any native of British India or any subject of His Majesty resident therein, has, since, 1833, been removed. It is time to enlarge the sphere beyond British India. It is, accordingly, declared that "subject to any conditions or restrictions..., any named ruler or subject of any state in India shall be eligible for appointment to any civil or military office under the Crown to which a native of British India may be appointed, or any named subject of any state, or any named member of any independent race or tribe, in territory adjacent to India, shall be eligible for appointment to any such military office."

In the parliamentary statutes, as defined by the Interpretation Act, 1889 (52 and 53 Vict., C. 63),

'British India' shall mean all territories and places within Her Majesty's dominions which are for the time being governed by Her Majesty through the Governor General of India, or through any governor or other officer subordinate to the Governor General of India.

'India' shall mean British India, together with any territories of any native prince or chief under the suzerainty of Her Majesty exercised through the Governor General of India, or through any governor or other officer subordinate to the Governor General of India.

This definition excludes the Portuguese and French possessions in India.

Previous to 1833, when there was no Legislative Council, the laws took the form of Regulations passed by the three Presidency Governments. The Government of India Act, 1870, empowered the

Governor General in Council to frame what are called Regulations, "with the object," as explained by Sir C. P. Ilbert, of "providing a more summary legislative procedure for the more backward parts of British India. The enactment conferring the power was passed in consequence of a despatch from the Government of India drafted by Sir H. S. Maine (his minutes Nos. 67 and 69)." These irregular laws seem to have been irregularly framed at times. Section 2 of the Government of India Act, 1916, validates what have been invalid, in the following words :

"A regulation made...for any territory shall not be invalid by reason only that it confers or delegates power to confer on Courts or administrative authorities power to sit or act outside the territory in respect of which they have jurisdiction or functions, or that it confers or delegates power to confer appellate jurisdiction or functions on Courts or administrative authorities sitting or acting outside the territory."

The section is not only a confirmation of past irregularity, but also a sanction for future recklessness. It also equalises the power of a local legislature with that of the Governor General in Legislative Council to make a law which shall not be invalid because it affects the prerogative of the Crown. Section 84 of the Act of 1915 (removal of doubts as to validity of certain Indian laws) is further strengthened by the addition of the following words :

"A law made by any authority in British India and repugnant to any provision of this or any other Act of Parliament shall, to the extent of that repugnancy, but not otherwise, be void."

This provision is also given retrospective effect.

Simultaneously, section 7 (3) makes a general saving :

"Nothing in this Act shall affect any right acquired before the commencement of this Act under any judgment or order of a Court of competent jurisdiction."

Section 4 opens wider the Indian Civil Service to other than British subjects, such as, "any named ruler or subject of any state in India." Concurrently, is added a sub-section to section 97 of the Act of 1915, subjecting the admission to that service "of a British subject who or whose father or mother was not born within His Majesty's dominions—to such restrictions as the Secretary of State in Council, with the advice and assistance of the Civil Service

Commissioners, may think fit to prescribe." These restrictions are to be included in the Civil Service Rules.

Section 5 is another retrospective and prospective validation. While removing doubts as to validity of Orders in Council, it saves and protects rules and orders, made by the Governor General in Council following any Order by His Majesty in Council, under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, 1890, in the same way as section 2 does a Regulation. Such rule or order is not to be invalid for the reason for which a Regulation is not to be so.

Section 6 makes the India Stock, old or new, transferrable by deed without stamp duty. This is another regularising of an existing unauthorized practice.

Of the 21 minor schedule amendments (Sec. 7), the first 8 relate to the Council of India or the Secretary of State. Two of them enlarge the occasions for secret despatch to and from India Another explains that "a grant or appropriation made in accordance with provisions or restrictions prescribed by the Secretary of State in Council with the concurrence of a majority of votes at a meeting of the Council shall be deemed to be made with the concurrence of a majority of such votes," —as required by section 21 in the matter of any expenditure of the revenues of India, both in British India and elsewhere. The Secretary of State in Council is required by the Act of 1915 to lay, annually, before both Houses of Parliament, accounts and estimates of Indian revenue with a statement of India's moral and material progress and condition. The time fixed there is—within the first 14 days during which Parliament is sitting next after the first day of May. The period of 14 days is lengthened into 28. Two, instead of three, members of the Council of India will, henceforth, be deemed sufficient to validate by their hands and seals any assurance by way of mortgage or sale made by the authority of the Secretary of State.

The 9th minor amendment by schedule, is the rendering of 'office' under the Crown, the acceptance of which unseats an additional Legislative member, as 'office of profit.' The 12th extends to a Lieutenant-Governor in Council the power to grant medical leave of absence, not exceeding six months, to any member of his executive Council. The 16th makes the addition—"The letters patent establishing or vesting jurisdiction, powers or authority in, a High Court may be amended from time to time by His Majesty by further letters patent."

The next two also relate to High Courts. They are to make their rules and tables which shall not be inconsistent not with any 'Act' but with any 'law' for the time being in force. Their jurisdiction in any part of India outside British India is not to be limited to Christian subjects of His Majesty but to include all British subjects. The 20th is the addition of a new sub-section (3) to section 114 of the Act of 1915. It provides for the appointment of an acting Advocate-General for which there is no authority in the principal Act of 1915. The statute of 1916 enacts that an officiating Advocate General for Bengal may be appointed by the Governor-General in Council, and for other Provinces by the Local Government. This is validation for the future of an old unsanctioned practice. There is no condonation of past lapses, which, probably, have left no effect to be guarded against. It is strange we had highest law officers of the Crown who had not been appointed according to law. It seems to be the privilege of Crown lawyers to be above the law. It was reported in *India* of July 21, 1916: "A special Bill has had to be introduced into the House of Commons to relieve the Attorney-General from the statutory penalties he has incurred because he omitted to seek re-election upon his appointment to that office eight months ago."

The powers of the Advocate-General are akin to those of the Attorney-General.

Sub-section 3 to section 114 of the Act of 1915, is, perhaps, to be attributed to the second appointment, in India, of Sir S. P. Sinha as officiating Advocate-General of Bengal. In 1906, he was, by a Home Department notification, so appointed, the authority making the order not being mentioned. On 23rd March (Gazetted Saturday the 25th March), 1916, the Governor-General in Council was pleased to confer on him that office. A representation reached the Government pointing out the law—section 114 of the Government of India Act, 1915, which left the appointment of Advocate-General to His Majesty without providing for the appointment of officiating Advocate-General. On the 28th June, it was announced in London that the King had been pleased to appoint Sir Satyendra Prasanna Sinda, Kt., Barrister-at-Law, to be Advocate-General for the Presidency of Bengal for one year from March 27, 1916, in succession to Mr. G. H. B. Kenrick, LL.D., K.C., resigned. This appointment is no confirmation of the appointment in India. The English ignores entirely the Indian order, making the appointment good from the very beginning. On the 23rd August, 1916, the provision for officiating Advocate-General was added, acknowledging the unauthorised practice. This return to law is due to the first Indian Advocate-General of Bengal.

Under the Code of Criminal Procedure, in a High Court, it is only the Advocate-General who can enter a *nolle prosequi.* Yet, in the Criminal Sessions of the Calcutta High Court, on the 15th May, 1916, the presiding Judge discharged the defendant Nishi Kanta Lahiri, tried under the Arms Act, on the report of the Standing Counsel that the Crown had decided not to proceed any further.

Another violation of the Criminal Procedure Code in Calcutta was allowed in the appointment (17th April, 1896) of a Chief Presidency Magistrate, who, for ten long years, did the duties of a magistrate without being a Magistrate, not being appointed a Presidency Magistrate. For such mistakes, the High Court is equally answerable as the Government.

The last of the schedule amendments relates to the Bishops. It makes pension payable to the Bishops of Madras and Bombay as to the Bishop of Calcutta. It further substitutes the Secretary of State for the Chancellor of the Exchequer for countersignature of the royal sign manual for pension to the Bishops out of the revenues of India.

The repeal of four sub-sections of section 87 (1915) does away with the necessity of declaration in writing under hand and seal of the Governor-General or a Governor or a member of an Executive Council, while resigning office. Nor does he lose his salary when he leaves India or his Province, otherwise than in the known actual service of the Crown. The repeal of written resignation is a reminder of how Mr. Warren Hastings' resignation as Governor-General gave Bengal the Governor-General of a Day, on the 20th June 1777, when Lieutenant General John Clavering, the next in rank in Council, believing the office vacant, took the oath of Governor-General. The repeal of section 26(*d*) saves the Secretary of State in Council the necessity of annually submitting to Parliament an account of the state of the effects and credits in each Indian province, and in England or elsewhere, applicable to the purposes of the Government of India, according to the latest advices which have been received thereof. Section 116, repealed, referred to the power of the Bishop of Calcutta to admit to holy orders.

The Government of India Act, 1916, is, essentially, a validating legislation. It recognizes irregularities in the past and legalises them for the future. The wheels of Government usually move slow. It may take half a century or more to discover or correct an error. When an irregularity is accepted for future continuance, time for such consideration is, necessarily, of little consequence. The present Act possibly endorses the practice, not strictly according to statute, begun when the Indian Legislative Council as formed, by Lord Canning, under the Indian Councils Act, 1861—(24 and 25 Vict. C. 67). He had appointed as additional members both a ruler and a subject of a State in India.

It was the old rule for a parliamentary Act, which was not expressed to commence from a named day, to take effect from the very commencement of the session in which it was passed. This led to great and manifest injustice. To remedy the absurdity, 33 Geo. 3, C. 13 was passed. It enacted—that the clerk of the Parliament shall endorse (in English) on every Act of Parliament which shall pass after the 8th day of April, 1793 immediately after the title of such Act, the day, month and year when the same shall have been passed and shall have received the royal assent; and such endorsement shall be taken to be a part of such Act, and to be the date of its commencement where no other commencement shall be therein provided.

This parliamentary legislation is a kind of prohibition against a law crawling backwards. It is as good to pass a law retrospectively as to allow a law taking effect from the commencement of the legislative session, not minding when it was passed. If it be bad to let a law begin operation when not in existence, it is, perhaps, worse to confirm, by fresh law, departure from existing law. The old law is condemned, and not the breaker of it. Rather, the breaker is encouraged in disregard of law. The worker, instead of being the suggester, becomes the guide.

Lord Canning was the first Viceroy. The first Governor-General of India was Lord William Bentinck, who assumed that office on the 15th November, 1834. He began the Government of India as constituted by the Government of India Act, 1833 (3 and 4 Will. 4, C. 85) dated the 28th August, 1833. That statute vested all His Majesty's Indian territories in a Governor-General and Counsellors to be styled 'The Governor General of India in Council,' with power to make laws for all persons, places and things. It also directed that the person who shall be the Governor-General of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal on the 22nd day of April, 1834, shall be the first Governor-General of India under that Act.

The first law (Act No. I of 1834) made by the first Governor General of India in Council was dated the 20th November, 1834, five days after assumption of office and seven months after the appointment by the statute of the first Governor-General of India. That Act ran :

"Be it enacted, that all acts done by the Governor-General of India in Council, or by the Vice-President of Fort William in Bengal in Council, or in pursuance of any authority given by the said Governor-General in Council, or by the said Vice-President in Council, between the 22nd of April, 1834, and the 14th of November, 1834, shall be valid and effectual to all intents and purposes, as if the said acts had been done before the said 22nd day of April, 1834."

So, legislation in British India begins with a validating Act. It takes up for its purpose the period of 207 days, from the 22nd April to 14th November, 1834, the interregnum, the period when there was no Governor-General of India in Council, nor, following the statute, could be the Governor-General in Council of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal. The acts done during that period were, necessarily, of no responsible authority. To make them valid, it was not deemed enough to declare them so. They must be taken back to an earlier period of a recognized authority. This form of validation not only legalizes the acts from the time when they were done, but also transfers them to a date when they were not even in contemplation and the actors were different. It is plain the acts, legalized more than retrospectively, were acts done by Lord William Bentinck as Governor-General of India before he had assumed that office and while he was, according to the statute, still Governor-General of Bengal, not having assumed the higher office.

The Act of 1916 is a rectification of blunders committed by authorities in and on India—for better or more convenient government of India. It is, at best, a parliamentary acknowledgement and expression of more than a fact. It is a proof also that Parliament will not allow, in India, as in the British Isles, any deviation from law, or tolerate continuance of any illegality.

J. C. DUTT.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—(XV.)

With wild cries the rest of the pack made a desperate charge. One of their number dealt the chief a stunning blow, another brought his stick down on the major's arm, at the same time the adjutant received a stroke on his upturned weapon. Picking up a pike the prince wheeled to their aid, it descended with heavy clang on the first, splintered the second's club and knocked the hand of the third violently away from the sword-hilt, the adjutant and the major then sent them rolling heels over head. Though every bone in his body ached the major threw himself bodily upon a gaunt Dooranee and bore him to the earth. There he lay without sign of life.

With a trick of wrestling Khurruck Sing twisted a Beluchee half-round, gripped an Afghan round the neck and hurled both clean on the gory turf. Just then a Dooranee whirled to free them from his hug but the next instant the man's throat was grasped in a vice-like grip and with a groan of agony he dropped dead. The first two struggled to rise but violent kicks under the jaws and below the abdomen silenced them for ever. Round him a circle was closing. Making a feint of springing up he jerked himself clear and wheeling round made a grab at one's neck, his fingers tightened mercilessly, with a muffled choking cry his victim collapsed. Next instant he clutched another by the throat, shut off his wind, down sank he lifeless. The adjutant and Jowla Persad who were spinning madly on his flanks made a clean sweep of the broken ring. The Sirdar had just knocked a hole in one's skull and the cavalier cut a gash in another's heart, both sank to wallow in pools of blood. The ruffian now reduced to three gave way but the prince and the chief who had during the fight worked their way towards the bush caught them up and with cuffs, clouts, kicks laid them low half-dead. The ground was crimsoned with blood and strewn with the dead, the dying and the wounded. There was not one sound in wind and limb.

"Mercy, mercy, I am dying, water, water," wailed a wounded Afghan in a weak tremulous voice.

For a moment a look of pity swept on the face of the victors.

"Water, water," he faltered out. His breath came in gasps and every few seconds he uttered a faint groan. The blood was pouring down his face and he could scarcely see. There was a severe scalp wound.

The Sirdar brought him water from a pool.

"Who are you ?" asked the Major.

"A private attached to one of the reserve corps of the Sultan," he uttered in a voice so low that it was little above a whisper.

"Who are the others ?',

"Of the same corps," "water, more water," he groaned wincing with pain.

Water was dashed on his face and poured down his throat.

"What brought you here ?"

"We are furloughed, were going home, thought we might try our luck on the way, so we were having jobs here and there, water, water." his face twitched as if in pain.

The Sirdar and the cavalier were busy succouring him.

"Go on."

Slowly and with great effort he mumbled, pausing now and then for want of breath.

"We came upon a cab, a darkie was carrying two girls for our Sultan. He said there was a pack on his trail and wanted us to tackle them. We saw you coming, thought you might be the men he spoke about. So we waited to give you a treat."

The prince lost all flesh colour at these words. For a few moments he was like a breathless statue than a living man.

"Where did you meet the cab ?" questioned the Major.

"On the road—road—high road."

The last words died on his lips. He could speak no more. His power of speech was gone. The body quivered and a lifeless form was all that remained of him.

"He is dead, stone dead," said the cavalier.

With hurrahs which awakened the echoes of the wood the victors issued from the scene of carnage and threw themselves down for a brief respite on a patch of turf.

"We are following no blind trail. The scamp passed this way and set those men to guard the roads," observed the chief.

"What beats me is how could he know that there were others out on his track," the prince was a bit puzzled.

"Miscreants know many things by instinct," explained the adjutant.

"Oh how I long to carve the liver out of him and rip the scalp from his head," cried the major, his whole demeanour now became eloquent of a ferocity he could hardly hold in check.

The prince was visibly affected by the words. His eyes flashed fiercely, his face flushed scarlet. His head seemed to be spinning round with a burning sensation.

"No time is to be lost, we must push on," urged he impatiently.

The exultant yell of victory had reached the place where crouched in the depths of a bush, with scratched face and hands, the schoolmaster and the astrologer were counting every moment to be their last. The ringing cheers brought them to a recognition of some thing favourable. Trembling, yet convinced that their ears had not deceived them they began to shift uneasily from toe to toe and wormed their way up inch by inch.

"Come Mr. Pedagogue, we are waiting to honour you. You have the glory and the chance of being called a hero. I am sure you need a laurel for your gallantry," said the Major sarcastically, causing a burst of laughter from the assembly.

"Why, this chap was the first to fly," pleaded he pointing to the astrologer. "I followed him grammatically, as the relative pronoun follows its antecedent."

"Quite so and grammatically you need a mark of honour, a lasting mark," said the former raising his stick, "but let me begin with your so-called antecedent and then relatively your fate will follow his."

"The relative does not agree with its antecedent in case. It may be of the same gender, number and person but not necessarily of the same case," argued the pedagogue.

After a short while spent in such amusing repartee they all resumed their journey and toiling along found themselves at last on the trunk road. Some shepherds confirmed the report that a cab had passed a few hours ago, it was of green colour and drawn by a pair of bay ponies, on the dickey was seated a blackman beside the cabby. This received further corroboration from a party of wood-cutters.

Westward, yet westward they advanced when a cab was spied in the distance.

"A cab, a cab," burst out the prince.

Green against the golden glow of day the vehicle was coming on.

"Green cab, bay ponies," he cried, a thrill of agitation pulsed through his brain.

"It is a puzzle why it comes this way," wondered the chief.

"I suppose it had taken a wrong turning," the Major gave out his surmise.

"We had better hid ourselves and give it a surprise," suggested the adjutant. His pulses leapt with excitement.

They concealed themselves behind a bamboo clump on the roadside. The vehicle was making way, a low rumble broke in upon the silent air, the clatter of horse-hoops became sharp. Then rattle, rattle, it drew near.

A rush of feet, next a grab at the horses' bridle and it came to a dead halt. The prince opened the door in a trice, there was emptiness within.

"Where are you coming from?" The Chief questioned the cabby.

"Back from Haranghat where I dropped two ladies,'' replied he, struck with fear and amazement.

"Ladies?" ejaculated the former with a dip of emphasis "Where were they picked up from?"

"They got in at Altara."

"When did you drop them at Haranghat.

"Might be eleven."

"Were they alone?"

"No, there was a livery man, a black-a-moor."

"At what place did they alight?"

"At a hostelry on the riverside."

A frozen look appeared on the prince's face.

"Turn round and take us there," bade the Major.

"Excuse me," cried the man," the poor beasts are done up."

"Shut." He held up a finger in token of silence.

"I beg to be excused———."

"Keep quiet if you don't want my stick to rattle on your back."

"For goodness sake———"

He could not finish, for the chief had landed a slap on his cheek. The vehicle was turned round. All huddled in and were enjoying its light swaying motion.

The day wore on. It was near evening. A thick bank of cloud began to rise. It crept gradually on until it shrouded the whole firmament. Thunder grumbled at a distance and signs of storm were in the air. Presently the road was white with dust. It was evident that a storm was beating up.

Coated with a white powder the cab had just reached the little town of Haranghat and was rumbling along its main street. Then a sheet of rain came with a strong rushing noise. As it came along it seemed to devour everything before it. Huts, houses, trees, all disappeared behind the watery screen. Down, down, it fell with a vengeance.

The cab laboured its way through to an extremity of the town and pulled up where ended a line of lodging houses. The road too ended here on the brink of a river. The vehicle halted before an one-storied low building, the last on the line, which stood back from the bank. The owner was all in a flutter with words of welcome.

The party alighted, flew in through the ponderous drops that bubbled under the door and found themselves ensconced in snug, cosy seats. The house bore an air of neatness so utterly at variance with the slovenly state of similar establishment.

"My man, we will have a little talk," the Major drew the host into a conversation. "Did you receive two ladies here to-day ?"

"Yes indeed," replied he," but they did not stay long, took a morsel and cleared."

"Were they alone ?"

"No, no, there was a male attendant. I wonder where can he have been picked up from, a rogue through and through."

"What sort of a man was he ?"

"Black as charcoal, tall, lank, with a rugged brow, eyes like cat's, a man to be shunned and run away from," he poured out.

"When did they leave here ?"

"It was fairly noon when they left."

"Where were they going ?"

"I asked the confounded lubber about it but he would much prefer not to be talked to."

"Which way did they take ?"

"They got into a boat and were rowed across."

The prince stared at him with dilated eyes. His heart beat almost to bursting, his breath came and went.

"Fate has certainly been against us," wailed he striking his breast and throwing up his hands in despair. A spasm of pain swept over his face.

"We need n't despair, they are within measurable distance of us," consoled the Major.

"Let us off at once. Now or never," cried he impulsively.

To resume the pursuit was out of the question, for the storm was blowing in gusts and rain was falling fast. As they sat dull and speechless in the flickering light of an earthen lamp listening to the ceaseless swiss, swiss, outside and to the frequent rattle of the windows, a conversation was heard between two persons in a side-room the door of which stood ajar.

"Madhoji," said a voice gigeing. "You make my guts slit with laughter. Old chap, you were shivering like a butcher's sheep, ha, ha, ha."

"Fool that you are," replied the other, "you have not the sense to think what would they have done had n't the cab come in their way"

"Why," rejoined the other, "we were high up on a tree.''

"The barbarians know how to shoot men on tree-tops."

"So you were white as sheet."

"Pshaw, it was only the gloom that made me look so."

"Nonsense, you went white with fear, ha, ha, ha."

"Don't laugh man, were it not for the cab they would leave little of your lungs to tickle.''

"But the black chap was not a bit afraid. He talked freely and showed them something."

"I noticed it. He opened the cab-door and showed them who were in. I fancy he was carrying some girls for sale.'

"I suppose so, for the Turks led the cab away. Oh how they lashed the cabby for refusing to drive. The poor chap got nasty cuts."

The words fell upon the prince like a clap of thunder. It needed no great stretch of fancy to imagine what they were talking about. A swimming awful sense took possession of him in spite of himself. Then a groan dropped from his lips, a groan that seemed to burst his heart-strings. His companions too who could catch every syllable of the discourse realised at once that the worse had come to the worst.

To bring clearness to the situation the talkers were called in.

They related that on their way back from a mart late in the afternoon as they got near a mangoe grove they beheld some Turk horsemen approaching. They climbed up a tree. Precisely at this moment a closed conveyance came up. The Turks swept round and stopped it. The cabby was in a mortal fright but a blackman alighted from the dickey, made signs, showed them something. They carried the cab away. One of them took his seat on the box and the blackman shared a place with the postillion. They gave a description of the place where the incident happened, its distance and of the route leading to it.

The prince felt his heart leap into his throat. His intellect seemed to be collapsing. His mind lapsed into chaotic state. For a few minutes he was more like a breathless statue than a living man.

Then awaking as from a dream he sprang to his feet and cried in a terrible voice. "They are carrying her away. I go to her rescue."

"Heavens ? this is madness indeed. Is there no river to cross ?" murmurred his companions.

"I do n't mind the river, I will go," cried he frantically and without waiting for another word shot out into the rain and storm.

"Let us follow him," cried they and hurrying out in a body overtook him under a tamarind tree on the river bank from where a slope descended to the water's edge.

It was dark, pitch dark and in the hideous darkness relieved only from time to time by darts of lightning, the river was horrible to behold. It boiled up, splashing and spraying. The wind which blew in fearful gusts lashed its surface into wild ridges that swayed madly backwards and forwards dashing fiercely against the banks. The rain was beating furiously down and the rataplan of thunder-peals stirred up deep echoes.

In the flashes of the heavenly flame, one or two boats could be seen tossing under the opposite bank and some human figures were visible huddled in a hut above.

"Those seem to be boatmen," cried the prince.

He shouted out with all his lungs, the trembling that shook his frame was reflected in the voice. His companions too taxed their lungs but the tumult of wind and water drowned all other sounds.

In the highest pitch of frenzy he attempted to swim across.

"You will be drowned," warned the others.

He heeded them not but made a dash for the water. Powerful arms held him back struggling and screeching.

On that dreary night, under the black sky, in the cimmerian gloom through which flashes of lightning shot and shivered, the river raging with a grating roar, the Heaven's artillery booming and booming, the wind howling, the rain rattling, the unhappy men stood under the tree, wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, gazing awfully at the riot of the elements. The prince raved and raged, a picture of despair. The others tried to soothe him but he was mad, he was mad, he was mad.

(End of Part I.)

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THE LATE JUGGODISH NATH ROY.

THE FIRST INDIAN SUPDT. OF SALT CHOWKIES AND DIST. SUPDT. OF POLICE IN BENGAL.

(II.)

Officers of the Salt department were drafted into the Bengal Police as District and Assistant Superintendents. Juggodish Nath was gazetted special Assistant Superintendent of Police and posted to Alipore. Immediately after, he was asked whether he would like to go to Malda as a Deputy Magistrate. The friends of Juggodish Nath (Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Isswar Chandra Mittra and Isswar Chandra Ghosal amongst others) dissuaded him from accepting the offer. One of them said—"You opened the salt Dept. for the people of this country and if you can get into the higher grades of the Police Department, you will be doing to your countrymen, yeoman's service for which they will be thankful to you." Juggodish Nath did open the portals of the Superior Police Service and he was the first District Superintendent of Police in Bengal.

We are chronicling facts which happened more than half a century ago. At that time, the position of a District Superintendent of Police had a unique importance. The department was monopolised by Military men, with just a sprinkling of officers from the covenanted Civil service. Mr. Colman Macaulay was District Superintendent at Midnapore and Mr. Hopkins held the same position at Murshidabad. The uncovenanted European members of the Police, were all well-connected. Juggodish Nath Roy, finding that a strong European clique, stood in the way of his promotion in the service, made a representation to Government. He was backed by Mr. H. L. Dampier—the then Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal, Sir Edward Grey the Lieutenant-Governor and Lord Lawrence the Viceroy. The matter went up to the Secretary of State—the Duke of Argyle in England and Juggodish Nath had the satisfaction of being appointed District Superintendent of Police in April, 1868. His friend Rai Kristo Das Pal Bahadur the talented and spirited editor of the Hindu Patriot announced the appointment, before it was gazetted. The European officers in the department were still sceptical and could not believe that an Indian was thought fit to be the head of the Police in a District in Bengal.

Juggodish Nath had literally to fight his way up the rung of the ladder. In the administration report of the same year, His Honour the Lieutenant Governor remarked that—"For the first time Government has given the appointment to a native of this country.

One Mr. Ellis an Assistant Superintendent of Police contradicted this report and said that it was not likely that Babu Juggodish Nath Roy would get the post. He had better be contented with the position he was then holding. Mr. Roy said that he was prepared to retain the position of a District Superintendent of the lowest grade, than accept any other post with higher emoluments."

"Mr. Ellis found out his mistake, when Juggodish Nath Roy's appointment, as District Superintendent, was gazetted. The head of the Police, whilst recognising Juggodish Nath Roy's great ability, objected, it is said, on political grounds to bestow the appointment to an Indian."

The countrymen of Juggodish Nath were highly pleased with the appointment and expressed their approval in no uncertain language.

The life and career of Juggodish Nath were published in the leading Indian newspapers, which expressed their gratitude to Government. He was first sent, as District Superintendent to Noakhali, a district notorious for its criminality and boisterous Mahomedan population.

After the expiration of a year the number of dacoities decreased perceptibly. Whilst in the second year lawlessness was completely checked and the number of dacoities, dwindled to two only.

In the third year Juggodish Nath wrote to the Inspector General of Police, "that there was hardly any chance of organised crime coming to a head at Noakhali in as much as the old band of desparadoes, have become extinct by being trapped and transported and that new criminals must rise, before the district can be the hot-bed of crime."

He made over the charge of the district to one Mr. Ridsdale on his transfer to Balasore. There is a piquant story in connection with this transfer. Sir William Grey wanted to place Juggodish

Nath to Birbhum, but the military clique in the force was against him. Major Buttanshaw held charge of the Birbhum Police and he was loathe to leave it. Birbhum was considered a prize station on account of its salubrity. It was considered so healthy that Sir William Grey went and lived there. Juggodish Nath's transfer to this place was set at naught in this way. The head of the Police pointed out to Government that Juggodish Nath Roy should hold charge of a district, which had some connection with salt, as his experience and knowledge of salt was unique.

Instead of apprising him of his transfer to Birbhum, he was only asked, if he would like to go to Balasore. On his answering in the affirmative, the police authorities informed Government that Juggodish Nath wanted to go to Balasore and the district was given to him. The episode of his transfer to Birbhum by Sir William Grey and the necessary shuffling of cards, to post him to Balasore would bear repetition.

I append herewith some official correspondence in respect of Mr. Roy.

From,
I. Geoghegan, Esq.,
Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal,
To,
Babu Juggodish Nath Roy,
Superintendent of Salt Chowkies, Midnapore,
Fort William, the 19th July, 1862.

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to promote you to the fourth class of Subordinate Executive Service Salt Department on a Salary of Rs. 350 per mensem.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) I. Geoghegan,
Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

From,
I. Geoghegan, Esq.,
Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal,

To,

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy,
Superintendent of Salt Chowkies, Midnapore,
Fort William, the 31st July, 1863.

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint you to be a special Assistant Superintendent of Police.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) I. Geoghegan,
Under Secretary to the Govt. of Bengal.

From,

I. Geoghegan, Esq.,
Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

To,

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy,
Special Assistant Superintendent of Police,
Midnapore,
Fort William the 28th November, 1863.

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to transfer you to Calcutta as special Assistant Superintendent of Police.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) I. Geoghegan,
Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

From,

The Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal,

To,

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy, Calcutta,
Fort William the 28th June, 1865.

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint you to be an Assistant Superintendent of Police in the 24 Pergunnas.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) I. Geoghegan,
Under Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

From,

Junior Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

To,

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy,
Assistant Superintendent of Police, 24 Pergunnas,
Fort William the 8th July, 1865.

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint you permanently to the 1st grade of Assistant Superintendent of Police.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) S. C. Bayley,
Junior Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

From,

H. L. Harrison, Esq.,

To,

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy,
Assistant Superintendent of Police, 24 Pergunnas,
Fort William the 9th April, 1868.

Sir,

I am directed to inform you that the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint you to be District Superintendent of Police of Noakhali.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
(Sd.) H. L. Harrison,
Junior Secretary to the Govt. of Bengal.

Government of Bengal,
General Department
Notification.
The 4th December, 1873.

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy is appointed to act as District Superintendent of Police, Dinajpore, during the absence on special duty of Mr. H. Loyd Jones, or until further orders.

By order of the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal.

(Sd.) A. Mackenzie.
Junior Secretary to the Government of Bengal,

Government of Bengal,
General Department,
Notification.
Calcutta the 21st April, 1874.

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy is promoted to the 4th Grade of District Superintendents of Police.

By order of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

(Sd.) Rivers Thompson,
Secretary to Government of Bengal.

Government of Bengal,
Appointment Department.
Notification.
Darjeeling 21st October, 1879.

Babu Juggodish Nath Roy District Superintendent of Police, on leave is promoted to the third grade of District Superintendents of Police vice Major W. W. Hume.

By order of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal,

(Sd.) Horace A. Cockerall,
Secretary to the Government of Bengal.

It would not I should think be a digression on my part if I mention here two incidents, which would illustate, his brave and daring character. The events took place at Noakhali. One night he was returning to headquarters from a distant Mofussil station, in a hackney carriage He was quite alone. Enroute some one suddenly stopped his conveyance. Mr. Roy in a stentorian voice asked—"Who are you ? and what do you want. Why are you detaining my carriage" ? The man gruffly said—"I am an ex-convict and a robber. I have been waiting here to lay hands on you." Juggodish Nath, with great presence of mind said—"I suppose, you have had nothing to eat, and hence you are determined to create a scene, to attract attention, get up on the roof of my carriage at once and hand over your dagger to me." The dacoit without uttering a word, carried out the mandate. The man was brought to headquarters and taken into the Police force ; and engaged as an orderly constable ! The man got bread in lieu of punishment.

The story has a moral value. A Police report came in to the effect that a man had been murdered and that his dead-body was lying in a paddy field. Mr. Roy went to the place of occurrence, and found the body of a burly muscular man "lying dead on the ground.

Close observation showed that the man had not been killed on the place he was lying upon. Evidently, the body has been brought from a distant place and left there. On examining the body a spear mark was noticed. Mr. Roy then closely observed the footprints discernible on the ground and followed the track. After walking a mile or so he reached a hamlet, and found in front of a house, several burnt torches, broken tobacco bowls, bamboo sticks and so forth. He surmised that a dacoity was committed in the house the previous night, and the deceased must have been one of the household. Juggodish Nath called out the inmates of the house. Six stalwart muscular fellows appeared before him from inside the dwelling. On seeing them he said smilingly.—Bravo, my heroes, with your courage and valour you have worsted the dacoits and they have fled for their lives, and in the melee, one of your brothers has been unfortunately killed—Is it not so ? Without answering him, the brothers conferred amongst themselves and one of them cried out—we killed a couple of dacoits yester-night and we have a mind to despatch you, so beware. Without taking the least notice of what they said, Mr. Roy sternly asked them to tell the truth. The fellows were cowed down and made a clean breast of every thing. They fell down on their knees and asked for mercy—Mr. Roy explained to them that in the eyes of the law, they were innocent, in as much as they killed a dacoit in self defence. They then brought out the bodies of the dacoits and helped the Police, in tracing out the culprits.—they were caught and got their deserts.

The brothers were recommended to Government for a reward. Rai Isswari Prosad Singh Bahadur, and Mr. Gadadhur Khan were his assistants at Noakhali. Isswari Prosad became famous in the Wahabi case and got the title of Rai Bahadur. He left the Police and became a Deputy Magistrate as he thought he had no chance of being appointed a Dist. Superintendent of Police.

Some of his friends asked him why he preferred the Provincial Service instead of the Police. He told them that Juggodish Babu became a District Superintendent not in the usual course, but by sheer merit. He was an able, energetic and ideal man and got his well-deserved promotion after a good deal of delay. Under the circumstances my ambition to be a Superintendent of Police would not be fulfilled.

Juggodish Nath Roy was transferred to Balasore after three years. Three Europeans served under him as Assistant Superintendents. Two of them did not like to serve under a Bengali, and were transferred to another district. The man who chose to remain was named Lt. Wroughton. He was a good hearted man, and used to say to his friends—"That it was a privilege to serve under a highly cultured, energetic and honest officer like Mr. Roy. Sometime after his transfer to Balasore, Mr. Graves was sent in as his assistant. During his stay here, Colonel Pughe paid a visit to the District.

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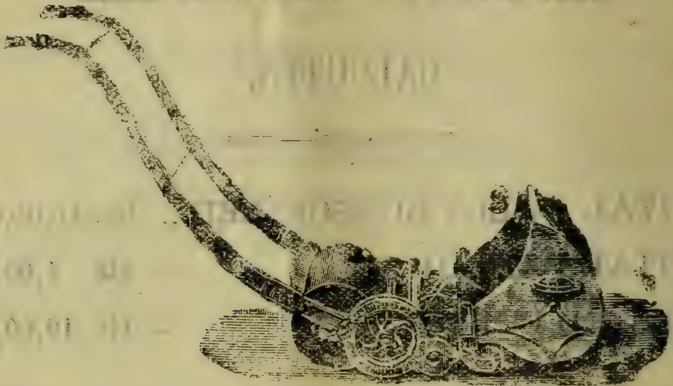

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Pages.

I.—At Sea (II)—
By Nauticus ... ... 436—443

II.—Proposed University Commission—
By Debendra Nath Chackerbutty ... ... 444—453

III.—An Incident in a Hindu Joint Family—
By B. N. Bonnerjee ... ... 454—466

IV.—W. C. Bonnerjee—
By K. L. Bonnerjee ... ... 467—485

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THE
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NEW SERIES.
No. 10—October 1916.

AT SEA—(II).

Part II.

San Francisco has a weird and wonderful reputation. One meets men whose experience of travel is limited to White-Chapel and Calcutta and they talk darkly of the wickedness of Frisco usually finishing their remarks by a wish to go there. Frisco is a very beautiful city, well-planned and with every modern convenience. Rapid transit, express elevators, quick lunches and chess-board streets in one quarter, China town close by, seaside suburbs within easy reach, oyster pirates, armed cowboys, hoboes, hooligans and everything to charm an imaginative youth.

But it has a great moral fester. Vice is absolutely organised and its ramifications are illimitable. Every large American city has, what is aptly called, its "tenderloin" district. In these districts vice seems to have absolute freedom, and every imaginable abomination is found. The American Government says "Well we've got to put up with vice, but we will put it a-oneside, and those who want it must go to it. Unlike *British* cities where vice stalks everywhere to beguile the innocent. If a man is so bad that of his own free will he will take the trouble to go to the tenderloin district, well he's hopeless anyway, but *we* won't let vice seek its prey."

A very pretty theory, that absolutely fails in practice however. The first man aboard the "Cortez" after she moored alongside was a tout. Apprentices are looked upon as good game. Probably their parents send them some money at each port, and the very fact that they are at sea is presumed to be evidence of their sinful inclinations. "Well boys, had a nice passage. Yep ? Nice boat too. Plenty of gales eh ? Glad to be ashore I expect and I tell yew 'Frisco is, *some* place to be ashore in. Half the prentices that come here, don't go away again, too durn satisfied to stay b'lieve me, Gods own city in Gods own land, sonny, is 'Frisco. Plenty of friends waiting to welcome citizens here, tons of money to be made."

We four boys were listening in a patronisingly bored way, trying to kid him we had been to sea for years. But *he* knew.

"Even if ye go to sea again, you'll get forty-five dollars a month and time to spend it every month—"

At this moment the skipper came out of the doorway on the opposite side of the deck, and summing up our loquacious friend at once said—

"What the hell brought you aboard *my* ship ?"

"Only looking round Cap'n. Reporter for a newspaper getting headlines out of your boys. Fine boys too."

"Headlines be d—d. You want any news come to me. What paper any way ?"

"Oakland Times, a new one Cap'n."

"You're right, so blamed new the first copy ain't printed yet. Now look here. I know your game and your crowd, you white livered skunk. Get away ashore and next time you come I'll have these boys educated up to save *my* time by hammering hell out of you."

He went, most people seemed to do what the old man told them to do somehow. Then he turned to us "Now look boys, its not my job to morally educate you, but I've seen too many youngsters ruined by such scun as that. Every time you meet a smooth tongued friendly guy reckon out what he's after. He don't like you so much on sight that he feels bound to spread himself out. That man and his kind will whip you up to the tenderloin, shew you the "can-can," rob you, drug you and ship you away on a whaler inside twenty-four hours, and get fat on it too. I'll get you into some *nice* houses, but I'm damned if I'll try to get you out of any *bad ones*."

The skipper was as good as his word, and we spent many a pleasant hour with nice people in 'Frisco, boating, fishing, riding and going to see factories and fruit farms.

From 'Frisco we went up to Seattle to finish unloading and then across to Port Blakeley to load lumber for the Broken Hill Silver mines in Australia.

Port Blakeley is a typical American lumber camp right in the midst of a huge pine forest. Mt. Rainier, about 12500 feet, is close by and makes a magnificent back-ground. Seattle and Tacoma are two towns about 30 miles apart and owing to civic rivalry Mt. Rainier has two names. In Tacoma it is Mt. Tacoma, and a man professes to wonder what you mean if you call it Mt. Rainier, but in Seattle you would get brained for calling it Mt. Tacoma.

Whenever a lumber camp has felled all the timber within convenient hauling distance, they shift the camp along into the forest again. Saw mills, bungalows and wharves are all shifted along perhaps four or five miles, and we arrived just after such a shift, and berthed with our mooring lines tied to growing trees. A lumber cargo is a seamen's terror. With nearly 1000 tons of stone ballast we needed a deck load of some six feet deep right along the main deck, to bring her down to the " Plimsol " mark. Little holes are left for the doorways and new rails are lashed along the rigging, and with the exception of the binding chains the new deck is fairly clear, and quite nice, until she ships a green'un.

We towed down to Port Townsend when loaded and there took aboard our new crew. A weird disreputable drunken lot they were too, every one of them an absconder from some British ship to get the extra money. They came aboard about nightfall and with them an armed watchman to see no one ran away. It may be interesting to briefly describe here the Boarding House system of getting crews for ships. The owner of the house is called a "Runner." The Runner cheerfully boards any body, not necessarily a sailor. When crews are signed on each man gets a month's pay in advance. All this goes to the runner whatever the sailors debt and in this way the Runners live. Runners keep in touch with the ships and by collaring the crew of an incoming vessel can re-crew an outward bound one, and so become a doubtful blessing to both crew and master.

Shanghai Brown is the most famous runner. He "operated" in 'Frisco, and if he had not enough men in his boarding house, he just waylaid and sandbagged or "shanghaied" (drugged) any available man. His career came to an abrupt stop when he shanghaied a clergyman and a lawyer and shipped them away on a whaler. Unfortunately for Brown the whaler ran agound near the Golden Gate and the victims were enabled to get in touch with the authorities at once. Otherwise it might have been a year before the vessel returned to port, and proof would be difficult. It is obvious that the Runner will see that his boarders don't stay long, but he will entice men away an hour after he shipped them, and it is the Captain who provides the armed watchman.

The Runner is usually an agent for houses of ill-fame and grog shops, so the poor sailor does not stand much chance of saving money. But then he doesn't want to and the arrangements seem to suit all.

One of our men an engine driver called "Slim" was shanghaied, of him more later.

Next morning we got under way, and just beyond Cape Flattery ran into a howling gale. With a deck load, and only half the crew real sailors we had a very bad time. The anchors, which we had no time to properly secure, got adrift and a fluke went through the ships side, fortunately above water level.

The force of the wind was terrific on top of the deck load, and men were literally blown about. When taking in the foresail all our hauling gear parted, and every man aboard the ship was sent aloft to try and handle the canvas, except the Captain who stayed at the wheel. One man fell from aloft but luckily into one of the holes full of water and was not badly damaged, except his fingers which were worn to the bone as he endeavoured to grip a small rope in his fall.

Six hours later we came down without an inch of the sail gathered up, and the skipper decided to set the sail and run before the gale. For three days we ran NE (instead of on our course about SSE). Several logs broke adrift and stove in two skylights and a lifeboat, and cleared the galley chimney over board. The mizzen topmast sprung on the third morning, and threatened to go over the side each time she rolled, and, greatest catastrophe of all, the apprentice's door was first stove in by some loose logs and afterwards jammed up impassable, and we boys had to live in the sail locker. The old sails made very comfortable beds, but the rats were unpleasant. All our beds and chests were washed out and we used to patiently watch the doorway to salvage waistcoats, boots etc. each time she shipped a sea.

We were fourteen days fixing up the results of that blow and nearly twelve days making up the distance we lost.

"Slim" had signed on as an AB although he had never been to sea before, (at least the Runner had signed for him.) He provided a diversion when he went to the wheel. The Captain has a tell-tale compass on the ceiling of his cabin to watch the course at all times. Slim told me afterwards what happened. "Somebody hollers 'Slim it's your trick at the wheel' 'My trick is it, what's a trick ?' 'Steer for two hours of course, ain't you ever done it ?' 'No but by jings if you can 'I can.' Now I had been watching the other men and I see em turn the wheel a little this way and then a little that way and then look around as if to say 'well that's all right' and it looked easy to me. So I went up and Ginger gives me the wheel and says, 'Sow Sow East' 'What about it' I says 'where is it any way' ? Ginger pointed to a black mark on the compass and says 'Keep it on that' 'Keep *what* on it' ? I says. 'The ship' he says, well that flummoxed me, but all the points looked the same to me so I just decided to go through with it as I seen the others doing. By and by the old man leaps up the companion way looking uncommon fierce and yells 'Where the hell are you going' Back ?' 'Now Captain' I says 'I was getting, on very nicely till you come interfering.' '*Interfering* ! you——— hobo ! ! You've never been within four points and we'll hit Mexico before Australia. Here Mr. Lewis, get this idjot away from the wheel. So Stumpy come along and looked very surprised when I says 'Sow Sow East' and says to the old man 'What's the Course Sir'. Then the old man calls me up and asks me what I am, and after cussing me up and down a bit he got quite nice and is going to get me to fix up all the donkey and winches."

Steering a big ship in fine. In a sailing ship steering is done by the compass when possible, but in a head wind the helmsman gives his relief the words " by the wind." This means steering by the lower windward corner of the mizzen royal sail. The yards are trimmed so that the mizzen royal will get aback first, and so by keeping the clew of the mizzen royal shaking in the wind you ensure all the other sails drawing and keep the ship as near her real course as the wind will allow. Many and many an air-castle have I built when steering through a phosphorescent tropical sea, the only sound being the lookout's half hourly call of "Alls well and lights burning brightly Sir," the plash of a fish, and the gentle murmur of the ships wake slipping by at about six miles an hour. But steering is hard work running before a gale, the helmsman is lashed to the gear box to prevent him being washed overboard and every time a sea curls under the counter the wheel kicks in a way to test the strongest arms.

About a month out we lifted Flint Island, a small island belonging to Messrs. Lever Bros., we hove to about a mile to leeward and the manager came aboard. He was the only white man there, and with about thirty Kanaka boys collected copra for soap making. He got ten shillings per ton and twice a year a steamer touched there from Sydney. We did great trade with him and got loads of fresh fruit and fish for old magazines and shirts.

A squall struck us just after they had left and the mate yelled out certain orders. A German dashed up and let go the wrong ropes.

"What the devil are you doing ?"

"Oh I vas tink you say—

"You *stink* up here and I'll break your——neck."

Squalls are of two sorts, white and black. If you can see under the bank of cloud, as a rule, it will amount to nothing. Again if the rain starts in a sort of sullen stillness look out for danger.

With the rain before the wind
Topsails hailyards you must mind
But with the wind before the rain
You can hoist your sails again.

The Calcutta nor-wester is an ordinary squall, but from a calm sky. In the biggest gales at sea squalls also occur when a period of greatest wind intensity is experienced. A squall is always a squall however and in a gale of wind the velocity of wind in the squall reaches twice the speed of the gale, and even relatively is a much more violent affair than the nor wester.

We passed 180° just about Christmasday. In crossing the meridian going Eastward a day is dropped, that is the week has only six days, and we wondered if the old man would drop Christmasday, but he did not. Many mean old Scotch Captains used to make a habit of dropping a Sunday when Eastward bound and picking up a weekday when Westward bound, and old "shellbacks" (or sailors) always declare that to this is due head winds and calms, and if any captain was decent enough to pick up a *Sunday* he would make a record passage between Australia and America.

We passed Balls Pyramid, a small island shaped just like a huge finger pointing skyward, Howe Island and just got a glimpse of Tasmania as we passed through the Bass straits. On entering the Spencer Gulf, at the top of which lies Wallaroo our port of destination, we got caught in a "Southerly Buster" and romped along in the smooth shallow water at over 14 knots for 12 hours. We passed within a hundred yards of a wallowing dirty old steam boat doing about 8 knots and it was then that I really learnt to love a sailing ship, so clean so beautiful and so lively compared with *that* old steamer, and needing so much more skill to handle and I silently recorded a vow to stick to my first love throughout my career. Failure in eyesight busted all my plans but one day, when time has brought peace to the world and wealth to me, (both equally distant now) I shall go to Newcastle N. S. W. the Mecca of "Wind-Jammers" and "Lime-Juicers" and take a trip to Valparaiso (called by sailors "Wallop me ass with a razor" but really meaning "The vale of paradise")

Wallaroo is a tiny little timber town, and has a wooden jetty two miles long, the Gulf being so shallow that it needs such a jetty to reach a depth of thirty feet.

The arrival of a ship is the biggest possible event, and the whole population troops down aboard the first chance they get, and the crew are regular heroes.

Going to sea at all, in their mind, is a fine performance "but fancy now comin ter Wallerooo an' all."

Fruit is very cheap here, and at the auctions we used to buy 40 pound chests of fruit; apples, pears, grapes, plantains etc.; for half a crown. One of the apprentices got appendicitis after eating some 24 pounds of grapes before dinner. He was taken to the hospital, and had a magnificent press notice about it too, and a few days later, we other three boys in thoughtless ignorance, arrived with some fruit for the invalid. The nurse threatened to hurl the whole lot out into the yard, so to avoid that we sat on his bed, and ate another few pounds of grapes. The patients cursing and sarcasm are reported to have materially assisted his recovery.

On Sundays we used to go swimming the water being so warm that we could stay in for hours. Wallaroo was a fine, wild, rampant, sunny holiday and we were very sorry to leave for Newcastle, from whence we were bound to Valparaiso with coal.

In Wallaroo the skipper had a great old row with the mate, and a few evenings later the mate came in and asked us if we had ever seen the "old man" drunk. We said "No." The mate produced a type written statement, a pack of lies about the captain, and wanted us to sign it. The mate threatend us with "hell on earth" when he got us to sea, and I got *temporary* fame by saying on behalf of the four of us "Well we'd sooner have hell than tell lies."

Time alters many things, of course.

"NAUTICUS."

PROPOSED UNIVERSITY COMMISSION.

Report of the Committee appointed to consider the arrangements for the Post-graduate teaching at the Calcutta University,—a valuable document for the proposed University Commission.

In 1902 a Commission was appointed to inquire into the affairs of the Calcutta University and to suggest measures, if necessary, for the reconstruction of the University on improved principles. The Commission made certain drastic recommendations, which were considered by the people of Bengal highly objectionable. A public meeting was accordingly held at the Town Hall to protest against the recommendations of the Commission, over which Raja Peary Mohun Mukerji presided. In the Presidential speech it was stated :—"Testimony of eminent scholars like the late Sir H. S. Maine and Sir William Markby and of Statesmen like Lord Dufferin and Lord Lytton was not, however, wanting to the effect that the success of the Calcutta University was unprecedented in the annals of the University education. It had made higher appointments and higher politics a reliable aspiration for the natives of the country, it had turned out men who, in competition with the flower of English Universities had won the highest honours in their own country, it had supplied the public service, with men to whom mainly the efficiency of the service is due. Where was then the necessity for a radical change in our system of education ? * * * * The premises upon which the Universities Commission had proceeded were wholly unfounded. The duty of every well-wisher of the country was to avail himself of all constitutional means to get these recommendations set aside." In the storm of public agitation Lord Curzon's educational policy as reflected in the recommendations of the Universities Commission was about to be wrecked. At such a crisis, Sir Ashutosh Mukerji appeared on the scene and agreed to carry out the recommendations of the Universities Commission in his capacity as Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University. The Government was highly pleased and fondly styled Sir Ashutosh Mukerji as the "Pilot" of the new Educational Policy.

As the result of the recommendations of the Universities Commission, the Universities Act of 1904 was passed, in which provision was made for converting the Calcutta University, which was a mere examining body into a Teaching University. The project for making the Calcutta University a Teaching University was approved by His Imperial Majesty. On his visit to Calcutta in 1912, the Emperor of India, in reply to the address presented to His Majesty by the Calcutta University said :—"No University nowadays is complete unless it is equipped with the teaching faculties on all the more important branches of Science and Arts, and unless it provides ample opportunities for research." In a letter addressed by the Calcutta University to the Government of India dated 19th July, 1913, it was stated :—"The Senate confidently submit that they have made, to use, the language of His Excellency the Chancellor, 'a solid advance in the direction of a Teaching University'; they have loyally endeavoured to realise and to give effect to the stirring words which His Imperial Majesty addressed to them."

The position of the Calcutta University as a Teaching Institution was fully explained by the Vice-Chancellor Sir Ashutosh Mukerji in his speech at the Convocation of the University in 1913. He said :—"The Act of Incorporation (1867) defines the University as a knowledge-testing and knowledge-rewarding institution. The Indian Universities Act (1904) defines it as an agency meant to provide for the teaching of students and generally to promote study and research. The Indian Universities Act on the other hand in the first place explicitly deals with affiliated Colleges, which are thus recognised as teaching agencies under the University, but in the second place most unmistakably emphasises the obligation of the University to impart instruction on its own account through its Lecturers and Professors. The statute does not state directly on what principle the work of teaching should be divided between the University and the affiliated Colleges, but there can be no doubt that the Colleges are meant to be entrusted with teaching upto a certain stage, while all that lies beyond, all teachings of the most advanced type and all direct efforts to encourage learning and research are allotted to the University itself. During the last year our endeavours to develop the University as a teaching institution have been successful beyond the expectation of our most enthusiastic friends. Since we last met in Convocation, five new Chairs have been created. The last twelve months also have witnessed a marked and rapid development of Post-graduate teaching." Thus according to the Vice-Chancellor both the statutes are vague on certain important points, though from both he was able to draw certain inferences, which he thought would throw light on the dark corners. Be that as it may, it is evident that the Calcutta University is not a Teaching University in the general acceptance of the term. A Teaching University, such as the Oxford University, is an assemblage of Colleges established in a particular place, governed by a corporate body with Professors representing its several Faculties for instructing students in the several stages of high education in all the branches of learning.

The Calcutta University has not yet been able to constitute its teaching Faculties as indicated by His Imperial Majesty. Its present Faculties are mere Boards of Examination and Control. "I realise to the fullest extent" said Sir Ashutosh Mukerji "how far we are as yet from the complete establishment of those teaching Faculties which our Gracious King-Emperor in his reply to our loyal address pointed out as constituting the most urgent need of our University, but I think we are entitled to feel largely satisfied with the beginning we have made." The teaching Faculties of the Calcutta University should be constituted by the creation of Chairs in the University for delivering courses of lecture on all the more important branches of learning, any portion of which may be availed of by students in different stages of education on payment of prescribed fees, or as an alternative by the establishment of Colleges representing its several Faculties such as the University Law College and the University College of Science which have been already established. The Engineering College, Medical College, Technical College, Sanskrit College, Commercial College, and the Presidency (Arts) College, which being Government institutions, may also be included in the category of University Colleges. A combination of a little of this method and a little of that is monstrous. Then again division of teaching between the University and its affiliated Colleges as explained by the Vice-Chancellor is incompatible with the essential conditions of a Teaching University.

In furtherance of the scheme for making the Calcutta University a Teaching University, 2 University Colleges *viz*, the University Law College and the University College of Science have been established. The University Law College, which provides for the legal education of the whole Province is a successful concern; but the University College of Science does not enjoy exclusive right of imparting scientific education; sciences are taught in some of the affiliated Colleges, in the Medical College, Engineering College, Agricultural College and Technical College. The University College of Science has not made much progress. Out of the proceeds of the endowments of Sir Taraknath Palit and Dr. Rash Behari Ghose, some Chairs have been created and scholarships are given to deserving students of the University. A spacious and magnificent building has been constructed for the College, but the need of its proper equipment is keenly felt by the College, which hampers all real progress. Three lakhs of rupees are required for the purpose which amount is not forthcoming. Instead of meeting such a crying want, 10 lakhs of rupees were wasted on hostels in Calcutta. A mint of money would also be required for the establishment of other University Colleges and of Teaching Universities in the several centres on the abolition of affiliated Colleges, the existence of which is incompatible with Teaching University.

The Note of the Syndicate of the Calcutta University, protesting against the establishment of the Dacca University as affecting the interests and prospects of their own University, is a sad comment on the hollowness of the Calcutta University as a Teaching University. The comparative features of the two Universities are thus described :—"There is to be one place where higher teaching of the best and most advanced kind will be given and where students will live in superior residential style. This will be Dacca, the Teaching and Residential University. Side by side with this, there will be scattered all over Bengal a number of Colleges, where higher teaching of a rather inferior kind will be available and where students will be less well-housed and superintended. The Colleges—among them, all the Colleges in Calcutta—will be massed together into a so-called federal University—which will be of a non-teaching and non-residential character, and whose only function it will be to examine the crowds of inferior students who belong to Colleges outside Dacca, and in addition it seems, the candidates for Matriculation from the whole of the Province."—রোগীর মুখে ব্যক্ত It is a sickman's statement of his own case.

There has been it is said a marked and rapid development of

Post-graduate or M.A. teaching for which 5 Chairs have been created, which will have a far-reaching effect. Students reading for the Second Degree that of Master of Arts can never be reckoned as Post-graduates. They are simply graduates who have obtained the First Degree of Bachelor of Arts. The term Post-graduate conveys the idea of finality or finish of University education. M.A. teaching comes within the scope of University education, whereas Post-graduate teaching is the training of persons after they had completed their University education and obtained the Second Degree of Master of Arts, in the field of research. In this sense Post-graduate teaching has all along been understood in this country. The institution of the Premchand Roychand scholarships was based on this principle.

Post-graduate or M.A. classes were formed in the Calcutta University at enormous cost and labor, such classes were intended to be abolished in all affiliated colleges. The project has not however been rigidly carried out. M. A. teaching is done in some of the affiliated colleges, between whom and the University there is hard competition. In his farewell address on laying down his exalted office as Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University Sir Ashutosh Mukerji said :—"I do not consider institutions such as our present Government Colleges as places likely to develop into homes of true University education." But the Hon'ble Dr. Deva Prosad Sarvadhikari, who succeeded Sir Ashutosh Mukerji as Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University seized the missile with an unflinching hand, and in his Budget speech at the Bengal Legislative Council made a powerful vindication of Government Colleges. He said :—' Elaborate Post-graduate teaching arrangements have been recently made in the University, but it is fully intended and necessary that College Post-graduate teaching should not in any way suffer."

The report of the Committee appointed to consider arrangements for the Post-graduate teaching in the Calcutta University which has recently been published, is vague. It will make confusion worse-confounded. The following is a specimen from the precious document :—

"It is impossible to return to the old system by which certain colleges had separate organisations for higher teaching. It is again, impossible to suggest arrangements whereby those colleges could institute a form of inter-collegiate lectures which would meet the present requirements. Nor has the University sufficient funds to institute a separate and complete organisation, nor would it be advisable for it to do so for reasons given in the next paragraph, nor finally, would it be feasible, except in connection with certain officers, to sort out the prescribed subjects between the University and the colleges as, in addition to the difficulty of carrying out such an arrangement, it is advisable that the students and teachers of one subject should be in intimate contact with those engaged in another."

"We commend, therefore, that the affiliation of colleges in Calcutta for M. A. and M. Sc. work should cease and that the organisation of Post-graduate instruction of all kinds be considered to be the duty of the University. While recommending that the control of higher teaching shall be vested in the University, we do not desire to suggest that the staffs of the colleges should confine their attention to undergraduate work. Indeed, we would go so far as to say that the association of the colleges not only in the actual teaching but also in the work of organising the higher teaching of the university is an essential factor of our scheme and that we have tried to reconcile the legitimate claims of the colleges with the concentration of higher teaching under the control of the university. We attach very great importance to the necessity of constituting a suitable organising body for the carrying out of this work, in which all connected with the higher teaching, whether as temporary or permanent officers, will take a part. Without such an organisation the scheme which we propose cannot even be initiated, much less carried out."

There having been a lack of organisation in the working of the University classes for want of adequate funds, it is proposed by the Committee to make Calcutta a Teaching University by the association of teachers belonging to the affiliated colleges in Calcutta for participating in the work of organising higher teaching in the University. The affiliated colleges in the Mofusil are left in the cold. On the abolition of the M. A. classes in the affiliated colleges in Calcutta as suggested by the Committee, the staffs of the Colleges engaged in teaching them, should be also abolished, unless the University is prepared to bear the cost of their retention for working in the University in connection with the proposed

Board of Studies and Academic Council. For the conflicting statements made in the report, it is doubtful whether they will be employed in the work of Post-graduate teaching in the University. Professors in the colleges teaching Under-graduate classes are possessed of inferior qualifications, having no experience of Post-graduate teaching; they would therefore be unable to undertake the work of organising higher teaching in the University.

The scheme of Post-graduate teaching said Sir Ashutosh Mukerji is still in the beginning and may no doubt be thoroughly organised and effectively strengthened if additional funds were provided for the purpose. What we do feel we grievously need is Funds ! If the University has no funds, it should not tamper with the affiliated Colleges in the manner suggested by the Committee. It is absurd that the beginning was made at the top instead of the base. Post-graduate teaching is therefore like building a castle in the air which may be blown away by every puff of wind.

No arrangements for the Under graduate teaching have been made in the University. The vast majority of the students consequently read in affiliated Colleges. The University merely examines them and grants diplomas to successful candidates. It only teaches a microscopic minority of students who are reading for the M. A. Degree. It is no good policy that the arrangements for the Under-graduate teaching should be inferior to those for the Post-graduate or M. A. teaching, and that greater money and attention should be bestowed towards the latter. Very great care and attention should be devoted on the earlier stages of college education. To be a Teaching University in the strict sense of the term, the Calcutta University should have the motto—*Through and thorough Teaching.* The Royal Public Service Commission on examining Dr. J. C. Bose very wisely observed:—"Suggestions have been made to us that in all English Universities there are two kinds of work done, the higher research work and general all-round sound Education. Every student is not fit for research work, but all that go to the University should have sound general training of character and mind." In order to constitute the Calcutta University on these lines, it will be necessary to assign research work to such of the Post-graduates or Masters of Arts as have inclination and aptitude for it, which should be done under the supervision of the Professors of the University distinguished for research work, and to arrange for giving sound general education to all students of the University in the several stages of learning.

In justification of the assertion that all the teaching of most advanced type are allotted to the Calcutta University by the institution of the Post-graduate Classes, the Vice-Chancellor said :—"It truly does not appear desirable that in all futurity, every young Indian who has higher aspirations should be compelled at the expense of much money and great risk and inconvenience to resort to Oxford or to stay away even further possibly to a Continental or American University." However laudable. the project is beset with insuperable difficulties. For the purpose of giving effect to it, it will be necessary to bring the Calcutta University on a par with the British, Continental and American Universities in endowments, equipment and staff, so as to be able to take rank among them. It is therefore of paramount importance that our students should proceed to Western countries for completing their education. All educational institutions in the West are open to them. Western education would enable the Indians to hold their own in a world of intellectual upheaval and competition. It would open to them wider field of employment, raise them in the scale of civilized nations of the world and enable them to protect constitutionally their civil rights as citizens of the British Empire, and to unite among themselves though professing different creeds more powerfully as one great Indian nation by common interests, ruled by one Sovereign, speaking His Majesty's English as a common language, equally amenable to laws and enjoying equality of rights and privileges and political freedom, blessings of civilization and fruits of industry. It would also bind them in everlasting fellowship with the enlightened people of the West, enable them to have free exchange of ideas on literary and scientific subjects and entitle them to all academic privileges and distinctions of the West. It is therefore expedient that a certain number of Indian students possessing liberal education and good moral character should, every year be sent to Europe and America free of all charges for completing their education in every department of Western knowledge according to their individual inclination and aptitude, and that a fund should be raised by public contributions out of which all the expenses of the undertaking would be defrayed. It would however be reasonable, that every one of the students who may be sent abroad for education as recipient of public support should be under an agreement that on return to India after successful career in the West, he would defray the cost payable by instalments, of sending abroad for education another Indian student, who on return would be under a similar engagement. Thus by a recurring process of reciprocal help, there would be a rapid multiplication of educated Indians with European qualifications fitted to fill higher appointments in every Department of the Public Service, and adorn learned professions, trades and industries with honor to themselves and glory to their country so as to make it the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown. Some persons of light and lead in Madras and Bombay formed schemes of Western education on these lines. In Bengal, Babu Jogendra Chunder Ghose did his best for the scientific education of Indian students in Western Countries and Japan. All such attempts however failed in consequence of the present European War. It is earnestly hoped that better days may dawn for the education of Indian students in Western countries on the termination of the war.

Under the Universities Acts, the object of which was to bring about uniformity in the method and standards of the Universities in India, and to make them work on common line as examining Universities under the control of Government, the Indian Universities have done magnificent work in the cause of education and civilization in the country. All that would now be changed. There would be all sorts of University—Examining University with Affiliated Colleges, Teaching University without Affiliated Colleges, Teaching and Examining University with Affiliated Colleges, Sectarian University etc., each working in its own groove. Darkness and confusion would in consequence prevail in place of light, uniformity and order by which Indian Universities were characterised. Students from Indian Universities were all along able to hold their own in competitive examinations against the best intellect of Oxford and Cambridge.

Sir Alfred Hopkinson, Vice-Chancellor, Manchester University, and expert adviser to the University of Bombay, gave the opinion that the time had not yet come for any such radical change as the establishment of separate Teaching Universities at some centres in the Bombay Presidency, and that the true policy was that on which the University had already embarked. The policy of the Calcutta

University is however different. What is sauce for the gander is not sauce for the goose.

The Calcutta University has, to quote a Bengali adage, set its feet on two boats; it has embarked on a prepostrous experiment of combining within it an examining University with affiliated Colleges, with a Teaching University with which affiliated Colleges are incompatible. The result would be disastrous. It is therefore of the utmost importance that steps should be taken for working the Calcutta University as a Teaching University in the strict sense of the term, so that it may come to the level of Universities in the West in efficiency of teaching and discipline; or if that is not possible for want of adequate funds, the *status quo* of the Calcutta University as an Examining University with affiliated Colleges before the passing of the Universities Act of 1904, should be maintained, the University Law College and the University College of Science as Teaching Faculties of the University being abolished, the latter being converted into the Presidency Scientific Research Institute. It is also expedient that all the Indian Universities should be worked on a uniform system. In view of making these changes, it will be necessary to amend the existing Universities Acts. At such a crisis, pregnant with hopes, comes the proposal, which His Excellency Lord Chelmsford, as Chancellor of the Calcutta University made in his last Convocation speech, for appointing a University Commission, who would be able to collect materials for fresh legislation in order to place the Indian Universities on a satisfactory footing.

DEBENDRA NATH CHUCKERBUTTY.

AN INCIDENT IN A HINDU JOINT FAMILY.

Difference arose between two brothers; Brojobullab the elder, and Radhabullub the younger, on a very trifling matter. Prior to this, Radhabullab never did contradict his elder brother. He was greatly attached to his elder brother. Brojobullav too loved his younger brother in return.

Brojobullub was well-to do He was *sudder amin* (principal settlement officer) to the village zemindar. He had a great reputation as a trusty and capable officer. His salary increased *pari passu* with his master's favour. In the middle of his youth, he lost his wife, since then he did not take to a second wife. He was awfully fond of the children of his younger brother. Radhabullub was a hanger-on (parasite) of his brother. He and his family depended on the earnings of his elder brother.

Radhabullub used to do gratuitous service to others. Many a a time and oft at considerable sacrifice to himself and his family he used to go good to others. Brojobullub did not approve of his brother's indifference to his family. Though openly he did not say anything but he thought inwardly that such indifference was disastrous to the future well-being of the joint family. He expressed his dissatisfaction sometimes by hinting at them.

Once Radhabullab remained absent for a whole day and night on account of illness of a neighbour of his. The illness was very serious and on account of fear of catching contagion none of his neighbours, nor their relations consented to nurse him. No such apprehension clouded the clear generous mind of Radhabullab. He nursed the sick with unwearied exertion. The patient got on well. But on return home he was upbraided by his elder brother. Brojobullub rebuked his younger brother rather strongly. Radhabullub's temper was a little bit sour at that time. He was sorely grieved and angry at the conduct of his neighbours. Radhabullub could not restrain himself on being improperly rebuked by his elder brother at such ruffled mental condition. Being unable to appreciate the point of his elder brother's rebuke, he became argumentative at the rebuke, if not impertinent. Word begets word. This proverb was fully verified. The result of such altercation was uniformly disastrous.

Brojobullub said rather sternly, "It is necessary to earn in order to lord it over, it is unbearable that you will behave in such a way by depending upon me for maintenance of your family and yourself."

Radhabullub said in reply that he would rather live by begging than getting a dirty copper piece from his elder brother?

Being struck by disappointment and anger, Radhabullub started for his father-in-law's house in Benares with his only son and two daughters. Brojobullub too on the spur of the moment resolved that he would cut off all connection with his ungrateful brother or his children. Even if they die of starvation he would not take any notice of them.

The gulf between two brothers became wide and boisterous.

II.

Time heals many a sore; in course of time, men forget their son's bereavement. Did not Brojobullab forget the breach with his brother? None could get any indication of his mental condition from his outward behaviour. He performed his daily routine of duties with full energy. None could find fault with him in any matter. Did not the thought that his relations—for whom he did not take to a second wife—cruelly forget him, haunt him continually?

It is hard to say that such thought really did torment him but it is well-known that he never broached the subject of his strained relation with his brother and his children into his conversation with any of his neighbours.

Many well-wishers amongst his neighbours advised Brojobullub to marry a second time after the departure of his brother. But he did not pay any heed to the gratuitous advice of his friends. But he gave the charge of his family to a widow matron of distant relationship. There was very few members in his family save and except the widow and an infant grandson by son. He gladly took charge of his family with the hope of setting the infant grandson in life.

Two years glided away after separation from his brother. No party showed any sign of coming to terms. On reading a news from Benares, Brojobullub came to learn that Radhabullub had died of cholera there. Many thought that Brojobullub could be cut to the quick by this news. But no such indication was perceivable in his behaviour.

Day lapsed into months, months into years like the waters of a stream. Many a youngman grew into old men, they departed their lives but no change was visible in the strong body of Brojobullub. He did his master's duty with the energy of an Englishman. Only a few hairs of his head turned grey in the course of time.

He did not take any information of the son and daughter of his younger brother. No letters came from that quarter. He came to learn *on dit* that two of Radhabullub's daughters were married and his son Anil Chandra was prosecuting his medical studies in the Medical College, Calcutta.

He hoped that after his brother's death, his brother's widow would ask for help. Far from it, nobody even wrote him a letter. This indifference on their part wrangled in the bosom of the old man. He never thought of writing a letter to his brother's widow and her children and make arrangements for future nor did he think it to be a part of his duty. Being carried away by his impulse, he miscontrued their silence. Former wrath possessed his mind in a new garb. He resolved that there was no remotest chance of being reconciled with his nephew. He tried to efface the former memory of his endearment and caresses of his nephew.

But did his attempt prove successful?

III.

The natural scenery of the village was lit up by the autumnal beauty of the season. The annual advent of Goddess Durga instilled new hope and inspiration in the minds of peaceful inhabitants of the village. The *Nahabut* (music at the gate) attracted the children who were up from their beds to the Puja house, where Puja was held. At that time, old Brojobullub having finished his morning ablutions was smoking in the *chandi mandap* (parlour). The few days of Puja were his vacation. He had no other business except going to zemindar's house to keep the invitation. The rays of the Sun became bright in the leaves of the trees. As soon as he was rising after placing the *hooka* on the *boitak* (stand), he heard footsteps in the courtyard.

The old man raised up his head and saw a fair complexioned youngman advancing towards him. The odour of scented hair-oil was emanating from his head and a middle-aged widow covered with a veil round her countenance followed her. The youngman asked her to go inside.

The widow went inside as if she was familiar to the household.

Brojobullub looked at the youth with amazing eyes. Whose resemblance does his face bear? Yes, some such appearance was printed in the *tabula rasa* of his mind long ago but he is now in the next world. His memory has long been wiped out. Has he appeared again after lapse of 25 years?

The stranger bowed down his head towards the old man with firm footsteps. Then smilingly said "You can't recognise me, uncle? I am, Onil.

"That I have understood. But why have you came after so many days."

On the countenance of the oldman a curious conflict of light and shadow took place.

The light passed away; the shade having overcame light possessed his face fully.

The old man gravely replied, "You have come to visit your mothercountry. That's good. With you your mother, I suppose "Yes" replied the youngman.

By force of habit the old man again took up the *hooka*. The fire was extinguished, tobacco was consumed into ashes, yet the old man made pulls on the *hooka*.

"My uncle, having passed the final medical examination, I am serving in the Sultanpur Hospital. Perhaps you have heard of it".

"No, my dear, how can I know of it. How much salary do you get."

"Only two years I have passed. I am now only getting Rs. 150."

"Very good. Put off your clothing, wash your hands and feet."

"My uncle, I have to broach an important subject to you. I will tell you hereafter."

The countenance of the old man was lit up with curiosity; the light momentarily vanished from his cloudy face.

IV.

"Oh, my uncle.''

"Has your mother finished her meals."

"Oh, yes, she has. Will you please hear a proposal that I am going to make."

Brojobullub having given up a puff of smoke from off his mouth said, 'Go on'.

His voice bespoke supreme indifference

Onil Chandra said, "Although I have got an appointment but I have no place where to lay any head, which you are perhaps perfectly aware of. All this time I have been staying in the maternal uncle's house, but it is necessary to make some arrangement for my own house. It is not advisable to give up paternal *bhitta* (homestead). If you kindly point out our share, then I may gradually set up a home there."

After remaining silent for a few minutes, Brojobullub said, ' Aye, for sooth, for this reason you have come to your native village, your only object is to realize your dues. Is not it ?

Anger and contempt possessed the old man's throat in the same key.

Modestly Onil Chandra said, "I told you before, my uncle, I have no place where to lay my head. "So I—"

"That won't do, Sirrah. I had perpetual quarrel with your father. We never forgive any body. I cannot stand his relations, children, nay, none of his connection. I cannot conceal matters. I will not allow any of his descendants in this *bhitta* to live in.

In a minor key did Onil reply "What is my fault, Oh ! my uncle."

"Your fault is that you are son of your father. I resolved that I will leave nothing to do with any of his descendants. During my life-time none of Radhabullub's family will be allowed to live here. So give up that hope."

Surely Onil Chandra's vanity was wounded. He replied rather curtly "It is no fault of mine that I am son of my father. You are bound to point out my share in my paternal *bhitta* both legally and morally.

The old man thundered "Bound. I am not bound in any matter. If the descendant of ungrateful wretch Radhabullub wants to possess share in the house by force, let him do it. You are quite at liberty to invoke the assistance of the Court."

Onil Chandra sarcastically said "We have not to advance so far, my uncle, your days are numbered. You will have to wind up your business one day, then there is no other heir to you except myself. In your absence I am your sole heir."

Brojobullub stood up. His cloth was loosened. He loudly said with his left hand arranging the cloth. "You mean to live in the house. That's out of the question. That will never come to pass."

"Yes, uncle. That *shall* come to pass. I will put fire into your mouth at the time when you will be placed on the funeral pyre. Nobody has a more preferential right than myself to do the last rites,.'

Seeing that the anger and resentment possessed the old man, the young man began to laugh mildly.

The old man began to thunder out in anger and resentment "You will put fire into my mouth. Oh ! an impostor ! descendant of an ingrate ! I don't want any help from you in any shape. No, that will not be. If I be son of the late Ramhari Roy, then I will not tolerate any help from you."

Placidly did Onil Chandra say "My uncle ! I am also a scion of that family. That blood still runs in my veins. I solemnly affirm that Onil Chandra will perform your last rites. I will perform your *shradha* (offering to the mane). In whatever place I may happen to remain, I will do it. Whatever misunderstanding may disturb your relationship with my father, it does not become you to deprive his son of his just due. Depend upon it, you shall have to spend the remainder of your life with me. If that does not come to pass, there is no Providence.

The angry old man sharply retorted "Devil, you speak of Providence, I won't see your face."

"Very good, uncle. I depart from this place. But remember my vow.

Having saluted his uncle, Onil Chandra went in search of his mother.

In the next door neighbour's house, the concert was playing in the tune of *purabi.*

The old man sat there being motionless like a volcano. What a great conflict was going on in the innermost recess of his heart? Who knows that?

V.

But his neighbours noted that from that day forward a great change was taking place in the ways of the old man. As days went on, lack of energy became visible in all his doings, he felt *enuni* and annoyance in all works, indifference in welcoming visitors; disregard in taking food and walk became manifest. One day, all of a sudden he tendered his resignation to his master. He had been serving his master loyally and diligently for the last 50 years. He could work like a young man even at 70 years of age. But since the above event, he seemed to decline. For a long time he had been free all diseases, he did not know, even, what was to have a head-ache. From this time forward he began to feel unwell always. Within a year erect Brojbullub began to bend down low with age.

In the meantime, Onil Chandra informed him by letter of the death of his mother, he invited him to the *shrad* ceremony but with supreme indifference the old man did not even vouchsafe a reply. He could not overlook the shortcoming of sending a short letter of invitation the with ut being personally invited. He did not belong the school of forgiveness.

Brojobullub earned much. His hoarded wealth did not fall short of his earning. But he never invested his money by giving loans on any interest. He filled his purse and kept it in his iron-safe. He obeyed the injunction of Chanakya, the great *savant* during the time of king Chandra Gupta, who deprecated the deposit of wealth in another's hand which becomes useless at the time of need.

The grandson of the widow Matron, who came to look after his family came of age. He cast a wistful eye towards the iron-safe. The old man had fondness for him. All the neighbours thought that this young man would afterwards become owner of Brojobullab's estate. They said that the old man had made a Will in which he bequeathed all his cash to this young man but he did not speak to a third man about this. Only Brojobullub's confidential legal adviser knew this.

Gradually disease began to overpower him. Brojobullub thought that he would get rid of the disease by his usual course of eating and drinking. For this reason at first he did not take much care of his health. But one day fever came in such a high temperature that Brojobullub lost his senses. He could not regain his consciousness during the whole day. With the regaining of his consciousness and passing off of his fever, he came to understand that the key to the iron-safe was taken away from his waist. The old man called the foster-child by his name after sitting on the bed with great difficulty. But none responded to his call. Then grave suspicion possessed his mind. The old man coming near the iron-safe understood that the hoarded wealth vanished like magic. Brojobullub sat down there with utter disappointment. Nobody came to console him with words of consolation in the vacant house.

From that day forward the disease of the old man began to aggravate.

(VI.)

The cloud of July and August overcast the skies. During daytime the mantle of darkness of the clouds covered the village; the thunder and lightning frightened the denizens of the earth. Brojobullub during that time was lying on the bed being agonized by the virulent attack of his fever. His body became so pale and emaciated by reason of continual suffering from fever that nobody could recognise him.

Being robbed of his little all, Brojobullub anyhow lived in the paternal homestead a life of living death. But who will look after him and minister to his wants twice a day? Those whom he sheltered and gave food and clothing left him in the lurch after taking his life's earning. There was nobody who would give him a little sago with milk or cooked rice. One or two neighbours did him good turn for a day or two. But how long shall the state of things last?

Some of his neighbours proposed to send news to Onil Chandra but the obstinate old man did not consent to this. In difficulty he could approach for help from others but he could not stand as a candidate for help on suppliant knee before any of Radhabullub's relations. Before doing so, he will even go the length of doing away with his life.

At length, finding no other alternative he took shelter in the house of his maternal uncle's son. For a few days, he was not in want of attention from his host. But in this world how long do distant relations look after comforts of an invalid whose life has become a life of prolonged suffering? It is only the near and dear relations that do the work gladly. If there was prospect of gain, it might have been possible, but they heard of the loss of his life's earnings, so the attention was ebbing away. The old man understood all this. This was the scourge of God. There was no help for it. He underwent all this in silence.

Perhaps there was one who might have voluntarily under-taken the task of ministering to his comforts to mitigate his pain but Brojobullab, the son of the late Ramhari Roy, would not and could not, give way to this weakness. He was not born to recall a man whom he himself turned out and to beg favour of him 'with suppliant knee.'

The past events appeared in his mind's eye like a panoroma. He was about to shed tears thinking about his present helpless condition.

It rained cats and dogs. The afternoon light began to wane. The throat of the old man began to parch. There was cold drink in the corner of the room but who is there to save his life by giving him a drop of water. The outer apartment was without men. His maternal uncle's son was absent for two days on account of business. The boys of the family were in the inner apartment. The feeble voice of the old man could not reach their ears.

He was so powerless that he could not drink from the pitcher leaving the bed. He was down with high fever.

The old man cried again and again in plaintive tone but on account of the rains none heard it.

The thirsty Brojobullub was moving to and fro for water on the bed. So much water outside that the whole earth was overflowed with water but for want of a drop of water his life was about to expire. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence?

The old man could not bear it. He sat up on the bed for bringing water. But all his senses rose in revolt. He sat up on spur of the moment but next moment his senseless body fell flat upon the bed.

With the regaining of his consciousness, Brojobullub began to perceive that somebody was pouring nectar into his parched throat. The old man opened his eye to see who was sitting there?

He could not believe his eyes. He again looked at him rubbing his eyes.

No, it was no dream. It was something tangible. When has he come? Having forgotten life-long neglect, pain and insult has he come?

Being speachless the old man looked in surprise.

"Uncle; do you recognise me. I am Onil, your son."

"What an inspiring voice! A fit man has come to fight with death. But is there time?

The old man said in weak voice "Have you come here to see me. My everything has been stolen. What do you want now?

Onil replied in mild yet firm tone "I have come to do my duty. I told you uncle your days are numbered. So I have come to do my duty."

"What a cruel proposal! only duty! stern duty. Nothing more than that."

I do not want your help. If I die here and my physical body undergoes cadaverous rigidity, what's that to you?

Hearing the effusion of a wounded and disappointed heart, a smile appeared in Onil's face. He said "I received Uncle Sarat's letter. I came to learn therefrom that you are in this state in his house. Hearing this I could not remain idle. Oh uncle! I have come here to do my duty and won't return without fulfilling my promise."

Onil Chandra opened his hand-bag containing medicine with agility. He poured medicine from a phial and said "Drink it at once, don't fear, uncle, it is not poison."

Neighbours began to muster strong in the room. A passed doctor has come to the village. Their joy knew bounds. Many expected to be helped by him in many ways. To satisfy this curiosity, many went there.

Being much relieved by taking medicine, the old man said, "What is your motive now?"

"Oh uncle! you have not yet understood my motive. I have come here to fufil my promise. I will take you from hence. You have been attacked by a fever in old age which will not permit you to live long. Will you die in a place destitute of mother Ganges?*

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* Orthodox Hindus of Bengal, consider it as an act of merit to die near the holy river Ganges.

I will not allow it. You shall die at the foot of father Biseswar of Benares. No I put fire into the mouth of my father on the funeral pyre, I will do so likewise in your case."

No outward manifestation was visible in Brojobullub's face of what was being cogitated in the innermost recess of his heart. He said "I will not go. If I do not go."

Onil said firmly, "How can that be, uncle! You shall have to go. I *will* take you there as I have come to accompany you. My resolve will not go for nothing. We will go by morning train. I have engaged a palanquin for you to-day.

He looked at his nephew's face and read that sterness and firmness as writ large in his face. He said, "I have no power to move. How can I alight a carriage or palanquin.

"That's my look-out, uncle. I will arrange for that. By your good wishes I am not weak.

Onil can walk ten miles taking you on my back, if need be.

"If I die this very night."

"I will put fire into your mouth here. I have come here prepared. But that will not come to pass. I am doctor. Having examined your body minutely. I have come to the conclusion that although this is your last illness you will not breathe your last soon.

The old man staring at Onil's face began to cogitate.

Onil said, "To-day I will not disturb you. You better sleep here.

Having asked the gentlemen present in the room to walk out, Onil himself left the room.

VII

Oh my daughter (Oh, my Laksmi (goddess of prosperity).

Onil Chandra's wife taking a five-year old boy in hand entered the room. The boy said 'Mother has come."

The fever-stricken Brojobullub gently sat on the bed and said "Welcome, goddess Laksmi! Much my suffering has abated since your arrival. Now I am hankering after life. If I had come here earlier, I could have enjoyed the companionship of my grandson. But fate ordained otherwise. Everything is the outcome of my evil deeds.

Nirmala (such was the name of Onil's wife) asked the child to go to his grandsire in an indistinct voice within the veil. The boy gently appeared before the old man.

The old man said in an inarticulate voice by scratching his hair by nails of his finger "A picture of 30 years ago appears in my mind. Then Onil was just like this. What a great resemblance does this child bear to his father! Alas! at that time Onil was to me bone of the region of my heart. But by sheer *zid* I tore away the rib next to my heart and lived so long. Why do you stand there, mother? Take your seat there. Past reminiscences have overcrowded my memory's page to-day. Oh my mother! You do not know them. In reality, I unjustly scolded my brother Radha. He had no fault of his. I did not then realize what a large-hearted man he was. I unjustly drive him out, everything is ordained by fate. Everything is the effect of our actions in past life. Then even when I came to understand my mistake, I persisted in it and dealt badly with them.

The throat of the old man was moved by emotion.

Within a veil the lotus-like face of Nirmala dropped a tear.

After a year the jubilation on account of the Durga Poojah vibrated in Benares. In the near house the Puja was held to their great joy.

The old man said "But how cruel is Onil! Even to-day seeing me thus, he went away on business, to him duty is the foremost. What duty has he learnt!

The clock struck two.

That very moment Onil Chandra entered the room with sweat in his brow. Placing his hat upon the table he said in joy, "How are getting on, my uncle!"

"Well, boy, you are not to be found. You only learnt duty. That is what I was telling to your wife. In reality you are cruel indeed."

"What else can I do, sir. Since the dawn of my senses, I see that people are doing their duties. Since my childhood when I was in my maternal uncle's house, there I saw only people doing their duty. I had no occasion to see the play of affection, love and yearning—so I have no training in that respect What I have never be unlearnt from my childhood, can never be emlearnt in after-years. I am in the pay of the Government and it is my duty to look after the work entrusted to me. Duty must be performed even if heavens shall fall. I only went to do my duty.

Brojobullub said, "Had I died, what then!"

"No help, my uncle, still duty has to be performed. But this is certain, death has acknowledged defeat at the hands of the Doctor. The sight of God Bisseswar's worship in the evening in the light is in store for you."

The old man said, "what do you mean ? Shall I live this time. I am so weak that——"

"Forgot those things. Know this, this time death and revival has come to peace terms. By the help of God, by the effect of good works of my ancestor I have won the day."

Drawing Onil Chandra next to his heart, Brojobullub spoke being choked with tears, "I had no occasion to ask forgiveness from your father. But to you, I owe apology—"

Interrupting Onil said, "Stop, uncle ! in this Puja day I will not lear those things. Only give me dust of your feet and bless me, that truth may always triumph !

Both were full of tears. An unseen power constructed a bridge across the insurmountable ocean of separation after long a time.

B. N. BANNERJEE.

Translated from a story written by Babu Saroj Nath Ghosh which appeared in Basumati of 30th September, 1916

W. C. BONNERJEA.

In the pre-High Court days in Calcutta, there were Indian attorneys-at-law trained in India, but no Indian barristers-at-law. The commencement, on the 1st July 1862, of the High Court, on the abolition of the Supreme Court and the Sadar Courts, was an opening to Indians as Judges of that Court. It also introduced Indian barristers-at-law. The first four Indian Advocates of this Court were Bengalis. The earliest was the late Gyanendra Mohan Tagore. He was called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn on the 11th June 1862 and enrolled at Calcutta on the 28th November, 1865. He was the only son of Prasanna Coomar Tagore, the endower of the Tagore Law Lectureship of the Calcutta University. Gyanendra Mohun Tagore, who chiefly resided in England and would accept no junior brief, made no mark. His name, however, was prominent for a time in that Court, when, as a suitor, he contested the Will of his father who had disinherited him on account of his conversion to Christianity. The third Bengali barrister was the late Mchael Madhusudan Dutt. He was of Gray's Inn, called to the bar in the 17th November 1866 and enrolled on the 7th May, 1867o He, like the first, saw little practice and had adopted the Christian faith. He lived and died poor. Death made him great. His memory is cherished in Bengal as that of an enricher of the Bengali language. Both Tagore and Dutt were senior scholars before they left for England. Dutt had, besides, studied Latin and Greek in the Bishop's College.

The second Bengali barrister was the late Manamohan Ghose. His Inn was Lincoln's. He was called to the bar on the 6th June 1866 and enrolled on the 18th January, 1867. He had difficulties to contend with before enrolment and practice. The Judges raised the objection that, though called to the bar by the benchers, he had not completed the terms in his Inn. The Advocates too refused to admit him to the Bar Library, because of his Indian costume. The Judges waived their objection and Ghose exchanged the *chapkan* for the coat. The European dress, however, is the growing fashion and practice in Courts and offices. At first, the barristers were restricted to the Court of enrolment. Act I of 1846 opened to them the Sadar Courts. A wider field was given by Act XX of 1865, operating from the 1st January, 1866. The Act, called "The Pleaders, Mooktears and Revenue Agents' Act, 1865," repealing the Act I of 1846, provided:

"XLV.—Every person now or hereafter enrolled as an Advocate or Vakeel on the Roll of any High Court under the Letters Patent constituting such Court shall, notwithstanding anything hereinbefore contained, be entitled as such to practise in any Court in British India other than a High Court on whose Roll he is not enrolled, or in any such Court with the permission of the Court, and in any revenue office; subject nevertheless to the rules in force relating to the language in which the Court or office is to be addressed by Pleaders or Revenue Agents. Provided that no such Vakeel shall be entitled to practise under this section before a Judge of the High Court, Division Court, or High Court exercising original jurisdiction."

Ghose distinguished himself as a criminal lawyer. His practice principally lay in the country, where he grew to be a terror to the magistracy.

The fourth Indian barrister was Woomesh Chunder Bonnerjea, known, after his signature, as W. C. Bonnerjea. His Inn was neither Lincoln's Inn nor Gray's Inn, but the Middle Temple. He was called to the bar on the 11th June 1867 and enrolled on the 12th November, 1868. He, at first, confined himself to the Original Side of the High Court, rarely wandering to the mofussil. He rose very high in his profession. He opened the way to Indians as Crown lawyers. He was the first Indian Standing Counsel. When Bonnerjea died in England, the Advocate General of Bengal was an Indian, a Bengali. Bonnerjea raised the status of the bar—in the matter of fees which have grown much beyond the recognized rates. The bar, again, is more Indian than European. The Indian barristers vastly outnumber the English barristers. There was a time in the High Court when the bar was stronger than the bench. The present large number of Advocates is not taken as a strength, but is considered a weakness, in the bar. The attorneys also are more Indians than Europeans. Mr. Jackson, the leading Counsel for the defence, in the *Bangabasi* sedition case, in 1891, made it a grievance that in the High Court Special Jury List, Indians were very few in number. The reason was attributed to the unforwardness of the Indians. If there are in Calcutta many European special jurors, there are few European Honorary Presidency Magistrates. Europeans have little leisure for voluntary honorary duties. In the Calcutta Corporation, to draw them, a system of fee has been legalized. Whatever the advance made by this country, it is undeniable that it is due to Europeans, and their co-operation will be needed for further advance.

With his extraordinary income at the bar, Bonnerjea was not solicitous of the dignity of the Bench.

Not abandoning the faith of his fathers, he had thoroughly anglicized himself in every way. He made England his home, his children were educated in England, he married them there and he himself died in England. Notwithstanding his English proclivities, he was proud of his ancestry with a fondness for the land of his birth, fame and fortune. Along with his own Bengal, India had a place in his heart, for the two ran together until, which he did not live to witness, the transfer of the seat of empire from Calcutta.

He had attempted to enter Parliament. But he was unsuccessful like two other Bengalis, both of them barristers, Lalmohan Ghose and Manmath Chunder Mallik. Ghose is dead, but Mallik lives. The only Indians who had obtained seats in the House of Commons were two Parsis both of them living,—Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and Sir Mancherjee M. Bhownaggree, K.C.I.E. Dadabhai Naoroji was the President for the third time of the Indian National Congress in the year when Bonnerjea died.

In Calcutta, Bonnerjea, of course lived separate from his widowed mother and other relations who resided in the family dwelling house. He, however, always took care of them, providing them with their wants and necessaries. He built a house at Kidderpore where his grandfather had lived and he himself was born, and named his English house at Croydon, Kidderpore.

Before he left for England to study law, Bonnerjea was articled to a European attorney in Calcutta. His father Greesh Chunder was a highly respected and trusted attorney. His grandfather Pitambar was banian (managing clerk) to a European firm of Attorneys. Through his mother, whom he reverenced, Bonnerjea traced his descent from the Bengal legal luminary Jagannatha Tarkapanchanana.

Bombay made him, or enabled him to be, a barrister. The Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jeejeebhai law scholarship attracted him to study law in England. Bombay also honoured him as the first President of the Indian National Congress, of which he was a staunch advocate in India as well as in England.

At the 8th Session of the Congress at Allahabad, in 1892, Bonnerjea was made President a second time. Then he stated the objects of the Congress to be the promotion of personal intimacy and friendship amongst all the earnest workers in our country's cause in the different parts of the empire; the creation of direct friendly personal intercourse of all possible race, creed or provincial prejudices amongst all lovers of our country and the fuller development and consolidation of those sentiments of national unity that had their origin in their beloved Lord Ripon's ever memorable reign. He was further of opinion—Indeed the principle on which the Indian National Congress is based is that British rule should be permanent and abiding.

Though no graduate, he was a Fellow of the Calcutta University. He, besides, represented it in the Bengal Legislative Council.

He retired from the Calcutta bar, in 1902, to practise in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He had attained the age of 61 years, 6 months and 24 days.

When Bonnerjea died, on the 21st July 1906, the Chief Justice of the Bengal High Court was a Bengali, Sir Chunder Madhab Ghose, the second Indian officiating in that post. The Advocate General too was a Bengali, Sir Satyendra Prasanna Sinha, officiating as such. At the reference in that Court, on the 23rd July, to Bonnerjea's death, all the speakers were Indians—the said Judge; the said Advocate General; Babu Ram Churn Mitter, C.I.E., the senior Government Pleader; and Babu Kally Nath Mitter, C.I.E., the senior Attorney present. All these are honoured subjects of His Majesty. Bonnerjea had, however, no title granted him. It is an honour, indeed, if not a greater distinction than any conferred, for the untitled to be honoured by the titled.

In his time, no Indian had any seat in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It was not till November 1909, three years after his death, that Syud Amir Ali was sworn as a Privy Councillor. He was the first Musalman Judge as also the first Indian Barrister-Judge of the Bengal High Court, as he is the first Indian in the

Judicial Committee. There had been two other Musalman Barrister-Judges of the said Court, both of them Syuds, Sharfuddin and Hassan Imam. The first is the first Indian Barrister-Judge in the new Patna High Court and the other resigned his seat on the Calcutta High Court to practise as an Advocate in the new High Court.

The late Sir John Budd Phear, a Judge of the Calcutta High Court, had added a Bengali name to one of his daughters's. Bonnerjea had English names for all his four sons and four daughters. The eldest son, born in England, took an English wife. The eldest daughter too was married to an Englishman. One of Bonnerjea's uncles, the third of the eight sons of Pitambar, adopted the Christian faith. Bonnerjea's wife also became a Christian during his life time. So did a daughter after his death. His one son predeceased him. All the surviving three sons are barristers-at-law, two of them at Calcutta and one at Rangoon. His three sons-in-law are also barristers, two of them being advocates of the Calcutta High Cour.

Miscegenation is said to be an improver of a race and introducer of sympathy and good feeling between races. One of the reasons why Hurrish Chunder Mookerjee, before he was connected with or had charge of the *Hindoo Patriot*, severed his connection with the *Hindu Intelligencer*, was on account of a difference of opinion on such a subject between himself and Kashiprasad Ghose, the editor and proprietor of the *Intelligencer.* A note in a collection of materials by the late Dr. Sambhu Chunder Mookerjee, for a life of Hurrlsh Chunder Mookerjee, reads:

"He (Hurrish) afterwards made the acquaintance of Kashiprasad and contributed leading articles to his paper. There arose a difference of opinion between Hurrish and Kashiprasad. This I was told by Kashiprasad himself. It was, I believe, Hurrish's opinion that there should be inter-marriage between Europeans and natives to which Kashiprasad was opposed. There were differences on other questions too."

There have been instances of Indians marrying Europeans, as of Europeans marrying Indians. A door has been opened for mixed marriages by the Indian legislature in Act III of 1872. It provides a form of marriage for persons who do not profess the Christian, Jewish, Hindu, Muhammadan, Parsi, Buddhist, Sikh or Jain religion. An attempt, in 1911, to delete the eight specified religions from the Act, did not, however, succeed. Those taking the benefit of this Act, keep themselves out of those recognised religions in British India. They may belong to any other or no religion. This Act allows no infant marriage and prevents bigamy by providing for voidance of marriage and divorce.

Bonnerjea's idea was that marriage should be a civil contract and nothing more. He had no charity for those of his countrymen who married their daughters young. He had, however, a regard for *sradh.* He spent a large sum at such a celebration on the death of his mother and encouraged that Hindu religions rite in others.

He earned much; he spent much on himself and others. In death as in life, by his will he provided for every body with whom he had connection in any way.

These lines are not intended as a memoir, however meagre. An account of the departed appeared in this *Magazine* (December, 1909), entitled—Life Sketch of a great Bengali jurist and advocate by Asiaticus. An account of Bonnerjea's father, also by K. L. B. appeared in this *Magazine* (May and June 1903). We mean to introduce some letters which Bonnerjea wrote from Europe to his uncle and his cousin. They show what he was. They are sure to be a help to a regular biographer of a life which is instructive. The foot-prints Bonnerjea has left behind may well serve as a guide or a warning.

I.

The following letter speaks out his views on the Durga Puja and the then Swadeshi movement.

Kidderpore,
Bedford Park,
Croydon,
November 3, 1905.

My dear Krishna Lall,

Thank you much for your letter of October 12th. I look upon the Durga Puja as the autumn harvest thanksgiving festival. It's an important festival and according to the Ramayana was introduced by Ram as distinguished from the Basanti Puja festival in the spring. The true significance of these Pujas lies in the continuum of Phallic worship which appears to me to be as old as any worship that ever existed in this world. We, in Bengal, have invested the autumnal festival with a halo of romance which gives the Bijoya greeting its most enduring charm. I reciprocate your greetings and hope that you and all the members of your family will have a prosperous and pleasant year until next Bijoya day and many many more of such days.

I keenly sympathise with the Swadeshi movment. It shows that the spirit of nationality still animates us and, I am sure, if properly persisted in, it will end in doing great good to us, not only in exciting proper attention to Indian affairs in this country but in knitting us together and reviving our own industries and industrial life.

I am sorry I was not able to reply to your last letter. I was away at Wesbaden at the time I received it and somehow it escaped attention.

Give my obeisance to your mother, and with kindest regards to you all,

I remain,
Yours affectionately
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq., B.L.

II.

In reply to a postcard sent to Mr. Bonnerjea in appreciation of his views expressed at the Westbourne Park Sunday afternoon conference regarding the admission of Indians into Executive Councils of India, Mr. Bonnerjea wrote as follows:—

Kidderpore,
Bedford Park,
Croydon.
March 27th, 1903.

My dear sir,

I am greatly indebted to you for your postcard of the 5th and beg to thank you and the committee and members of the National Reading Society for your own and their kind appreciation of the views I expressed at the Westbourne Park Sunday afternoon conference. There is a vast field of work in this country for the benefit of India, but it is not easy to carry on our propaganda without money and money we have none. You will see from the journal *India* what we are doing and any help your society can give to the British Committee of the Indian National Congress will be thankfully received by them and honestly used in the cause of our country.

I remain,
Dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq , B.L.,
Vice-President, National Reading Society.

III.

When studying in the Middle Temple for the Bar, Mr. Bonnerjea wrote a letter to his uncle. It was published in a local Magazine without his permission. When he was informed of it, he replied as follows :—

"When I wrote the letter to your father to which you refer and which has been published, I was young and enthusiastic and had not the worldly wisdom which I hope I now possess. I was in Paris at the time, putting up at one of the big hotels there. I have a clear recollection of the circumstances under which I wrote. I have not seen it in the Magazine yet but if I remember aright, * * * There is nothing in the letter of which I need be ashamed and I do not object to your having published it."

The letter itself ran as follows :—

Hotel De Louvre,
Paris,
August 18th, 1865.

Dear uncle Sambhu Chandra,

I do not know if I ought to apologize for not having written to you so long. I have been in considerable doubts as to whether or not my letters would be acceptable to you and therefore did not write. If my apprehensions were unfounded, you will, I hope, be pleased to excuse me.

I believe you have heard that I am getting on in Europe as well as my best of friends could wish. Though my arrival in London and my position there after my arrival were beset with innumerable difficulties (the former proceeding from the extremely unreasonable and foolish obstinacy with which every one in any way connected with me opposed my departure from India and the latter from my being a total stranger), I soon surmounted them and I can now congratulate myself that my life in England has been one of peculiar success and felicity. I have discarded all ideas of caste, I have come to hate all the demoralising practices of our countrymen and I write this letter an entirely altered man—altered in appearance, altered in costume, altered in language, altered, in habits, altered in ways of thought, in short, altered and altered for the better too, in every thing, I should say in *all* things, which have contributed towards making our nation the hateful of all others in the world. It will take up more time and space than I have now at my command, to detail how and in what respect these alterations have taken place. Suffice it to say, however altered a person may have been from his earliest infancy, however ruinous the influences around him, however grossly his reason may have been made to pervert, the genial soil and civilized atmosphere of Europe and particularly that of England are enough to make him a *man* in the truest signification of the term, the moment he comes there. I am proud to say that I had not all these enemies to contend with before I left for England. I, however, had my quota of the evil effects of an early *Bengalee* life and now that I have got rid of them, I can value them at their true worth and especially so when I contrast them with all that I see in *Europe.* I think it will be a very interesting subject if any body were to find out the reasons of our nation being so degraded at the present time while even the barbarian Tartar is improving in civilization so rapidly. That we are in a degraded state, I do not think any body in his senses would attempt to deny. Well, if so, why so ? Some of these reasons are so obvious that they at once occur to any body considering the subject. You doubtless know them. I shall consider them when I next write.

I left London yesterday morning for a two months' trip on the continent during our long vacation. I purpose to visit Switzerland, Germany, France, of course, (as you can see from the place whence I write this from) and I am not sure I may pierce into Italy. Paris is such a lovely place ! I do not think they exaggerate at all who say that it is the finest city in the world. I have not, as you know, seen the whole world, but my opinion of Paris, I build upon the given fact that London and Calcutta are *emphatically* (?) *the* two best cities. Compared to Paris, London is a regular black-hole and Calcutta with its *Nayan Chand Dutt's Street* and *Panchee Dobaney Gully*, though styled the city of Palaces cannot even stand a comparison. I think it is extremely unjust to compare *Paris* with *Calcutta*. The difference between them is as great as between Government House, Calcutta, and the *Belvedere Palace* and 28, Nayan Chand Dutt's Street and 29, Nayan Chand Dutt's Street respectively. I arrived in Paris last night and went out for a walk along the *Champs Elysee* (Fields of Elysium). Oh! how beautiful it looked. I cannot describe to you all that I saw. It is beyond all description.

But I am afraid I am wearying you. I must therefore conclude. Write to me please as often as you can giving me your candid opinion on *Bengali* Society generally. My address in England I give below.

Hoping yourself, aunt Sambhu Chandra and the little ones not excepting *Pundit*, are all in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

I remain,
Your affectionate nephew,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Babu
Sambhu Chandra Bonnerjee,
Calcutta.

P. S. Here is my address in London.
W. C. Bonnerjea.
108, Denbigh Street,
St. George's Road,
London.
S. W.

Superscription.

Viâ Marseilles at
Bombay.

Monsieur Sambhu Chandra Bonnerjee,
29, Nayan Chand Dutt's Street,
Simla,
Calcutta.

Les Indes Orientales,
Bengal.

IV.

Bonnerjea in his latter days was very anxious to get a pedigree of his family.

3, Pump Court,
Temple E. C.,
London.

March 4th, 1904.

My dear Krishna Lall,

* * * *

Let me suggest to you to compile a pedigree of your family from the line our ancestors left the District of Dacca. Mejokaka* told me they came from the Dacca District to Napara and from Napara went to Baganda. A pedigree tracing the family from Calcutta to Baganda (this is very easy) from Baganda to Napara and from Napara to Vikrampur in the Dacca District would be of interest to all of us. I have not the leisure to make the necessary enquiries. If you have, I should strongly urge the task on you.

* * * * *

Remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq., B.L.

V.

W. C. Bonnerjea was pre-eminently a self-made man as will appear from the following letter:

3, Pump Court,
Temple, E. C.,
London.

Jan. 29th, 1904.

My dear Krishna Lall,

Thank you much for your kindness in sending wife and me your new year good wishes. We both appreciate them very much. It was very thoughtful of you to send them.

As I said in my letter of last week I would, I am enclosing the proof of your sketch of my father's life. I have corrected the mistakes and that is all I have done. My father did not leave much property when he died. Besides his family dwelling house, which I had to pay Rs. 10,000 to get released from a claim upon it, and a small house in Dhurrumtolla Lane, which fetched Rs. 20 a month, he had the equity of redemption of certain houses in Calcutta which yielded him about Rs. 190 a month gross. That is all he left and he died without making any will. A fortnight after his death and when I was still away from home, my mother obtained letters of administration from the High Court to his estate and Rajah Babu and Bhairab Babu* stood surety for her.

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* The late Sambhu Chandra Bonnerjea the uncle of W. C. Bonnerjea.

There is no time to write any more.

Hoping you are quite well.

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq., B.L.

VI.

About his father, Bonnerjea wrote as follows :—

In the year 1850, Grees Chunder was articled to Mr. George Rogers and in the ordinary course he would have appeared for the Attorney Examination in 1855. But his father having died in 1853, the burden of a large family fell on his shoulders, and as his salary from his employers was not very large, he had to work both mornings and evenings to earn money and he used to attend office rather late. Mr. Archibald Grant, the head of the firm, objected to his coming late and said he would increase his salary to Rs. 150 a month but he must come early. Grees Chunder was only able to attend office early for a short time and again fell into the old habit of going there late. This displeased Mr. Grant who informed him that unless he came to office in good time his services would be dispensed with. At this time a heavy suit of the Sobhabazar Raj family was pending in the Supreme Court in which Messrs. Grant and Rogers were attorneys for some of the defendants and Messrs. Allan and Judge for other defendants. The case of Messrs. Grant and Rogers' clients was in the hands of Grees Chunder who had drawn an answer for them and this answer as drawn was sent to one of their clients who was Moharajah. Bahadoor Kamal Krishna, a great friend of Grees Chunder and his family. Mr. Allan happening to call on the Maharajah Bahadoor saw the answer and was so struck with the ability with which it had been drawn that he asked what counsel had drawn it. He was told that no counsel but Grees Chunder, an articled clerk at Grant and Roger's, had drawn it. Mr. Allan at that time was contemplating practising in the Sudder Dewany Adalat and was desirous of having a competent man in his firm to whom he could entrust the bulk of his business. He asked the Maharajah if he could not get Grees Chunder to join him (Mr. Allan). The Maharajah said that differences had arisen between Grees Chunder and Mr. Grant and that the former had received notice of discharge from Mr. Grant. On this information, Mr. Allan saw Grees Chunder and at once engaged him at a salary of Rs. 250 a month. But Mr. Grant did not like to part with Grees Chunder and raised so many objections to his joining Mr. Allan that for two months he sat at home doing no work but drawing Rs 250 a month from Mr. Allan at Mr. Allan's special request. The dispute between Mr. Grant and Mr. Allan over the devoted head of Grees Chunder was referred to the attorneys' association who decided in favour of Mr. Allan and Grees Chunder was then able to attend Mr. Allan's office. Mr. Grant however would not allow Mr. Rogers to transfer Grees Chunder's articles and so these articles were cancelled and Grees Chunder in 1854 entered into fresh articles with Mr. Allan. Mr. Allan had made it a condition that Grees Chunder should attend office early and for a time he did so. But as Rs. 250 a month were found to be insufficient to enable Grees Chunder to meet the expenses of his family, he had to resume the morning and evening work and he could not go to Mr. Allan's office in time. At last Mr. Allan having ascertained from Grees Chunder that Rs. 400 a month would enable him to give up his work in the morning and attend office early. Mr. Allan raised his salary to that sum and he drew it until the retirement of Mr. Longmuir, who had made him a partner in the firm in 1856, from the firm. Grees Chunder became a partner shortly after having passed the attorney's examination which he did in January 1859, and the firm was called *Allan, Judge and Bonnerjee.*

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* The late Rajendra Misry, B.L., Vakil, High Court, and Law Reporter Bengal Law Report Series and the late Bhoyrub Chandra Bonnerjee, B.L., Vakil, High Court, for some time Secretary, Vakeel's Association and formerly Government Pleader, Rajshahye.

When the High Court was established in 1862, a rumour was set afloat that attorneys would not be allowed to plead on the Appellate side of the Court. This frightened Mr. Allan who then withdrew his name from the roll of attorneys and confined himself to practising as a Vakil. His interest in the firm was taken over by his partner Mr. W. J. Judge and Grees Chunder, and the firm was afterwards conducted under the style of Judge and Bonnerjee.

VII.

In the following letter Bonnerjea shows his concern for his grandfather, Pitambur Bonnerjee.

Kidderpore,
Bedford Park,
Croydon.
July 1st, 1904.

My dear Krishna Lall,

* * * * *

I thank you for your offer to send me the copy of the National Magazine containing my father's life by you. Could you not write a life of our grandfather? He was indeed a great man for he educated himself and rose to a great eminence amongst our countrymen. What you say about him in my father's life does him scant justice.

Hoping this will find you well and getting on well in your profession,

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq., B,L.

VIII.

Two years before his death, Bonnerjea wrote:

Kidderpore,
Bedford Park,
Croydon.
August 5th, 1904.

My dear Krishna Lall,

* * * We are all doing well here except myself. My health has become impaired and my eyesight defective. The result is that I have had to retire from my parliamentary candidature. I am doing my professional work as usual but nothing else.

* * * Tell your good mother not to be anxious about me. I am going for a change of 8 weeks to North Wales and hope to pick up my strength there.

Hoping you are well,

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq. B.L.

IX.

During his sojourn in North Wales, he expressed his solicitude for the biography of his grandfather.

Llanduduo,
August 24th, 1904.

My dear Krishna Lall,

Your kind letter of July 28th was delivered at Croydon by the Indian Mail of August 4th and has been forwarded to me here where I have come for a rest and change in the expectation that my health may improve thereby. * * * If I am not there your letter will be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

I am very glad to learn that you are ready to undertake to write the life of our grand-father. He was in every respect a wonderful man and rose from small beginnings to a position of influence, usefulness and dignity, and though he died a poor man he earned large sums of money which he gave away in charity which, if truth must be told, was sometimes indiscriminate. I was just completing the ninth year of my age when he died on the 10th day of the light side of the moon in the month of Augrahan in the Bengali year 1260. My earliest recollections of him go back to the time of the death of my eldest brother when I was about 2 or 3 years old, and after his death I learned a great deal about his early life and struggles from a friend of his who lived in his house for many years having lost all his property which was considerable. His name was Prem Chand Pal. I will on my return to Croydon write out what I remember of him personally and what I have heard of him and send it to you. I cannot do so from here as I wish to be as quiet just now as possible.

Hoping this will find you well,

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq.

X.

From Llanduduo, Bonnerjea wrote again about his grand father:

Llanduduo,
September 8th, 1904.

My dear Krishna Lall,

Thank you much for your letter of August 15th, which was delivered at Croydon by the last Indian Mail and has been forwarded to me here. It is truly cousinly of you to express the anxiety you have regarding my health, which I am glad to say is no worse than when I last wrote, and I am in hopes that the rest I am taking and the change of climate and scenery I am having will improve it. * * * * * As I said in my last I shall on my return to town jot down what I remember of our grandfather and you will be able to embody it in your article on his life. I may say here that he was inducted into the law by Babu Narayan Missry, the grandfather by adoption of our late uncle Babu Rajendra Missry. Narayan Missry was the Banian, as managing clerks were called in those days, of Mr. Collier, a solicitor of the Supreme Court, and on his retirement from the position introduced our grandfather to Mr. Collier, as his successor and the latter remained in the service of Mr. Collier and the firms that succeeded him, namely, Collier; Collier and Bird; Collier, Bird and Grant; Bird and Grant; Grant and Remfry, Grant Remfry and Rogers, Grant and Rogers, and again Grant, Remfry and Rogers. Our grandfatner died while in the service of Grant, Remfry and Rogers. His death took place as I have already told you on the tenth day of the light side of the moon in the month of Aghrayan in the year 1260 B. S.

Hoping you are all quite well,

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq., B.L.

XI.

On March 17th, 1905, Bonnerjea reverts to his family pedigree:

Kidderpore,
Bedford Park,
Croydon,
March 17th, 1905.

My dear Krishna Lall,

Your letter of February 23rd was delivered here by the last Indian Mail. I am glad to know from it that you were all quite well at the time of writing.

* * * * *

I shall send you under another cover a proof of the pedigree of our family. Kindly look through it carefully and if you can give the years when Bhattanarayan emigrated to Gaur; his descendant from whom we have sprung emigrated to Naupara; Gunanand Chot Thakur emigrated to Baganda, and our grandfather came to Calcutta. In what district in Bengal is Naupara situate? I am under the impression that it is in Nuddea. If I cm wrong please insert the name of the right district in the proof. Are we called Sarbanandi because we are descended from Sarbananda the descendant oj Bhuttanarayan who migrated to Naupara? If not, why are we so called? Make the Bengali pedigree complete as regards the points I have touched upon in this letter. I should thing 20 copies would be sufficient but you can exercise your own discretion as to the number of the Bengali pedigree to be printed. * * *

I shall try and give you my reminiscences of our grandfather as soon as possible.

Hoping this will find you well.

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjea, Esq., B.L.

XII.

On May 26th 1905, a year before his death, Bonnerjea writes about the date of the coming of five Brahmins to the Court of Adisur.

Kidderpur,
Bedford Park,
Croydon,
May 26th, 1905.

My dear Krishna Lall

Your ietter of April 20th came to hand in due course of post. I am sorry I was not able to acknowledge it earlier. The last Indian Mail brought me your letter of May 4th, as also the 20 copies of the pedigree of our family in Bengali which you have sent me. There was no need for you to send me 20 copies Half a dozen would have been quite enough. However the number does not signify.

I think Marshman is wrong as to the year in which Bhuttanarayan and his fellows came from the King of Kanauj to Adisur, the King of Bengal. A friend of mine says it was somewhere 900 A. D. I am going to get the English pedigree complete soon and will send out some copies to you for distribution amongst our people in Calcutta and Baganda.

Hoping you and your mother and brothers and our respective families are quite well,

I remain,
Yours affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bonnerjee, Esq., B.L.

XIII.

On December 1st, 1905, Bonnerjea gives a few reminiscences of his grandfather :

Kidderpore,
Bedford Park,
Croydon,
December 1st, 1905.

My dear Krishna Lall,

I ought to have acknowledged your letter of October 24th earlier but pressure on my time prevented my doing so. I have read with much interest our sketch of our grandfather's life but must confess that there are two grave faults in it. *First*, it is far too eulogistic and *2nd*, there are many repetitions in it. If you allow me until after the next Christmas vacation to recast the sketch I shall be glad to do so. In the meantime let me point out to you that our grandfather died not in 1855 but in 1853 on the 10th day of the light side of the moon in Aughran 1260 B. S. (10th December 1853). I have got the English date from a date book in my possession. Narayan Missri was not, I think, a Justice of the Peace for if I remember aright no countryman of ours was made a Justice of the Peace while Narayan Missir lived. When our grandfather joined Mr. Collier as his Banyan in succession to Narayan Misser, the firm belonged to Mr. Collier alone. Subsequently he admitted Mr. Bird as his partner and afterwards Mr. Archibald Grant. This latter, I mean Mr. Grant, was appointed solicitor to the East India Company. When Mr. Grant gave up the solicitorship, Mr. F. C. Sandes became his successor. Mr. Collier's successive firms were these, *viz.*, Collier ; Collier and Bird ; Collier, Bird and Grant ; Bird and Grant ; Grant and Remfry ; Grant, Remfry and Rogers ; Grant and Rogers ; Remfry and Rogers ; Rogers and Remfry ; Remfry, Remfry and Rogers ; Remfry and Rose ; Remfry and Son and now Remfry. During the X'Mas vacation I shall write my reminiscences of my grandfather. These are not many as I was not quite nine years old when he died.

Trusting this will find you well and obeisance to your mother.

I remain,
Your affectionately,
W. C. Bonnerjea.

Krishna Lall Bannerjee, Esq., B.L.

P.S.—I was told that our grandfather was 72 years old at the time of his death. It is certain he died in 1853 so that he must have been born in 1781 and not in 1785 as you have written.

W. C. B.

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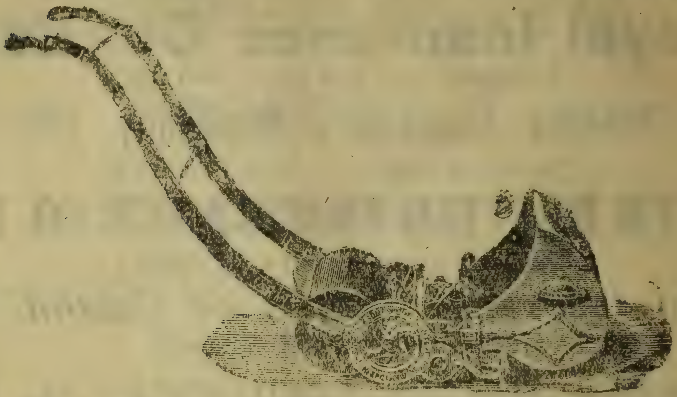

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Pages.
I.—At Sea (III)—
By Nauticus ... ... 485—490
II.—Fair Rose of Cashmere (XVII)—
By Kali Kumar Ghose, B.L. ... ... 491—500
III.—Some of my Experiences in Spiritual Manifestations—
By J. M. Peebles, M. D. ... ... 501—506
IV.—Baghdad and the Arabian Nights—
By T. N. Mukharji, F. L. S. ... ... 507—510
V.—Ram Mohan Roy and his Ideal—
By Theophilus ... ... 511—512
VI.—The Principle of Utility, or a Test of Right and Wrong—
By Philander ... ... 513—522
VII.—Legends about the Gurpa Hill—
By Satkari Mitra, B. A. ... ... 523—525
VIII.—The Late Juggodish Nath Roy, the First Indian Supdt. of Salt Chowkies and Dist. Supdt. of Police in Bengal (III)—
By Esenarr ... ... 526—532

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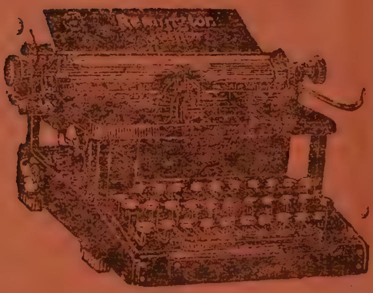

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No. 11—November 1916.

AT SEA—(III)

Newcastle, the biggest coaling port in the southern hemisphere has been the greatest sailing ship port for many years. With the advent of steam and the speeding up of most services the sailing ship soon became relegated to trades where time did not matter, and the constant supply of Australian coal to the West Coast of S. America with the prevailing westerly winds and comparatively rapid passages soon offered the best possible use for the windjammer.

Hunter River is always a mass of lofty masts and rakish hulls, and the large population of sailors makes the township always interesting and at times exciting.

We had shipped a negro from Port Townsend, and these gentry are not (or were not) allowed to land under a penalty of £100 payable by whoever is responsible for their importation. Being night watchman the captain advised me of this and also gave me a revolver saying that if the blackie got away he would take the hundred out of me, if he had to kick it out of me. That was his only chance any way. Having but little experience in controlling men I went about the business baldheaded, and going into the foc'sle and waking up Maurice (his nickname since he came, so he said, from Mauritius) and displaying the gun said—

"You run away me blow hell out of you, savvee ?" Half awake he mumbled something that reflected severely upon my ancestry, and then such a row arose that the other men woke up and very soon ejected me *and* the revolver from the place. A few nights later I was cooking some potatoes in the galley, to go with some tinned salmon another apprentice had pinched from the lazaret when taking stock, and all the crew came yarning around at both doors in a very friendly way saying I was a regular hard case and they would n't like to upset me as I'd likely let holes through them as soon as asleep and I'd be a proper stiff when a captain etc. I was rather enjoying this fearful reputation when some one said. "Its alright" and they all piled off to bed.

An hour or two later going into the men's quarters I found the bird had flown, and had done it while I was being flattered too. With no real plan I fired three shots at the wharf and slung a lifebelt overboard and cast the gig adrift, and a devil of a complication this caused later when the police came making enquiries. The *theories* of that nigger's escape beat Sherlock Holmes, though in reality he calmly walked ashore over the gangway with all his gear. The Captain's wrathful summary of all that I was and was n't, his discourse on the depravity of negroes, his astonishing indictment of Providence, and his final survey of ship, owners, mates, apprentices, crew, Australia and its laws was a masterly performance unfortunately unprintable.

Maurice was collared when trying to ship on a steamer bound for S. Africa and was imprisoned in the sail locker until we sailed.

The bos'un died in hospital and in his place we shipped the toughest specimen of humanity ever I set eyes upon. Owing to his nose he was at once called "Cherry." During the Boer War he made his living by finding Boer corpses, smashing in their heads until they were unrecognisable and, knowing well that *every* Boer was fighting, taking the corpse to the nearest farm house and getting a few shillings from the weeping women folk who thought it was one of their own kin. If finally got too hot for him as several of the corpses he had so kindly brought in turned up alive later on. That was *his* story. He divided the human species into four classes only—

Such-as-we-blokes (Americans and British).
Squareheads (Scandinavians, German etc.)
Dagoes (Frenchmen, Italians and Spaniards).
Niggers (Anything darker than a dago).

He was always talking of a great friend called Mac., their first meeting being quite dramatic.

Cherry was walking down a "tenderloin" Street in Seattle when a *third* story window was hurtled open, a body ejected, and the windows instantly closed with a crash Cherry watched the body hit the front garden and said "Hell ! What do you come out of a house that way for ?" The body was Mac who explained that the house was a tough one, full of "Squareheads" and as he had produced five aces at poker they had thrown him out, and he asked Cherry to give him assistance in getting his own back by chucking them out in the same way. This suited Cherry's adventurous spirit and his hatred of everybody except such-as-we-blokes, and having pulled down about ten feet of lead piping, and Mac with an iron spike from the front railings they proceeded upstairs. To use Cherry's words 'they was getting on a treat till I hit a bloke over the head so hard that the pipe coiled round so tight I could n't shift it. Then they threw us both out."

While waiting for cargo we were moored outside three other ships at the same berth in "Siberia," the nickname for the ballast-dumping ground. It is interesting to record that the ballast dumped by sailing ships coming into the Hunter River for coal has provided the foundation of quite a nice little town called Stockton. Cherry came aboard drunk and attempted to turn in with the bos'un of the first ship, who objected in a manner that made Cherry "talk" and very soon the whole awakened crew were threatening him unless he cleared. Cherry repeated the operation on the other two ships and when he was being hustled by three complete crews numbering about a hundred men. the mate told me to go and get him aboard. I forced my way to him and said, "Come on Cherry imagine I am Mac and come aboard quietly."

"If you was Mac we 'd kick the——heads off the whole—— crowd of 'em, the blankety blank blanks" and *he* started in to do it. I decided not to be Mac and beat a hasty retreat. Cherry was knocked down and in the scuffle got his nose almost kicked off his face and had to have several stitches put in each side at the hospital.

We got away at last and set a course south of New Zealand to reach the "roaring forties" as soon as possible. As soon as we were at sea Maurice was released and tried to be even with me. Cherry took a lively interest in the affair and just before we started the fight whispered, "Go for his stomach an' don't forget you've got feet and teeth as well as hands." After a few minutes wrestling and scragging Maurice slipped and with him underneath we fell on the winch, his head bumping down the driving-wheel cogs. He at once gave in, and after saying "don't do it again." I prepared to go aft and have a wash. Cherry leapt forward and gasped. "What, is it over ?"

"Yes," I said, "he has given in."

"*Given in* ! Well, then, now is the time to kick his—— head off."

Cherry couldn't understand the school-boy idea that a fight was over because one said "enough," as he pointed out, the other chap might say "enough" long before you thought he really had had enough.

And certainly we all hope the Allies won't accept peace whenever Germany says enough, and no doubt when they do say so we shall kick their head off.

We soon reached 45° South and then squaring our yards ran before the everlasting westerly gales at an average speed of 12 knots per hour for 21 days. Just when we were anticipating beating the record of 27 days for the 7200 miles from Newcastle to Valparaiso (as the ship sails not as the crow flies of course—*some* crow any way) a heavy roller breaking under the counter kicked the wheel from the helmsman's hands and jammed the rudder down hard a-port. The sudden check before she answered the helm brought the next sea over the poop, which broke the wheel-box and carried the wheel away entirely, and collecting debris as it rushed forward battered in boats and doors and finished up by washing the look out overboard.

In fact she had been "pooped" the most dangerous way a ship can take a heavy sea. The ship soon fell off the wind and rolled with square yards into the trough where she clattered and banged about half buried under huge seas that thundered and careered about as if rejoicing in the victory of nature over man. All hands were at once called, and one watch fitted up ropes from the tiller to the two poop capstans, while the others started hauling up the gear. A heavy squall was coming up from windward and the Captain was anxious to be snug and running before the wind when it struck us. Six men were left to work the capstans and steer and the rest of us braced the fore yards and got off the after-canvas to get her head round. All this time huge seas were dancing aboard rolling in one rail and forcing her over and rolling straight out to leeward and it was just a question whether the ship would pay off or roll her sticks out. She did some of both. The mizzen mast went just above the top and the whole outfit of yards, masts, and rigging went overboard with a terrifying crash, the braces taking the main skysail mast and yard at the same time. This mass of wreckage was held to her stern by the rigging and helped materially by retarding her at this end to get her head before the wind. Once this was done we were safe, the fore yards were squared again and all hands got busy chopping away the mizzen rigging to get clear of the twisted mass of yards and sticks, which with every sea threatened to come aboard again over the poop. Twenty-four hours continuous work for all hands saw us clear, and almost within sight of Juan Fernandez the last shroud was cut and as the bosun said "Davy Jones" took in our mizzen sails for good. When the squall struck us the boatswain was poised dizzily on the poop rail wielding a heavy sledge hammer, and as a terrific flash of lightning illuminated the wreckage calmly said "That's right God, shew us a light."

A week later we sighted Aconcagua, a mountain 22,500 feet high directly behind Valparaiso and dropped anchor in the bay 34 days out from Newcastle, a magnificent passage considering our condition. I went ashore in the gig with the Captain to give in the ships papers and wire the owners, and he told me that he thought the "Cortez" would founder when she broached to, and I was never likely to go through a similar experience and live to tell the tale. The ship looked badly battered from the shore, and the absence of her after spars gave her a drunken lopsided appearance that soon attracted a crowd of question-asking sightseers. About thirty ships were laying in the bay, amongst them the "Daylight" so recently in Calcutta, and a regatta was got up. The "Daylight" apprentices easily won the ships gig race (our gig was only a lot of matchwood but I don't suggest that is why the "Daylight" won) and the writer managed to win a swimming race with a first prize of eighty-five dollars.

When the prizes were being distributed I was asked whether I would like an object of art or the money. It did n't take me long to decide and forfeit my amateur status for ever. That evening we took the Captain ashore in a borrowed boat and he told us to come back at 1 A.M. That £ 17 was too much for us, and after just pulling round the floating dry-dock until he was out of sight, we went ashore, tying the boat to the jetty, and had a great old time till 12-30. We got back to find the tide down and the boat about fifty yards from the water, and while we were discussing the best thing to do, the old man arrived. He raved in his own inimitable style and taking an ordinary 'watermans' boat went aboard leaving us to come aboard when our boat floated. That suited us and we went back to continue our carouse, and passed the skipper coming ashore again at 9 o'clock next morning, when he stopped us and clambering aboard took us back to the jetty to carry stores aboard until 5 o'clock that night, and then sending us back to the ship with the remark that in future the mate would come in with us just in time to meet him. We were three months in Valparaiso discharging cargo, getting new top hamper fitted, and taking in ballast, and then set sail for Sydney.

Valparaiso is a very pretty place clustered on hills that dip sheer into the bay, and we soon made friends with the small European population there. Two Chilian battleships came in, one called the "Esmaralda" and the other with the rather astonishing name for Chili of "O'Higgins." O'Higgins was an Irishman who settled in Chili and did such magnificent work that they named their best battleship after him.

NAUTICUS.

THE FAIR ROSE OF CASHMERE—(XVII.)

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

The bird in a cage.

It was a castle frowning over the Indus from the brow of a rocky eminence. Its magnitude, the symmetry of its proportions, the perfect consonance of its parts, marked it out as a fastness of great strength. Built only of solid granite with a judgment as accurate as it was calculating this bulwark of frontier defence commanded one of the passes of Afghanisthan. In form octogenal three of its sides were landward and five faced the river. Those riverward were slightly concave, were pierced with a great number of embrasures and fronted with arcades within whose gloomy hollow there were piled up masses of stone. At each angle was a huge projecting bastion bored with perforations for the archery. There were five entrances, each through a bastion, overlooking at various angles the mighty stream. The entrance was a gateway protected by two ponderous buttresses and approached from below by a flight of stone steps to which footpaths ascended obliquely up from the foot of the eminence. Above was a terrace on which sat a dome marked with segments and topped with culices. The edifice was three-storied, high and stately, even the platform from which it rose was several feet in height. It was turreted at the base and surmounted by projecting parapets which were so broken into pinnacles that the interstices were sufficiently wide to admit of huge blocks of granite being hurled down from a safe position. An extensive cluster of towers and battlements, filling the eye from every point of view, imparted to the whole a striking and splendid appearance.

The five gateways converged into a vast quadrangle in the centre, round which the inner facade of the octagon resolving itself into arcades and colonnades presented a spectacle of uninterrupted majesty.

The frontal division of the building consisted of armoury, arsenal, the barracks and the officers' quarters. Its rear part was filled with divers arrangement of halls and chambers and included the residence of the Governor. Into this castle were the captives brought—the princess and her companion.

On the third loft of the rear division, looking down upon the quadrangle and encased, as it were, by an arcade stretched a set of square rooms. A gallery rolled before the suite from end to end approached from below by a huge stair-case. The room in the middle was the largest having a richly carved roof and walls covered with fanciful mouldings. In it was the princess kept. At its back end, farthest from the door, the floor was raised a step. A line of four arches upon the rim of the dais spanned the breadth of the room. There was thus formed a recess. Three windows, high up, pierced the back-wall, opening out upon a forest down, down behind the eminence. At the head of the stairs were posted a dozen Ethiopian guards.

It was the hour of noon. On mattresses piled one upon another, in the middle of the room, lay the emaciated form of the princess, the head resting languidly on a cushion, the hands lying loosely by the side, a picture of weeping misery. Ah, the crimson was gone out of her cheeks and the rose out of her lips. The eyes, the sapphire eyes, flashed no more; their lustre was gone, there was a touch of melancholy about them, a tinge of sadness in their depth. Beneath the heavenly lashes there peered a hopeless languishing look. The hair gathered round the head in dishevelled masses was bereft of its silky glaze. The glow of molten gold, such luxury of colour, had given place to ashen grey. No smile lighted up the features, its every line and lineament spoke in painful eloquence of a bosom wrung with the deepest throes of anguish, of a heart cold and still, of feelings poignant at the horror of the situation. Memories of the past flooded her brain, each wave vibrated to the centre of her being, each fond reminiscence stirred up the most painful emotions.

Before her sat the Sindian lecturing with the grave air of a philosopher on the freaks of destiny, shedding now and again a tear or two with the most hypocritical affectation of sorrow. He cursed the fates, upbraided the stars, even the Almighty he charged with tyranny. In the midst of blasphemy and profane speaking there came a counsel to resign herself to those dispensations from the unknown which were beneficent in their secret nature however persecuting they might appear outwardly. There came also an observation that the situation might prove a blessing in disguise, might be the occasion for a fatal blow on the barbarian arms. Nor was there wanting a comic part, he sighed, he sobbed, made frantic gestures as though overpowered by the most torturous feelings.

"Oh my heart breaks, my heart breaks," cried he striking his breast with the palm of his hands. "Oh stony heart ? dost thou melt into water and flow from my eyes. Oh I will keep sobbing thy very life out." He burst forth into a torrent of weeping.

She could not speak. A tear-drop trembled on her lashes, then another, they fell, faster, yet faster, more free and then swelled into a torrent. But her anguish was too great for the relief of tears.

"Oh, don't distress yourself. It lacerates my soul," he cried covering his face with his hands as if to banish the sad vision. 'Take heart, pluck up a spirit, nothing but coolness can save you."

Her lips parted as if to speak but she faltered. The tumult of dread and despair filled every part of her being, her composure was at breaking point. Hiding her face in the bed she sobbed and moaned and sobbed again until at last fatigue overpowered her. Even the air thrilled and trembled with her lamentation.

"Don't cry. This is no time for despair," he spoke in accents as affectedly sympathetic as possible while in the mute but eloquent language of the eye there was a ring of exultation. "Your trusty Bhoyro yet lives, so long as his breath comes and goes not a hair of your head shall be injured. Trust me, I will dare any peril to save you."

"Are there means of escape ?" she asked between a gasp and a groan. She could speak no more. Sobs interrupted her.

"Certainly" he answered with emphasis. "These three days I have only been revolving in my mind schemes of escape. One I have hit on. But I beg you to show a careless front to the tyrant. Dog of a Turk ? I invoke Divine vengeance upon him. His soul shall be consumed by the flames of hell. Imps shall play snapdragon with it."

The words seemed to breathe over her like a summer wind, thaw her frozen heart, warm the corpse into life.

"Oh Bhoyro, is it possible to save me ?" she gasped out, casting a suppliant look at him, "Of course," replied he with a stress. The tone was one of simulated confidence beneath which there was a dark lining of hypocrisy." But it suits my plan that you should throw off the gloom that has darkened your spirits, assume an air of perfect unconcern as if the situation fits you."

She drew a favourable omen from his assurance. Her crushed heart beat wildly with hope, a faint sign of vitality struggled with the cloud on her countenance.

The blackie was quick to guess what was passing in her mind.

"Believe me," added he, composing his features to the semblance of a smile. "The plan I have formed is bound to succeed. It is now a question of time how soon it will."

She took heart which she had not for many a day. A ray of hope sparkled through the gloom of despair.

"But one thing needs be done. I have judged it best that we should humour the tyrant, accomodate ourselves to his wishes. So you will have to play your part well."

There was an under-current of meaning in the words.

"I should like to understand a little more clearly what is it that you wish me to do," said she looking into his face with a sudden intensity.

"Take what comes to you, don't flinch, show that you are made of bold stuff." The tone was a bit halting.

"I shall do as you advise but what are you driving at ? Let me have it straight." She fixed her eyes upon him as if to read him to the soul.

"For many reasons it were best not to tell you too much," was the evasive answer. "You may rely on me it is all straight. I am only waiting for a chance."

Her heart beat more violently with mingled hope and confidence.

"Oh Bhoyro do you mean what you say ?" asked she feverishly.

"I do. That's why I looked you up so soon."

"Then what means the delay."

"I think perhaps it is almost time I prepared for the part I have to play."

He made a movement as if about to retire.

"Don't leave me alone," entreated she with a thrill of dread in her voice, "Where is my companion. Where is she gone to ?"

"She will be here anon. I shall send back the Afghan maids' too."

They are in the other room picking fibre." One could read lie on his lips.

"I don't want those scums and filths. You send back my companion alone."

"Before I go I hope to goodness you will lay my advice to heart."

At a brisk pace he walked out of the room. The door opening and closing sounded shrill in the stillness.

Despite the oppressive sense of loneliness she buried herself in the contemplation of the possibilities which the genius of the Sindian had just conjured up before her mind's eye. Hope rose like bubbles and like bubbles burst. Once her countenance brightened up to be clouded again by black despair. Once she took a breath of relief, then came the choking sensation of dread.

Presently footsteps sounded on the gallery. She started. Could they be the soft light steps of her companion ? No, no, it was a heavy thud, a crunch of iron heels. A cold shudder passed through her from head to foot. A feeling of deadly fear, a shrinking from something terrible, a desire of flight took immediate possession of her. She raised herself into a sitting posture, there rushed a startled expression to her eyes and alarm came to be written on every curve of her face.

Upon the stillness crashed the clatter of steps, nearer and nearer it came. The pulse in her neck throbbed, all the blood seemed to rush towards the heart. Some prescience was pressing itself. Her acute hearing caught something in the footfall which confirmed it. It was no moment for idle listening. Every impulse of her body bade her fly. She flung herself sideways.

The door opened with a jarring click and a gaunt figure stepped lustily in. Her instinctive premonition was justified It was the Sultan.

With a squeal of fright she sprang to her feet, reeled backwards between sense and stupor till her feet struck against the dais. Up it she jumped as if by impulse and clutched at an abutment of the arch to support herself from a fall.

Her feet trembled, her head swam, the earth seemed to rock under her. There was a great singing in her ears, a blurred dizziness before her eyes.

"Ha, what's that. You shrink away shy lass. No, no, this is nonsense," the intruder broke silence.

The words sent a sickening feeling of horror through her mind, a horror which was speechless. She stood dumfounded, looking aghast through her drawn-down veil.

"Come near, my sweet. I will make you the mistress of my harem. Don't you consider it the loftiest aim of a woman's ambition, eh ?" he cried, the voice was just a little too coaxing.

What words were those ? Her brain whirled in the agony of dreadful listening. The room seemed to spin about her. White and still she stood dazed, her face all drawn and grey, the limbs rigid and every muscle seemed frozen.

"Goodness gracious, come I say, why it is me, your lord. I am sure you know that you are to yield everything to my desire," insisted he, eyeing her steadily. The words echoed like a dirge in the room.

A shiver shot through her from head to foot. A cold sweat started from every pore, a cold tremor penetrated to the heart causing the blood to stagnate.

"Oh you precious darling, you delicious charmer, why do you hold off ? I demand just one sip of the honey on your lips," his voice rang again, a vicious glitter filled his eyes.

The words went like a sabre-point. They seemed to her to carry defilement and pollution. Tears gushed out, the bosom seemed to burst.

"Ah, you don't speak, you tender dove of a woman," continued he, his gaze never leaving her. "This is coyness allowable in a woman appearing for the first time before her lord, but don't overact your part." The voice had in it a curious blend of coaxing and menacing.

Could she speak ? Heavens, her tongue stuck to the roof of her mouth, the lips were compressed, the brain was reeling under the stress of dread.

"Come chubby, rosy, cosy creature, give me a taste of the sweet on your lips ?" He became more and more pressing. The lids fluttered, there was a lusty twinkle in the eyes.

The look made her heart faint. It was an ominous look, a look of sinister resolution. A cold thrill ran through every vein and every nerve.

"Come, my pretty wench, let me imprint a salute on your damask cheeks," his eagerness increased, a ring impatience sounded in the voice.

The horror of the situation struck her. She fancied a choking sensation of being at grip with masculine arms, fancied her bones cracking, a sickening smell entered her nostrils. The soles of her feet were bent ready for a backward move.

"What nonsense, you too much of a prude," cried he fretfully. "This is foolish, false modesty. Come don't hold me off." A shade of sullenness crossed his features. His temper was getting ruffled at what he took to be a show of womanish vanity.

She was trembling. The room, the man, the situation were all horrible to her. It took all her self-control to prevent her from breaking out into a cry.

"Come wench, your lord commands you. This is no doting muff of a husband to trifle with," he spoke with threatening significance. The smile had hardened into a grin of warmth. A most unholy fire of derision glowed beneath the yellow lids.

The words touched a chord which vibrated painfully in her bosom. She could no longer contain herself but burst into a chocking sob.

"Hush," he roared, assuming a bullying air. "Let me have no more of this nonsense." There was a thrill of suppressed rage in the voice.

Divided between dread and tears, with her hands clasped, her eyes half-closed, her soul crying up to Heaven, she presented a spectacle of helpless dismay. Every thought of self, everything personal was swamped in the one thought. All perception seemed merged in one picture.

"Look here," cried he hoarsely, "I am talking civil to you. Let there be no call for a rough tongue." There was something proud and compelling in his manner of speaking, a ring of determination sounded in the voice.

But the words fell flat on a deaf ear. Stupified with mingled horror and aversion, her thoughts painfully absorbing she remained listless.

The Turk grew impatient. His cheeks turned red, his brow lowered and the veins stood out at his temples with passion.

"Confound you," he uttered a snarl of rage and advanced to seize her.

Her bloodless lips parted. The room rang with a shriek of terror. She darted back not in the hope that a God in a machine would save the situation nor on the off-chance of the Chapter of accidents turning up aid in her favour but aimlessly and insensibly. Suddenly her eye caught the gleam of a dagger in a niche. Quick as thought her hand clasped the haft. Pointing the weapon to her bosom she exclaimed with all the rage and scorn she could put into her voice.

"Back, tyrant, back ? Back, scum of the earth ? If you approach another step I will bury the knife in my heart."

She made a strong picture. There was now a new look in her face. The eyes gleamed like burnt chips of coal—those soft loving eyes that had once a tender look. The lovely cheeks were horrible to look upon, the voice so sweet and silvery grated hoarse. Out of the lips which were won't to be wreathed in smiles there burst a fierce storm of rage. The comely had became the tragical. The hair ruffled, the nostrils wide and panting, the teeth clenched, her stiff figure informed with vigour, she stood proud, defiant and repelling, an image of fury.

"Back vermin, back spawn of the gutter ? Is it the sport of your life to play with females ? I will let you see how Indian women save their honour." The fiery eloquence rang in thrilling echoes.

There was a dangerous glint in her eyes, an expression of will-power upon her face. The fingers were tightened round the hilt of the dagger, the steel flashed, the bosom heaved, she stood, a fiery figure, on the brink of eternity glaring with the rage of a hyæna, foaming and frothing, an air of unapproachableness, a halo of grim majesty surrounded her.

"Down to perdition, you dog of a barbarian, hound of hell, down to the Inferno," she imprecated fiercely. Her nerves were wrought up to a violent pitch. Her whole frame shook visibly.

The proud Turk stopped short. His feet refused to stir. With eyes blazing straight at the vision before him, his face flushing scarlet, he received the outpourings of her wrath coolly. She stuck to her part with hard defiant eyes, awaiting her doom with all her nerves on the strain, her attitude was eloquent of a desperate readiness to suit the action to the word. It did not take him long to sum up the situation. The grim and ominous resolution which was depicted in her features, the stern determination which characterised her tone convinced him that if he tried the effect of a dash forward, instead of the living beauty he would have her mangled corpse to grasp. It flashed to his recollection how when his father Sabaktigin had carried his arms into the heart of Punjaub countless women had perished in the flames to avoid capture. Deeming it impolitic to remain in the room any longer lest she should execute the bloody deed in the highest pitch of frenzy into which her feelings had been wrought he scudded out with oaths and threats.

With a stifled cry the princess sank on the dais like a stricken lifeless thing, her hand still clasping the hilt of the weapon, her countenance set and stern.

Shaking in all his giant frame, his features distorted, the lips blanched, the eyes flashing fire, the maddenned Turk thundered down the gallery. The full brunt of his wrath fell upon the Ethiopian guards.

"Who left a dagger the re ?" roared he, glaring at them with the face of a demon.

They looked at each other in blank bewilderment, unable to comprehend the meaning and not daring ask what he meant.

"Speak out blackguards," he pealed, biting his lips and stamping his feet.

Some words bubbled up to their lips.

"Be quick with your tongue black rascals," his voice rose to a higher key.

"What's amiss." they mumbled to each other.

"Much is amiss." He thundered, "I'll have the whole pack of you bundled bodily off."

Snatching a stick from the hand of one of them he gave each lusty strokes of it. The air resounded with their screeches. Next he sent for the Afghan women whom he had placed in attendance upon the captives.

"Flog them in my presence," he commanded the chief of the enunchs as the unfortunate women were brought before him. They were flogged until blood burst from the wounds.

"Out of my sight hags," he shouted gnashing his teeth. "What the devil had you to do if you would not keep the room clear of harmful things !"

They were hustled away wailing and yelling.

It was now the Sindian's turn to bear the brunt. He was summoned into his presence.

"Slave," he grated, his eyes rolling horribly. "How dare you trifle with me. Have you no fear of the block ?"

"Jahapana ?" stuttered the black man white with fear. "Your faithful slave dares not undervalue the favour he is hourly receiving. He does n't know how has he flagged in his devotion to the august throne."

"Why" he growled with a darker frown, "the minx refused me, received my attentions with contempt."

He told him what had happened.

"It was womanish weakness, my sovereign," explained the other with the ready wit which alone relieved his sinister character. "But to the young mind grief is repulsive. It spends itself in temporary outbursts. When she will find no remission of it in repining she will reflect upon her present allotment with a more complacent spirit and accept the destiny which is forced upon her. She has been here three days only, it needs a little more time to blunt the edge of her affliction and make her resign herself to your will."

"I give you a fortnight's time," said he, "I am going away to the borders. When I return I must find that she bends to my will."

He strode away to his quarters. Late in the afternoon he set off for the borders of Peshwar to settle a boundary dispute after having made arrangements for a more strict supervision over the captives. Another band of half-a-dozen Afghan women were placed in attendance upon the princess, her companion Chitrolekha was allowed to join her. But from that day she developed symptoms of hysteria.

KALI KUMAR GHOSH, B.L.

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES

IN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

In consonance with your request I have first to say: Peace. Love and Good-will to you, to the Hindus and to the multitude of dwellers in the far off land of India.

While many decades of years have gone I was pastor of a popular sectarian church in tho state of New York. This was during the years 1847-8 & 9, and there was considerable excitement at this time upon the subject of phrenology, physiogomy and the occult sciences said to be occurring in oriental lands.

In the spring of 1848 I heard of some strange manifestations, sounds, intonations, rappings and the moving of furniture by some invisible cause in the Fox family of Hydeville, N. Y.,—a family of Methodist Christians.

What caused these weird phenomena was the persisting inquiry at the family and the neighbours for many miles distant. Hundreds came to hear them and witness the phenomena. The orthodox preachers said, "It was the Devil." But, upon the principle "that like attracts like," what business had the Devil in this Christian family? They prayed to banish the Devil with his phenomena, but their prayers did not halt the manifestations. These manifestations increased until finally the Fox sisters of the family seemingly intuitively discovered the key, just by numbering the sounds with responses from the unseen, and then by employing the alphabet and spelling out names that finally ultimated in identifying persons pronounced dead.

The witnesses increased. Prominent persons came to hear the sounds, and notice the jarring of furniture, and the identifications of spirits became more definite and more positive. The evidences were now really unbounded that the pronounced dead lived that they were conscious, and that they had the power to converse under certain conditions with the living.

The statement that went abroad was amazing. Was it possible, the multitude exclaimed ! Some of the members of my church became spiritually infected with this unaccounted-for heresy.

I had preached earnestly of hope and faith in the future life—nothing more than faith, and now faith had become fruition. The dead appeared. They wrote communications and they talked through the Fox sisters sensitives. Was it possible, myself with thousands, exclaimed ! Naturally I was extremely skeptical, and sorely puzzled. And what increased, the church-trouble after a time, was that the most cultured lady in my church, a relative of the President of our country, became a writing medium. This startled me. Soon two or three others in my Church developed spiritual gifts. One was the son of an eminent Quaker Preacher.

Conservative as I was, I was intellectually and morally forced to investigate these astounding phenomena. And I so did, conscientiously and prayerfully. At a later date I became a medium myself, impressional, impirational and somewhat empowered with visions. I consciously felt, I positively knew, that invisible intelligences accompanied and assisted me in my work. Still later I knew that personally I had no secrets. I came to know that there were detectives in the unseen world, and millions of dear guardian angels who loved us with unselfish love.

The knowledge was glorious. It abolished fear, took away the sting of death and added to my life thousands of new hopes and charms.

At this crisis in my personal life, all afire with joy and ecstacy, I went to visit the old Christian Pastor who ordained me and introduced me into the Gospel ministry ; and when meeting him in his library and telling him the good news that I had heard from the dead—that I had actually conversed with them—that several acquaintances of mine, whose bodies were mouldering beneath the weeping willows, had appeared to me and gave me the most positive proofs of their identity, he shrugged his shoulders with horror—and exclaimed, "Brother Peebles, you are insane, you are crazy as a loon. *The dead are dead, and will so remain till the resurrection promised by Christ.*"

This was chilling and absolutely crushing to my sensitive nature. The good news that had thrilled my soul and that I took to him expecting a brotherly response was only comparable to brilliant snowflakes falling into the mud. Other ministers considered me deluded and piously wanned me against having anything further to do with these so-called spirit manifestations.

These experiences date back sixty-six years and so on down these decades to the present. Briefly stated, I became, through conscientious, careful, and persistent investigation, a Spiritualist. It was to me direct and straight-out knowledge too grand and a knowledge not to be hid under a bushel, or to be kept from the public.

What did I do ? I voluntarily left the pulpit. In the face of opposing friends and persecution I immediately commenced publicly advocating the truth involved in a rational, religious Spiritualism. It was so at that time that often when lecturing in halls and school houses, while speaking I was attacked by the clergy. I was mobbed while leaving the hall or school house. I was pronounced a bold blasphemer, and most egregiously villifier and slanderer. But none of these persecutions daunted me. Rather they fired me with zeal and devotion. I had several public debates with orthodox preachers, and my previous delicate health now increased in strength and vigor.

After between fifty and sixty years as a worker in the field of spiritualism I have come not only to know of future conscious existence, but I know that spiritual intelligences are ever around and about us. They have been termed our Guardian Angels, but there are angels of darkness as well as of light. That is to say, all spirits are not good spirits. Some of them are selfish and scheming and have been termed evil, and undoubtedly evilly disposed. Hence in the unseen world, as in this, there are gradations of intelligences.

High guardian angels not only protect us in our journeys through life, but they have the power to heal, and I may add, that they have the power to injure, the power to produce sickness, and power to shorten human life. Therefore the importanceis of not only living the true spiritual life but of inviting to us the good and heavenly intelligences.

At this point I may say that what is termed modern Spiritualism is not *modern* in the sense of being absolutely new. Every scholar, every historian knows that through all the past ages there have been rifts in the clouds, there have been glimpses from the unseen, and there have been records in the Hindu sacred books and in the various oriental manuscripts, of both the presence and the influence from the spirits of those called *dead.* Different names have been employed to express these truths, but this truth, this reality of spirits influencing mortals, is as old as the remotest antiquity; and was especially manifest in the early days of Christianity. To this end that distinguished church Bishop Origen said. "Holy and immaculate souls, after devoting themselves to God and preserving themselves from the contagion of evil spirits, and purifying themselves by righteous lives, earn the grace of prophecy and other divine gifts. The result of this is that they are filled with the working of those spirits to whose service they have subject themselves."

And again Origen, in writing against his atheistic antagonist Celsus (200 A. D.), says, "Celsus has compared the miracles, (that is, the spiritual manifestations of Jesus), to the tricks of jugglers and the magic of Egyptians, and there would, indeed, be a resemblance between them, if Jesus, like the practitioners of magic arts, had performed his work only for show or worldly gain. But they were only for the holy purpose of good."

Another early Christian father, Tertullian, in his great work De Amnia, gives us the following statement. "We had a right to anticipate prophecies and the continuance of spiritual gifts. And we are now permitted to enjoy the gift of a prophetess. There is a sister among us who possesses the faculty of revelation. During our religious services, she falls into a trance holding communion with angels and hearing divine mysteries explained. She reads the hearts of some persons and administers to them what they require. When the Scriptures are read or Psalms sung, spiritual beings minister visions to her."

In fact, for three hundred and more years after the Apostles, visions, apparitions, healing gifts, trances and spiritual marvels abounded in all Christian countries.

But the Christianity of Christ and of the New Testament for hundreds of years has been Churchianity, with its creeds, confessions of faith and is now exhibiting its perversity and wickedness in this terrible European war. There should be a marked line of distinction drawn between religious spiritualism and spiritism. This latter is popular among the low races of Asia, the Fijis, the Voodoos, and various Pacific Islanders, It is used by them to frighten, to cause sickness and generally for some mercenary motives.

Spiritualism proper, however, while inhering in and originating from God, does not centre alone in and rest entirely upon physical phenomena—but upon Spirit—upon the spiritual and moral constitution of man, which constitution requires such spiritual sustenance as inspiration, prayer, faith, vision, trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience and heavenly impressions from the exalted spheres of wisdom and holiness. True Spiritualists are richly blest with visions, with exalted inspirations, and with those glorious truths that make heaven so radiant.

Spirit is not matter, and does not originate from matter. It is not sea-slime, or protoplasm, but constitutes the basis of life. The spiritual is the real, and man is a spirit now clothed in clay, and death is the open door that transmit him into a more etherial realm of existence. Advanced spirits are termed angels, and spirits are only men and women divested of their mortal bodies. In dying they take with them their consciousness, their memory, their reason, their sympathies, and their general characteristics. They often walk by our sides all unseen. Philosophically speaking, there is but one world, and that one world embraces, the yesterdays and to-days and the innumerable to-morrows of eternity.

Spiritualism has given us a revised geography of the heavens and the hells. There are differing degrees in the next life. Memory is the undying worm. In those cimmerian spheres are intense sufferings, but God's love spans them. God constructs no hells, builds no heavens. He burns no man's fingers, tortures no one hereafter. Each at death gravitates to the sphere whereto he belongs. Men are the architects of their own condition hereafter, reaping what they have sown. Every mortal is a moral being with the power of choice and learns by experience that in obedience to law there is peace and joy. Progress spans all worlds and the angels of heaven are calling souls in darkness to come up higher. The door of mercy is never shut. There is ever the opportunity of progress from darkness to light. God is Love, Wisdom and Will, a trinity in unity—one God—one humanity—and one final destiny. And when the moral teachings of Krishna, of Gauranga, and the adepts of the Upanishads,are practised—when Chirst's Christianity prevails, when nominal Christians become more Christ-like and nominal

Spiritualists more spiritual, the chasm of shibboleths and almost brutal dogmatisms, will be bridged ; souls will be baptised afresh, estranged hands will be clasped, unsympathizing hearts will be warmed by the pentecostal fires of love, angels will daily walk and talk with mortals—wars will cease and all the peopled realms above and below, mortals and immortals, will be recognized as constituting a vast fraternal commonwealth of gods, angels, spirits, loving souls and men ; and love, pure and unselfish love, will then be the creed, the one acknowledged spiritual creed of love and wisdom, such as will endure forever.

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BAGHDAD AND THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Baghdad, the scene of many tales of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, is a modern town, though the site on which stood ancient Babylon is not far. Baghdad was founded by Kaliph Almansur in the year 762 A. D. and was built out of the ruins of Ctesiphon and Selucia. The description which Mark Twain gave of Damascus equally applies to Baghdad. Looked from a distance, it presents a picturesque appearance, surrounded by date groves, through which peep minarets and domes with which the town abounds. Disenchantment, however, follows as you go inside the city, where bare walls face the narrow, crooked, dirty streets, into which all sorts of filth are thrown and where dogs fight over carcasses of animals. But hidden behind the bare walls, the gorgeous decorations of some of the houses recall the days of the Arabian Nights.

The city took a hundred years to grow and attained its highest splendour in the ninth century, when the Kaliph Harun-Al-Rashid wandered among its streets in search of adventures. From this time the Kaliphate empire began to decline, and the city passed through various vicissitudes. In the tenth century the Turks ravaged it, in 1253 Hulaku, the grandson of Genghis Khan, destroyed the Kaliphate, Timur took it in 1393, and finally in 1638 Sultan Murad IV. became master of it after an obstinate siege. Since then it had remained in the hands of the Turks, until the other day when the British troops entered it, never to leave again.

In its prosperous days, Baghdad was a great emporium of commerce, through which merchandise from eastern Asia flowed towards the west through Damascus and Aleppo. The ravages to which the city was subjected by invaders, the discovery of the Cape route, the preference showed by Persian merchants to send their goods to Europe by way of Trebizond, and the depredations committed by roving bands of Bedouins and Kurds contributed towards the decline of Baghdad as a seat of commerce.

In the middle ages the merchant adventurers of Baghdad took ship at Basra and sailed down the Persian Gulf to distant lands, with dates and other produce of their country, as well as commodities received from the west, to exchange for sandal wood in Malabar, cinnamon in Ceylon, aloes wood in Chittagong, spices in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, camphor in Formosa, and other articles of eastern countries. They formed a large colony in Ceylon, and converted into Mahomedanism the inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java and other islands. Travellers in those days, here and everywhere, would be at a discount if on their return they had described their adventures in prosaic truth and not spoken of marvellous things before their countrymen who, with gaping mouths and staring eyes, would, like Desdemona, hear

> Of the cannibals, that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

The writer of the Arabian Nights no doubt incorporated in his book accounts given by these mariners, as well as old fables brought from ancient India and Greece, and his own imagination also helped him to invent some new marvellous things. For stories of witchery and enchantment there was abundant material, of which the magical arts of Circe and Media may be cited as samples and of which Grimm's Fairy Tales form but a small collection. Polyphemus of Homer, who devoured the followers of Ulysses; Brontes, Stereopes and Arges of Hesiod, who forged thunderbolts for Zeus; the Cyclopes of Strabo, who built walls; and the Cyclopedes of Pliny, described in *Historia naturalis,* reappear in the Arabian Nights as the one-eyed giant who roasted and gobbled up the fattest comrades of Sindbad, the Sailor. Herodotus spoke of ants which brought out gold from the bowels of the earth and Carpini of one-armed men, two of whom were required to shoot a bow or clap hands if they went to a theatre. Even Marco Polo fell into the error of describing Prester John, "a mighty Emperor of India." Needless to say no such person ever existed. As late as 1806, when a detachment of British troops marched overland from Madras to Bengal, the then Raja of Parikud, whose estate lay on the border of the Chilka Lake in Orissa, was informed that these soldiers had long and broad ears which fell to their feet, one of which they used to lie upon and the other they used as a blanket to wrap themselves with at night. So the Raja shut himself up in his castle and wisely shunned such monstrous beings.

The story of the Load-stone Mountain which one of the calendars related before Zobedi, was from a long time current both in Europe and Asia. In a later age, *i.e.* about the year 1340, Sir John Mandeville, whose real name was la Barbe, the notorious romancer in travellers' tales, in describing the dominions of Prester John, "the mighty Emperor of India," mentioned a sea of sand and gravel, without a drop of water, which ebbed and flowed, and raised large waves, and in which fish lived which were delicious to eat, and beyond that again the open sea, dotted with adamant rocks, by which ships with iron nails were attracted and wrecked.

Some of the travellers' tales, however, were based on fact, though owing to preconceived ideas people could not understand them. For instance, before sugar was introduced into the British Isles, and when the only sweet thing known to the people was honey, a traveller described a reed containing honey, which he saw in the eastern countries. He no doubt meant sugar-cane. Another traveller gave an account of a tree which produced wool. No doubt he meant cotton. In order to make such marvels intelligible to the public, publishers in a later time began to illustrate their books with crude woodcuts. Such a book was *Ortus Sanitatis*, published at Strasburg at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the illustrators found it a hard job to delienate giants and monsters from mere hearsay accounts. The difficulty about illustrating the tree which grew wool was, however, solved by a clever artist by drawing the picture of a tree with branches on which hung as fruit fleecy sheep and lambs, fully ripe, ready to be plucked and shorn for wool and their flesh eaten as mutton.

Many of the marvels put into the mouth of Sindbad the sailor were more or less based on old fables, and some even on facts. The way adopted to obtain diamonds from the valley of serpents reminds one of the Pismires. These ferocious creatures lived on the mountains of gold which they jealously guarded against all intruders, and who killed men venturing near them, though they did not molest animals. But they had the weakness of not being able to bear the sight of an empty basket or vessel. The people around the mountains took advantage of this weakness, and sent mares with empty panniers to pasture on the mountains, keeping the foals back. Catching sight of the empty panniers, the Pismires, seized by an uncontrollable desire, filled them with gold, when the men, who were waiting at a distance, caused the foals to neigh, upon which the mares rushed back, and thus their masters secured large quantities of gold without the trouble of digging or washing. Sindbad relates, though in a different way, the custom of *Sati*, to which he himself had nearly fallen a victim. He also describes how he and his friends gathered cocoanuts, growing on palms with stems so slippery that no one could climb them, irritating the monkeys that lived on their crowns, by throwing stones at them, who in return pelted them with nuts. It is curious to note that Brazil nuts are collected in the same way.

T. N. MUKHARJI.

RAMMOHAN ROY AND HIS IDEAL.

Rammohan Roy, whom Bentham rightly addressed as an "intensely admired and dearly beloved collaborator in the service of mankind," was at an early age impressed with the fallacy of the superstitious ceremonies practised and the polytheistic beliefs held by his countrymen and the priestcraft that prevailed amongst them in the beginning of the 19th century, and inculcated the reformed principles of monotheism as found in the ancient Upanishads of the Vedas. In 1816 he established a society, consisting only of Hindus, in which texts from the Vedas were recited and theistic hymns chanted. This society, however, met with strong opposition from the orthodox Hindu community and soon came to die. Twelve years later he established the first Brahmo Sabha at a rented house "for the worship and adoration of the Eternal, Unsearchable, Immutable Being, who is the Author and Preserver of the Universe." A suitable building was then erected and placed in the hands of trustees, and this building was formally opened on the 11th Magh (23rd January) 1830, from which date the Brahmo Samaj dates its existence. The following extract from the trust-deed of the building shows the religious belief and the purposes of its founder. The building was intended to be "a place of public meeting for all sorts and descriptions of people without distinction, who shall behave and conduct themselves in an orderly, sober, religious, and devout manner, for the worship and adoration of the eternal, unsearchable, and immutable Being, who is the author and preserver of the universe, but not under or by any other name, designation, or title, peculiarly used for and applied to any particular being or beings by any man or set of men whatever ; and that no graven image, statue, or sculpture, carving, painting, picture, portrait, or the likeness of anything shall be admitted within the said messuage, building, land, tenements, hereditaments and premises ; and that no sacrifice, offering, or oblation of any kind or thing shall ever be permitted therein ; and that no animal or living creature shall within or on the said messuage &c., be deprived of life either for religious purposes or food, and that no eating or drinking (except such as will be necessary by any accident for the preservation of life), feasting, or rioting be permitted thereon or therein ; and that in conducting the said worship or adoration, no object animate, or inanimate, that has been or is or shall hereafter become or be recognized as an object of worship by any man or set of men, shall be reviled or slightingly or contemptuously spoken of or alluded to, either in preaching or in the hymns or other mode of worship that may be delivered or used in the said messuage or building; and that no sermon, preaching, discourse, prayer, or hymns be delivered, made or used in such worship, but such as have a tendency to the contemplation of the Author and Preserver of the universe, or to the promotion of charity, morality, piety, benevolence, virtue, and the strengthening of the bouds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds." From the above it is clear as the noonday that the founder wanted to have a common meeting place for all descriptions of people, without any distinction of caste, creed or religion, for the worship of the Author and Preserver of the Universe, where no idolatrous rites would be tolerated, and that it was not his purpose to found a new sect. Has the Brahmo Somaj adhered to this noble ideal? If not, has it not taken a retrograde step? It is time for the leaders of the Somaj to pause and reflect. A universal brotherhood of all worshippers of God can only be established on the lines laid down by Ram Mohan. To depart from them would be, as it has been, suicidal to the cause of such a brotherhood. That his immediate successors departed from his high ideal is due to the fact that he was far in advance of them. They were unable to catch his spirit. But nearly a century has now elapsed; and are not his countrymen yet in a position to find out the sad mistake which his successors made? Keshub Chandra Sen seems at last to have come to find it out; but having gone too far to found a sect, he did not see his way to undo the mischief in the only way it could be done. He sought to perpetuate a fraternity of his own, although he admitted the fraternity of all religions; and with a view to perpetuate his own fraternity he introduced an element of mysticism, if not of superstition, which has done incalculable mischief. The Sadharan Somaj section has avoided his mysticism but has not been able to keep to Rammohan's ideal of a Universal Brotherhood, and no sect, and of a regard for and charity to all religious persuasions and creeds. May the spirit of Rammohan descend on them and all Brahmos and on his countrymen generally and bring home his high ideal to them!

THEOPHILUS.

THE PRINCIPLE OF UTILITY, OR A TEST OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

There are few subjects in the discussion of which we are more deeply interested than the question respecting the test of Right and Wrong. It is the first question in moral science and may be stated in different forms, *e.g.*, what is the quality which distinguishes right from wrong actions ? To what do we appeal, in the last instance, in determining Right and Wrong ? What is the nature of the moral obligation which all of us feel ? Or, to use the concrete language of Paley, why are we obliged to keep our word ? I think it is desirable that I should give a summary of the leading answers returned to the above question before proceeding to discuss the subject of Utility.

1. The Arbitrary Will of the Deity has been spoken of as the ultimate standard. According to this theory an action is right, because God commands it, *i.e*, virtue is founded on the Will of the Supreme Being. The Jews find this will expressed in the Bible ; the Theists in the book of nature.

2. The Will of the Sovereign was, according to Hobbes, a philosopher of the 17th century, the test of right and wrong. His doctrine may be stated thus :—the natural state of mankind is warfare, and men finding out the evils of such a state agreed to lay aside their differences and transfer all the power into the hands of one man, who should protect them in return for their obedience ; Virtue and Vice are the sum of his mandates.

3. Right and Wrong are, according to one class of philosophers, the fitness or unfitness of an action to its circumstances, as determined by the understanding or the Reason. A man keeps his word ; there is here a fitness between the action and the occasion, the making of the promise and the fulfilment. Then again a man stands in a certain relation to other men, *e. g.*, his relations to father, king and neighbour ; and to each relation corresponds its fitting action.

4. Opposed to the last is the theory of the Moral Sense, which maintains that we have a certain feeling which is instinctive and original and by which we discriminate the right from the wrong. On this view, the moral faculty is compared to the sense of Beauty :

as when we see an object, the eye tells us its color and form, and another sense afterwards makes us feel the emotion of beauty or the reverse; so the eye tells us the circumstances of an action, and another sense subsequently makes us feel the emotion of praise or blame. This moral sense, like the sense of beauty, is not the result of experience but is innate. This is the prevailing and popular theory.

I have given above a summary of all the principal theories of Right and Wrong except two, which have regard to the consequences of actions. The first of them derives the idea of Right and Wrong from consequences to self and the second from consequences to mankind. The first is the doctrine of Mandeville, who holds that self-interest is the only test of moral rightness and that even when we are labouring for the good of others, our own advantage is always the real motive. The second, or, the theory, which derives the idea of Right from consequences to mankind, is called Utility; and it maintains that the happiness of mankind is the sole end and ultimate standard of morality.

If Plato's dialogue in Protagoras be founded on fact, the doctrine of Utility was first asserted by Socrates, the great Athenian philosopher, as early as 450 B. C. There is no doubt, however, that in 400 B. C. it was avowed by Aristippus, a pupil and companion of Socrates. According to him pleasure and the absence of pain are the sole end of living. By pleasure he meant both present and future. He would surrender present pleasure in order to obtain future good. Then came Epicurus, the founder of the sect called Epicureans (300 B. C.), who said—pleasure is the only possible object of the desires: Virtue and Vice are to be sought or avoided only because of the pleasure or pain which they bring, but our desires must be controlled by Reason in order that we may find out and pursue the highest and most permanent pleasure. Sensual pleasures are neither high nor permanent. Therefore we must learn to despise them. His practical maxim was—if you wish to be rich, you should not strive to increase your goods but to diminish your desires.

The first exponent of the doctrine of Utility in modern times is David Hume. Benevolence, he says, is always praised chiefly because of the happiness which others derive from it. Still more necessary is justice, without which society cannot go on. The doctrine was, however, fully developed by Jeremy Bentham in his work entitled "An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation." The first chapter of that work begins thus :—"Nature has placed mankind under the government of two sovereign masters, *pain and pleasure.* It is for them alone to point out what we shall do. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think ; every effort we can make to throw off our subjection will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it. In words a man may pretend to abjure its empire, but in reality he will remain subject to it all the while. The principle of utility recognizes this subjection and assumes it for the foundation of that system, the object of which is to rear the fabric of felicity by the hand of reason and of law. Systems which attempt to question it, deal in sound instead of sense, in caprice instead of reason, in darkness instead of light." He defines Utility as the tendency of actions to promote the happiness and to prevent the misery of the party under consideration, which party is the community at large. Hence Utility is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. And men are stimulated to practise utility by the sanctions of Right, *i.e.*, by rewards and punishments, of which there are 4 kinds :—1, the physical sanction *e.g.*, the pleasures of health and wealth, resulting from temperance and prudence, 2, the political sanction, *i.e.*, the punishments of law, 3, the popular sanction, *i.e.*, the rewards and punishments of public opinion, 4, the religious sanction, which refers to the hand of a superior invisible Being either in the present or in a future life. Mr. Bentham then goes on to consider how the value of a bit of pleasure or pain is to be measured. A pleasure or pain is determined to be greater or less according to (1) its intensity, (2) its duration, (3) its certainty or uncertainty, (4) its nearness or remoteness, (5) its fecundity or the chance it has of being followed up by other sensations of its kind, *i.e.*, pleasures, if it be pleasure, and pains, if it be pain,—and where a plurality of persons is concerned its (7) extent or the number of persons affected. I shall conclude my analysis of Mr. Bentham's principles by quoting his definition of Ethics or Moral Science, which is "the art of directing men's actions to the production of the greatest possible quantity of happiness on the part of those whose interest is in view." Next came James Mill, who gave a full explanation of the motives which lead us to act. He resolved them to the memory of pleasures previously experienced. He was followed by John Austin, who was one of the most strenuous advocates of utility as the standard of Right and Wrong and is distinguished for the lucidity of his explanation and the force of his replies to the objections made against it. Then comes John Stuart Mill, who in a small work called "Utilitarianism" gives an elaborate answer to all the objections that have been raised against it.

Having thus given a brief history of the progress of Utilitarianism from Socrates down to John Stuart Mill, I proceed to examine the subject more closely. It has to be seen first what Utilitarianism is and what it is not. Now this creed holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to promote the reverse of happiness. By happiness is meant pleasure and the absence of pain ; by unhappiness pain and the privation or absence of pleasure. This theory of life, *viz.*, that pleasure is the noblest object of desire in life has been abused as a doctrine worthy only of swine. The answer to this accusation is that it is not the Utilitarians, but their opponents who represent human nature in a degrading light, for the latter suppose that man is not capable of any pleasures except those of swine. If this were true the accusation would constitute no charge against the theory, for if the sources of pleasure were the same to men and to swine, the rule of life would be precisely the same. But because men are capable of pleasures that are not grovelling the comparison seems odious. Every Utilitarian assigns a higher value to the pleasures of the intellect, of the feelings and imagination, and of the moral sentiments than to those merely sensual. It has been said before how Bentham measured pleasures and pains. And pleasures can not only be estimated according to their quantity but also their quality. We generally find men reluctant to resign a pleasure, which is attended with a greater amount of discontent than another for any quantity of this other pleasure. To what shall we ascribe the preference given, except to the superior quality of the first pleasure ? Is there any among us, who would wish to sink into a lower grade of existence, even if he were promised the fullest allowance of a beast's pleasure ? Inseparably connected with the estimation of pleasure is a sense of dignity which determines a preference among enjoyments. "It is better" says J. S. Mill, "to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied, better to be

Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And if the fool or the pig is of a different opinion, it is because they only know their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides." It may be objected here that many who are capable of the higher pleasures are now and then tempted to postpone their enjoyment to the lower. But this does not show that they do not appreciate the superiority of the higher pleasures. Men of weak character often choose the nearer pleasure, though they know perfectly well that it is the less valuable. But this distinction of pleasures in kind is not essential to the justification of the standard of Utility. That standard is not the agent's own happiness but the happiness of the greatest number ; therefore though you may doubt that the higher pleasures contribute more to your own happiness than the lower, you cannot possibly doubt that the world in general gains more by them.

Another objection to the doctrine is that happiness cannot be the end of human actions, as it is not attainable. In reply it may be said that supposing happiness impossible, Utilitarianism would still have its work as the prevention of unhappiness is one of its objects. Then again happiness is evidently possible if you do not form an exaggerated idea of the thing. A life of continual pleasure is of course impossible, but moments of pleasure in a life made up of few and transitory pains, many and various pleasures and moderate expectations would constitute a state worthy to be called happiness. Another class of objectors say that it is possible to do without happiness, that the pursuit of happiness is never regarded as the highest human aim, but that it is inferior to renunciation or self-sacrifice. The answer to this is that self-sacrifice without any object is mere asecticism and has never been universally valued ; what is esteemed is sacrifice for some noble end, as patriotism or freedom in religion, which contributes in the highest degree to human happiness, although not immediately to that of the agent himself. Thus self-sacrifice belongs as much to the Utilitarian theory as to the other theories of morals, with this reservation that a sacrifice which does not increase the sum total of happiness is held to be wasted. The ascetic hanging with his head downwards from the branch of a tree may be (in the language of J. S. Mill) an *inspiriting* proof of what men *can* do but assuredly not an example of what they *should.* The happiness which according to the Utilitarian Theory is the test of right is the happiness of all concerned. The Utilitarian cannot make any distinction between his own happiness and that of others. When Jesus of Nazareth says. "Do unto others as you would be done by and love your neighbour as yourself," he speaks but the language of Utilitarianism.

The system, on the other hand, is objected to as being too high for humanity. They say it is too much to expect men to always act with a view to the general interests of society. Men hardly ever do anything with the interests of the world at heart. Now this is one of the most prevailing misconceptions in regard to Utilitarianism which does not assert that the good of mankind is the motive of every action, *i.e.*, that we always think of the good we shall do to the world at large before acting. It springs from the confusion of the Test with the Motive. It would be well to explain here the two terms. Now a test is a rule whereby things may be judged; therefore a test of right and wrong is a rule by which the rightness or wrongness of an action may be knewn: whereas a motive is a feeling in the mind of a person acting which leads him to do an act. Thus the motive precedes the act, e.g., fame, love of money and the desire to do good to mankind, and must be in the person acting; whilst the test is generally applied to the act after it is done, e.g., Utility, Will of God &c, and may not be in the person acting, who may not always test his acts, which however society will do. Utility may be a motive; but utility as a motive is quite a different thing from Utility as a test. What moral science has to do is to supply the world with a common standard whereby the world (and the individual himself also) can judge whether or no an action is right; and Utilitarianism, which professes to be a science of morals supplies such a test in the principle of Utility. This confession that Utility deals with the actions themselves and not the motives behind them is, however, considered a reproach against the doctrine. It is often said that Utility makes man cold and callous, chills the moral feelings towards individuals and regards only the dry consequences of actions without reference to the virtuous and vicious disposition of the agent. Now the Utilitarian in reply can only say that the best proof which the world can have of good character is good actions. Some systems of morals may pretend to deal with the motives of actions too, but such pretensions are not of much value; for how can mankind judge of the motives of an individual unless they be expressed in actions, in which case Utilitarianism of course takes cognizance of them. Motives which are not expressed in actions are also judged, but that is a concern between man and his God. A person whom the world calls a saint may know himself to be a sinner, because he is knewn to his God as a sinner. A man of tender conscience may be alarmed at the idea that what the world calls virtue is not always so in the eyes of God. But there is nothing to be alarmed at. Even in the physical sciences such things may be. The reason of this lies in the fact that human knowledge is limited. It is therefore no defect in Utilitarianism not to be able to judge of the dispositions of men, so far as they are not expressed in acts.

The next objection is that Utility is a godless doctrine. J. S. Mill gives the following reply to the objection—"If it be a true belief that God desires, above all things, the happiness of his creatures, and that this was his purpose in their creation, Utility is not only not a godless doctrine, but more profoundly religious than any other." Utility, as J. Austin observes, is only the index to the Divine Will.

Again Utility is stigmatised as an immoral doctrine by reason of its setting up expediency against principle; the expediency is not, however, that of the individual but of the race, e.g., it is often expedient for a man to tell a lie, but Utilitarianism never recognizes that kind of expediency, because truth is one of the highest utilities to the race. A liar, according to J. S. Mill, is one of the worst enemies of the human race. Like all other moralists, utilitarians also admit exceptions to the rule of veracity, e.g., withholding bad news from a person dangerously ill, or information from a male-factor. But Utility is the only system, which can explain why truth should not be spoken of on these occasions. The other systems either utterly fail to furnish any explanation or have to borrow the explanation given by Utilitarianism.

The most usual charge against Utility is that we have not time to calculate the effects of our conduct upon the general happiness. Now two misconceptions underlie this accusation. 1stly—The accusers ignore the past experience of the human race. They seem to think that the moment a man feels tempted to murder or rob, he has to begin considering for the first time whether murder and robbery are injurious to human happiness. They forget that most questions of Ethics are now done to our hand. As the sailor goes to sea with the Nautical Almanac ready calculated, so men go out upon the sea of life with their minds made up on the common questions of right and wrong. 2ndly—The second misconception is that we must test each action directly by the first principle, which in the present case is Utility, and cannot have secondary principles, or minor rules of testing conduct derived from the principle of Utility. "To inform the traveller," as J. S. Mill says, "respecting the place of his ultimate destination is not to forbid the use of landmarks and direction-posts on the way." So to hold that utility is the ultimate test of actions is not to hold that there cannot be intermediate tests. The business of calculation, when we have to calculate, is easier than is supposed, for we know an action to be right, when we can reduce it to some secondary principle.

I have sufficiently discussed the question what Utility is and what it is not, and shall now proceed to discuss the sanctions of the principle of Utility. Every law or rule must have some sanctions attached ; otherwise it will have no binding force on men. If the Sovereign were to say "do not steal" without prescribing some punishment for the violation of the command or some reward for its fulfilment, it would remain a dead letter. So in the moral world, every rule of action or standard of morality must have sanctions attached to it, i.e., there should be some reason why we shall obey the rule or standard. In the case of customary rules of morality we do not enquire into the sanctions, as education has made them a part of our nature and they seem to be obligatory *in themselves.* But in the case of a general principle like Utility, we are not prone to adopt it without enquiring why we should do so. "I feel," as J. S. Mill observes, "that I am bound not to rob or murder, betray or deceive, but why am I bound to promote the general happiness ?" Now the reply to this question is that the Utilitarian theory has all the sanctions attaching to any other system. These sanctions are external or internal. The external are the hope of favour and the fear of displeasure from our fellow-creatures or from the ruler of the Universe, together with our sympathy or affection for men and love or awe of God, inclining us to act benevolently. The internal sanction, as in every other standard of morals, is a feeling in our own mind, a pain more or less acute, attendant on violation of duty. This pain rises in virtuous men into a shrinking from vice as an impossibility. This feeling is the essence of what is called conscience. It may be expressed thus :—I come to know that it is right to do so—this is the moral judgment, then comes the moral sentiment—and therefore I *should* do it; or again, it is not right to do so—this judgment is followed by the sentiment I should not do it. Now the moral judgment of two men on a particular subject may be different, for the judgment of each will depend upon the ultimate standard or secondary rules followed by him; but the moral sentiment is the same with all men and in all theories of morals. The Englishman of the present day will consider duelling a vice, the savage in the deserts of Africa will consider it a virtue. But the 'should' which follows the Englishman's idea of virtue or right is the same as that of the African, *i.e.*, the proposition that we should do that which is right is believed in by both the Englishman and the African, tho' the Englishman's idea of what is right may not agree with the African's. Thus the internal sanction of Utility is the same as that of any other theory of morals. Some Utilitarians hold that the feeling of duty is a complex state, which does not exist in the mind in its original condition but is generated by association from other feelings. This conception of the feeling of duty is not, however, at all necessary to the acceptance of the utilitarian theory. Whether the feeling of duty exists in our mind originally or grows in it afterwards, its binding force cannot be gainsaid. Violate what you deem right and you will have remorse.

I shall in conclusion discuss the question of proof of the doctrine of Utility. Now the only proof we can give that an object is visible is that people actually see it. The only proof that a sound is visible is that we actually hear it. The only proof that an ultimate end is desirable is that people desire it. Hence the proposition that happiness is desirable can only be tested by a reference to the judgment of mankind, and as this is a fact, it is proved that Utility is one of the ends of human action. The opponents of Utility would here come in and say that it was not then the sole end, that there were other ends, e.g., virtue. Now Utilitarianism does not deny that people have other objects of desire than happiness. What it contends for is that happiness is the supreme end and all other ends are subordinate to it, e.g., virtue is desirable but it is so because it conduces to happiness. It also concedes that a subordinate end, i.e., a thing which is at first desirable as a means to an end may at last become desirable in itself, or become an end. As money which is at first desired as a means of buying other things becomes at last desirable for itself, so virtue which was at first desired because it conduced to the happiness of mankind is now desired for itself. According to Utilitarianism nothing but happiness is in reality desired, and the evidence consists in such facts as these—

1stly. The greater part of the morality of every age and country has reference to the welfare of society. Even in the most capricious despotism, a very large share of the laws are for the protection of one man from another and the securing of justice between man and man. Of the ten commandments six are utilitarian thus—(1) Honor thy father and thy mother, (2) Thou shalt not kill, (3) Thou shalt not commit adultery, (4) Thou shalt not steal, (5) Thou shalt not bear false witness against another, (6) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, his wife &c., nor anything belonging to him.

2ndly. The general happiness is always considered an adequate justification of moral rules. The punishment of murder and theft is approved of, because without it neither life nor property would be safe, and society would come to an end. Even tyrannical rules are defended on the ground of utility. Slavery is said to have been necessary at one time to break in men to industry.

PHILANDER.

LEGENDS ABOUT THE GURPA HILL.

In an article published in the *National Magazine* for April 1915 (Pages 157-163), I gave an account of my visit to the Gurpa Hill. I now intend to jot down some of the legends connected with it.

This hill is called *Gurpa*, which is, perhaps, a contraction of *Gurupada* or "*The Teacher's Foot.*" According to some, this is the hill where Kasyapa obtained Nirvana (the Buddhist Heaven); and, according to others, it is here that he is waiting for Maitreya and that he will attain Nirvana on meeting the latter.

This hill is rather closely connected with the life of Buddha. And to understand its relation with the Buddhist legends, we would do well to follow Buddha from the time when he left Kapilavastu.

Leaving Kapilavastu, Buddha went in the direction of Vaisali and reached the Anoma (the modern Anmi) river. Here he went through the customary initiation, namely, the censure and the vows of property. From Anoma, he went to Vaisali—a place about 20 miles to the north of Patna and there learnt yoga or "the ecstatic meditation of Brahma and the creation," under Arata Kalama —a teacher under whom he had become a servant-pupil. By and by, he became dissatisfied with his teacher and his teachings and, having crossed the Ganges, went to Rajgir. From Rajgir, there is a range of hills stretching in a south-westerly direction as far as Bodh-Gya. Gurupada Hill is one of the peaks in this range. There are many Buddhistic legends current, which affirm that Buddha sat and preached in many of the caves of this range of hill, so much so that several caves are still pointed out as being the places where the Blessed One sat and preached. Hiuen Thsang, the Chinese traveller, mentions in his book that he visited all the places, where Buddha preached or sat. In his book is to be found a description of this hill. He also mentions the fact of his going up the hill. This leads us to believe that Buhdha preached on this hill also. Here is Hiuen Thsang's description of the hill:—

"Here are seen tall peaks scarped and a large number of valleys and caves. Streams flow swiftly at the foot and big forests clothe the valley. Bushes and creepers steep the cavern in shadow and above touching the heaven itself are three bold peaks."

This description, though correct in the essentials, is rather overcoloured. There are, it is true, valleys and caves. A thick forest covers the hill-sides. Perhaps, Hiuen Thsang visited the hill in the rainy season, because the streamlets flowing along the foot of the hill dry up during the summer and winter seasons, leaving the beds dry. The peaks are two in number and not three, and these even do not show off boldly, nor are they very high.

One of the Buddhist legends connected with this hill is, as has been mentioned above, that Kasyapa is awaiting the arrival of Maitreya, with a dyed cloth given him by Buddha and that the former would attain Nirvana on meeting Maitreya, when the latter would visit him on attaining Buddhatwa. Hiuen Thsang has said in this connection that, just before the attainment of Nirvana, Buddha addressed Mahakasyapa and told him of the great difficulty with which he had obtained the tenets of his religion. He told Kasyapa that the time for getting Nirvana had come. "Before I die," Buddha added, "I leave all the religious books (Buddhist Sacred Literature) to your sole charge. Take this dyed cloth. It was given me by my aunt (perhaps his mother's sister). Give this cloth to Maitreya on his attainment of Buddhatwa (or Supreme Knowledge)."

Having received such injunctions from Lord Buddha, he convened a Buddhist meeting. The meeting over, Kasyapa, coming to know of the unreality of this world, proceeded towards the Kukkutpada Giri (Crow's Foot Hill)—identified by many with the Gurpa Hill on account of the fact that one of the peaks of the latter hill, being split into three parts, has got the appearance (very distant and crude though,) of a crow's foot. Ascending this hill from the north and pursuing a circuitous path, he reached the south-western peak. Here he found his way blocked by a big mass of stone. Here the legends diverge. Some say that Kasyapa struck this huge piece of stone with his wand. The stone was split immediately into two pieces and thus afforded him a passage for going to the summit. The other legend avers that, finding his way blocked, he entered the thick jungle and, with great difficulty, managed to reach the north-eastern peak. Then, on entertaining a desire, after putting the dyed cloth given him by Buddha on, the hill gave him a shelter in its bosom. Here Kasyapa is awaiting the arrival of Maitreya, who will come down to this earth on some future date in order to preach the doctrines of Buddha (as contained in the *Tri-pitakas* or "The Three Baskets"). Having preached them to the world, he would come here and take the cloth from Kasyapa, who would then attain Nirvana.

The very presence of the tunnel in the Gurupada Hill is another reason why Kukkutpada Giri is identified with the former. Mention is made, in some of the Buddhist travellers' accounts, of a tunnel in the Kukkutpada Giri. The presence of a tunnel like that in the Gurupada Hill, and the absence of such a tunnel in any other hill in the neighbourhood, are the main reasons which support this identification.

There is yet another hill, called by the Chinese traveller Hiuen Thsang, as the Gridhrakuta Hill (the Vulture's Peak Hill). He is reported to have visited this hill. It is said to be crowned with a pearl, the lustre of which is seen at night. Hiuen Thsang seems to have come all the way from China to see this gem. Curiously enough, a light from the peak is still occasionally seen on windy nights. It is not visible every night and, like the will-o-the-wisp, flares up for a minute and then dies out only to flare up again. Some of the travellers, who saw this light, tried to explain it as the light of the lamps carried by the votaries worshipping at the shrine on the top. But the very fact that it makes its appearance on windy nights only, precludes the chance of such a theory being widely accepted. Others are inclined to call it the will-o-the-wisp. But, as far as we know, the presence of water is necessary for the formation of the gas which gives rise to this curious natural phenomenon. But not a drop of water is to be found on this hill. However, the fact remains that such a light is seen. We were informed by one of the natives that a European (he said "a foreigner"), who had heard of such a light, came to visit the hill. One evening he saw the light from his bungalow and ascended the hill that very night. I do not exactly remember whether he failed to reach the peak or failed to find anything on the same. But, after all, one way or the other, it ended in a wild-goose chase.

I would not hazard a hypothesis. But it is perhaps possible to explain the phenomenon by the presence of atmospheric electricity. Or there may be something supernatural—who knows ?

Chapra. SATKARI MITRA, B.A.
The 21st April, 1917.

THE LATE JUGGODISH NATH ROY,

THE FIRST INDIAN SUPDT. OF SALT CHOWKIES AND DIST. SUPDT. OF POLICE IN BENGAL.

(III)

Colonel Pughe—the then Inspector General of Police, whilst inspecting Mr. Roy's work at Balasore said—"I know your Police work is excellent. Mr. Beames, whom I met at Jollasore, assured me to that effect. I only want to see your semi-military work." With that purpose, Colonel Pughe went to the parade ground and fixing flags at different places, asked Mr. Roy to carry out the manœuvers showing all manual and platoon exercises.

The flags indicated a river, a jungle, an enemy's country and so forth. Mr. Roy himself commanded and showed the different evolutions so perfectly that Colonel Pughe warmly congratulated him and said he will specially mention his name to Government. Colonel Pughe was much astonished, when he saw Mr. Roy fining his bugler, for not delivering an order correctly. During this time, Sir Richard Temple recommended him to the Government of India for the title of Rai Bahadur. On receipt of this news, Mr. Roy, wrote to Government, respectfully declining the honour. H. H. the Lieutenant Governor was displeased with Mr. Roy, but eventually cancelled the arrangement.

At the instance of Mr. Roy the authorities took steps for the high education of Urya youths. He induced the Commissioner of the Orissa division to appoint Uryas as Government servants. "In those days Bengalees, never invited the Uryas to social functions, and looked down upon them with contempt." Mr. Roy invited them to dinners along with the Bengalees, and treated them in an equal footing with his countrymen. The Bengalees did not like to mix with the Uryas. But none dared to express this sentiment openly to Mr. Roy. The late Maharajah Baikuntha Nath Dey and Babus Fakir Mohun Senapati and Gobinda Das can throw a good deal of light in connection with this matter. At the instance of Mr. Roy, Mr. Revenshaw the then Commissioner of Orissa division, convened a meeting of the local officials to discuss the feasibility of giving Uryas University training. The upshot of the deliberation was the inauguration of the present College at Cuttack, which is named after him. Formerly the Grand Trunk Road was not safe to pedestrians. It was a noted place for highway robberies.

The robbers prowled about after dusk in search of prey. The wayfarers were not only robbed, but murdered in cold blood. For the safety and convenience of travellers, Mr. Roy deputed police men to patrol the thoroughfarè. He engaged four watchmen and a constable every two miles apart and at the distance of six miles a head constable and ten watchmen were kept for patrol duty. An Inspector and a couple of Sub-Inspectors inspected the outposts every now and then. Mr. Roy himself paid surprise visits to the places off and on and travelled the entire length of the Grand Trunk Road, from one end to the other. The drastic measures speedily stopped highway robberies and other crimes in his jurisdiction. In every outpost medicines were kept for free distribution to travellers, in case of emergency. The police were directed not to allow pilgrims to contaminate tanks and wells reserved for drinking purposes. The pilgrims blessed Mr. Roy for these beneficial measures. The Police Sahebs of Cuttack and Puri were directed by Government to take similar precautionary measures as adopted by the Balasore Police.

One day owing to indisposition Mr. Roy was unable to attend office, and was attending to urgent business only at home. His sheristadar was reading aloud a report of a murder case to him for orders. The murder happened some months ago.

I give below the details of the case. About six months ago, while a constable was coming back to Thana after his rounds, he noticed a burglar was boring a hole on the wall of a house. The man was inserting his leg in the hole, in order to ascertain whether there was any obstruction inside. It was a Moonlight night, although the light was pale and flickering still the constable saw everything from a distance. The constable very pluckily caught the burglar from behind with his arms; and shouted for help. The man desperately tried to free himself and dealt a severe blow on the chest of the constable with a sharp-pointed instrument; on getting the fatal blow the constable let go his hold on the burglar; and the man escaped. When the inmates of the house came to the spot, they found the constable lying, fatally wounded. The man was weltering in blood which was trickling down his body. The man was removed to Thana in an unconscious state and expired there within a few minutes. The dead body was sent to the Civil Surgeon for postmortem examination. The doctor in his report stated that the wound was caused by a sharp-pointed instrument and death was due to loss of blood.

The Police left no stone unturned to trace the culprits but was unsuccessful. After going through the report the sheristadar stopped, and was going to file the papers of the case as untraced. Mr. Roy without saying anything left Balasore for Jalessore the next day, and on his arrival there, began to walk across a field, where cowherds were tending their cattle. He called one of them and asked the following questions. A murder was committed in your village some time ago, and why did not you try to bring the culprits to book ? The man said—"We are helpless in the matter, none dares to lodge a charge against the police. In fact the local Sub-Inspector was implicated in the crime, consequently we could not do anything. Mr. Roy asked him to disclose everything. The man said, 'A rich Hindu widow lives in the house, in which the alleged burglary was committed. She is a young woman, of questionable character and has no male guardian to look after her ; and the Sub-Inspector fell in love with her. The deceased also clandestinely visited her. The Sub-Inspector out of jealously picked up a quarrel with the constable, and kicked him. The man fell down and was stabbed in the heart by a pointed weapon. The man expired on account of loss of blood. His dead body was then carried outside by the servants and left there. They then caused a hole to be made on the wall and raised a hue and cry that a thief had killed the constable. The Sub Inspector concocted the story in order to conceal his guilt. The mystery was unravelled by Mr. Roy, and the Daroga and his accomplices were sent up for trial and were convicted. The fame of Mr. Roy spread in other districts after this smart work. One day some judicial and executive officers called at the house of Mr. Roy and one of them enquired him the following questions. Will you have the goodness to state why your suspicions were aroused that the crime was not committed by a burglar ?

Mr. Roy said that during my thirty years service, I have never come across such a zealous police man, who goes out on his round.

Invariably he passes the night in a rendezvous. Suppose the man was honest and conscientious enough as not to shirk his duty, he will bargain with the thief in order to get a share of the booty. If he is unsuccessful then he will make a hue and cry from a safe distance. To go and arrest the man alone is itself suspicious. However that may be, when I learnt that the woman in whose house the burglary took place was a rich young widow, my suspicions were confirmed that the story was fabricated. When I was told that the Daroga and the deceased visited the place very often, the mystery cleared up. After listening to the narrative of Mr. Roy with rapt attention the gentlemen left evidently illuminated. Mr. Roy had a Punjabi Brahman as his orderly. This man was lank and tall. He had a fair complexion. The Punjabi was a good man and served several Superintendents of Police with credit. As ill-luck would have it, he became enamoured of a young Urya girl. He used to pay her clandestine visits every night and returned at daybreak. Her cottage was situated on the banks of the Burabalung river. The Urya woman had a paramour. The man was by caste a Mayiti Kayasta and a dealer of clothes. The Punjabi came to know this and warned her not to allow the man to visit her again. He said as a Brahman he has been polluted by coming in contact with her. Besides that I love you deeply, and I will not bear the sight of another man paying you visits. The woman did not pay any heed to what the Panjabi had said. She entertained the Mahanti as usual. One night when the constable was going to the woman's house he met the Mahanti Kayasta on the banks of the river. On seeing him the Punjabi flew into a rage, and drawing his sword dealt a blow severing the man's head from the neck, and departed after cleaning the weapon in the river water.

The man returned to the Bungalow of the Superintendent of Police and quietly went to sleep. The next day at daybreak jail and treasury guards and the Subadar of the Reserve Force went to pay their respects as well as to submit daily report to Mr. Roy. The Punjabi constable also saluted him. They then returned to the Police Line. The orderly was slowly walking through the fields. Babu Sarada Prasad Bose the senior Divisional Inspector reported to Mr. Roy that a murder was committed in the town the previous night. Mr. Roy said, go and investigate the case. Sarada Babu mounted his horse and departed. He enquired from the constables of the line, whether they knew anything about the murder, and why the deceased went there at dead of night? A constable said—a woman of the town lives there. The deceased used to visit her. Sarada Babu said—"Do you know anybody else who frequented the place? The constable said—"I have noticed Sobhan Singh (for obvious reasons, the real namn is suppressed) there several times. He is the orderly of our Police Saheb. Sarada Babu said—"I know him, he is a good man; and has got a couple of stripes for good conduct. However, there is no harm in asking him whether he knows anything about the occurrence. One of you can go and ask him to see me. The constable departed to carry out the order. As he was crossing the field, he met Sobhan Singh under a shady tree. He was surprised to find a curious change in Sobhan Singh's visage. His countenance was as red as crimson. His eyes were bloodshot and were coming out of their sockets. The constable most pluckily bawled out Sobhan Singh, Sarada Babu has sent for you, to enquire whether you know anything about a murder committed yesterday. No sooner he heard this than he unsheathed his sword and cried out hoarsely. "Go and tell the rascal Inspector that I will not go. I have killed the man, and am prepared for its consequences. The constable beat a hasty retreat. On his return to the lines, he related to Sarada Babu what had occurred. The Inspector with his brother officers went to arrest the murderer, with a possee of constables. Amongst them, there were Europeans, Eurasians, Gurkhas, Sikhs and Hindusthanees. They carried swords, guns and lathies, and reached the spot where Sobhan Singh was standing. On seeing them Sobhan Singh cried out—"He who dares to come near me will share the same fate like the deceased. I say that I am the murderer and am prepared for its consequences. None dared to approach him. It was decided by the officers to inform Mr. Roy about the occurrence. On receipt of information Mr. Roy proceeded to the spot without changing his dress. He had on a loose trouser, a coat and a pair of slippers. He went on foot to the place of occurrence. Before his arrival the police officers decided to keep guns loaded with buck shot, as a precautionary measure. Mr. Roy without glancing at any body went straight to the murderer and peremptorily ordered him to throw the sword at once. While he was giving the order, his eyes flashed fire, Sobhan

Singh after eyeing him twice threw the sword down and remained standing after saluting him. Mr. Roy then ordered the fellow to be handcuffed and removed to the lock up. None dared to handcuff him.

Mr. Roy then seizing Sobhan Sing's sleeve peremptorily said handcuff this fellow. A Sikh Subadar came forward and carried out his order. Mr. Roy asked the following questions to the prisoner. Are you guilty of the crime? The answer was in the affirmative. Mr. Roy then left the place. The spectators stood spell bound and looked on until his departure; they unanimously admired his courage and bravery.

At the suggestion of Mr. Roy, the authorities opened a Port at Chandbally. On the sea-beach of Balasore salt is still manufactured. Salt can not be manufactured without sea-water, consequently all salt-golas are situated on the seacoast. These places are covered with jungle, and abound with wild beasts. Under the circumstances salt-dealers have ample opportunities to manufacture salt illicitly. Government suffers a good deal of loss on account of the dishonesty of such dealers. To put a stop to these mal-practices, temporary constables are engaged at salt-golas, to keep watch and ward. These men are generally dishonest and help illicit manufacturers, when their itching palms are greased.

Captain Chambers the then Deputy Inspector General, in order to put an end to systematic smuggling of salt suggested to Government to place extra men in jungles on the back of elephants to detect perpetrators. As the scheme was costly it was shelved as impracticable. Mr. Roy stopped smuggling by a nice stratagem. He drafted the temporary men into the Bengal Police as permanent hands, and sent the permanent constables of the Bengal Police to the sea-side. Mr. Roy told them to be careful and not to lose their bread forever, for temporary gain. Let not a chittack of salt to be surreptitiously taken. If you work honestly I shall look to your promotion. To the temporary hands he exhorted that "if you wish to be confirmed, try to arrest smugglers. Thus smuggling of salt was stopped. The rivalry between the two sets of policemen stopped the illicit manufacture effectively.

One day Mr. Roy was talking with Bankim Chandra Chatterjee in his drawing room. A poor man shabbily dressed entered, the place and meekly asked—"Sir how long am I to wait for a suitable vacancy?

Mr. Roy said—"you will get an order within a couple of days. On receipt of the intimation you will have to join at once. You are enlisted for the Railway Police, and shall have to go to Burdwan. Be honest and always bear in mind that you are my man, so that in future I may not hear anything unpleasant against you." The man after expressing his gratitude departed. Bankim Babu then turning towards Mr. Roy said—you have done wrong in appointing an uneducated fellow.

Mr. Roy said certainly what you say is right, but if he was well qualified, he would not have cared to come to me for a situation; and would have secured a post easily by his own merit. I grant help in such cases. There are lots of unqualified candidates for Deputy Magistrateships. They go to high officials and pay homage to them with this object in view." Bankim Babu could not utter a word, as he was sufficiently snubbed for his pains.

A few days after the above incident, Isswar Chandra Mittra the well-known Deputy Magistrate called at the residence of Mr. Roy, and entered his parlour, noticing a large number of needy men, he eyed them disdainfully and said—"Why do you mix with these fellows? It is beneath your dignity. Mr. Roy said—"How dare you make such uncalled for remarks. Do you think we are above them. They are men, having good qualities which we do not possess. In my opinion these men are not in any way inferior to us. They are not westernised like us and have not lost their heads by so-called high education. The same Great God dwells in them, as He dwells within us. Isswar Babu was sufficiently humiliated and remained silent.

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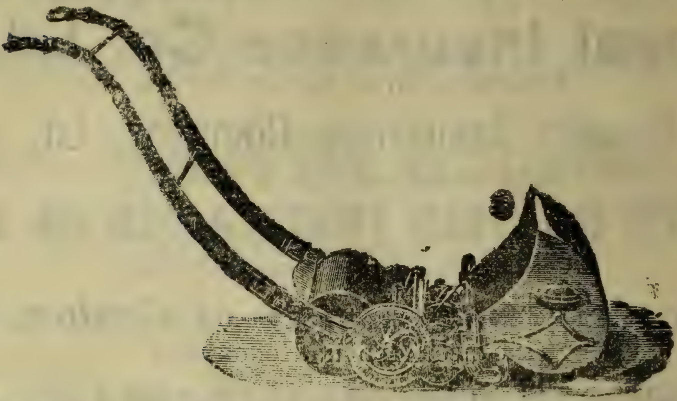

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Although modest in form and of slight proportions, the *National Magazine* (Calcutta) is a very creditable production under native management, and, with occasional exceptions, its contents are contributed by native writers. The current number opens with a readable holiday paper on the "Classic Land of Italy" by Mr. R. C. Dutt, C.S, and this is followed by a second instalment of an essay on "William Penn" by Mr. J. H. Linton. The Editor reviews the life of Kristo Dass Paul ; Mr. R. D. Mehta writes on the "Restitution of conjugal Rights." *A propos* to the Rukhmabai case, Babu K. P. Sircar has something to say about the Congress. "Vicarious" sets up a * * * * plea for the "Burman Dacoit" and Mr. O. C. Dutt contributes some very good verses—The *Englishman.*

After an interval of some years the *National Magazine* re-appears as a new series. There is a list of contributors which speaks very promisingly of the character of the Magazine. The present number, after an introduction by the Editor, has an article by Mr. C. H. Tawney, M A., on "Pythagoras in India." This is a subject of speculative interest as to certain doctrines notably the transmigration of soul.—The *Indian Daily News*, 5th July 1887.

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IN MANY WAYS

the world has changed and is changing. Most of us live quite differently to our forefathers. Many of our present day occupations were unheard of, undreamt of even, a generation or two back. Whether the "Good Old Times" were actually as good as they are pictured is perhaps an open question, but if we have gained much—gained in wealth, luxury, refinement, art and science, modern conveniences, modern travel, and much else—yet there is no doubt that we have lost something. Life is no longer so quiet, steady and easy-going as formerly. These are days of rush, strenuous work and often of equally strenuous amusement. Life, now-a-days, tends to become more wearing. Our digestive systems, especially, are very liable to get upset by hurry and worry and as so many distressing ailments follow upon a disturbed and neglected condition of the organs of digestion, it is well to have recourse to

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